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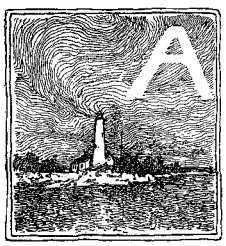
THE LIFE OF THE MERCHANT SAILOR.

By W. Clark Russell.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK BRANGWYN.



A NAVAL reader of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" must wonder at the insignificance of the organic changes which have happened in the vocation of the sea since that inimitable and exquisite miniature of forecastle life was given to the world. We use iron and steel and rivets where our fathers employed wood and treenails and copper bolts; masts are supported by wire when the old shrouds and stays were of hemp; we have got rid of the cathead and the spritsail yard; our tops are no longer big enough to give a dance in; we have ground off the channels into smooth sides, hove the deadeyes overboard, and "set up" the rigging, as it is called, with a convenient machinery of screws —everything coming inboards, spite of an ever-narrowing beam. And still the organic and structural changes are so few that, bring Dana out of his little brig Pilgrim and put him aboard one of your four-masted metal fabrics of to-day, with her double topsail and double top-gallant yards complicating the heavens which her yard-arms span into a very nightmare of bewildering interlacery, and after a few hours he shall be jumping and running to the shouts of the quarter-deck with as discerning an eye and as unerring a hand as any that may have made a round voyage in the same vessel.

Of course in speaking of ships I shall be understood to mean tacks and sheets—not the funnel and the propeller. The steamboat is a supplemental condition of the marine life—a particular happy after-thought! She is no more a ship than a locomotive is a stage-coach. Her sentience is mechanic; her wings are of steam.

The sailing ship is informed and possessed by the spirit of the "viewless winds." Hers is the life, and hers the beauty, too, of the cloud. It is the conditions of her being which create and shape the sailor's calling. If I am asked how it is with Jack on board the steamboat, my answer must be, I don't know.

I have gone to several steamship companies for information about the duties of the A. B. and O. S. aboard the propelled keel, and have not been able to make much of the information sent to me. The quarter-master has charge of the helm. He is doubtless an able seaman, and an able seaman, therefore, on board a steamer, apparently knows how to steer a ship. But is this necessarily so? An amidship helm at twenty-three knots an hour is scarcely the same as having to "meet her" with a taut bowline and lifting leeches and a thunderous head-sea within seven points of the bow.

An able seaman aboard a steamer

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probably knows how to heave the lead and the log, how to sing out when he sees a green or a red light ahead, how to wash down and secure the ropes which fasten a vessel to a wharf. But for further duties my gaze explores the steamer in vain; I look aloft at the pole-mast, which any boy in a bowline may grease down. Some mysterious machinery forward supplies the place of the windlass. The anchor comes up to the music of the engine, and the grand old full-throated hurricane chorus—the "Fare ye well, my pretty young girl," "Old Stormy, he is dead and gone," "Across the plains of Mexico"—are as hushed as the dead rat in the Geordie's mainchains.

Therefore, in writing about the life of the Merchant Sailor at sea, I luff and shake it out of her to let the steamer go by quickly, as there is no business

On the Lookout in Thick Weather.

to be done in *her* forecastle—nothing that a young fellow who is thinking of going to sea would care for me to talk about.

Many fleets of sailing ships are still afloat, and the old sailor goes to his grave happy in the reflection that not in his time anyhow has the smoke of the funnel blackened the delicate gleam of the distant sail off the horizon. Indeed sailing tonnage is on the increase in Great Britain, however it may be with the Protection-waistcoated yards of the United States. It is of interest, then, to lads contemplating the sea as a career to know that the vocation, in its essentials, is as it was almost in the beginning. They may get from records of old voyages, and the works of such writers as Fenimore Cooper, Dana, and Melville, as clear an idea of what is going on now as though they should make a voyage round the world in something brand-new out of Boston or the Thames.

The reason why it is imagined that the essentials of the ocean vocation are wholly changed is because the landsman obstinately persists in confounding the navies of the State with the ships of the Mercantile Marine. In the Navy the transformation is undoubtedly absolute. The three-decker, the frigate, the corvette, the ten-gun "pelter," the smart little schooner with her pennon like a beam of light and her "long-tom" keeping a thirsty forecastle lookout with a grinning iron eye for the slaver and the pirate; these and the like are hopelessly vanished types. Hence it is that Marryat, to all intents and purposes, is as antiquated as Smollett, and Smollett as any ancient mariner who seems to lean out of the black-letter frame of old Hakluyt, leering at you with a jelly-like eye under the sharp of a hand as wrinkled and lean and long as his who shot the albatross in Coleridge's poem. The landsman looks at an iron-clad and then he reads "Peter Simple," and he understands that there has happened a mighty change, unparalleled in the history of mutation. A merchant sailor on the other hand reads "Two Years Before the Mast," or Cooper's

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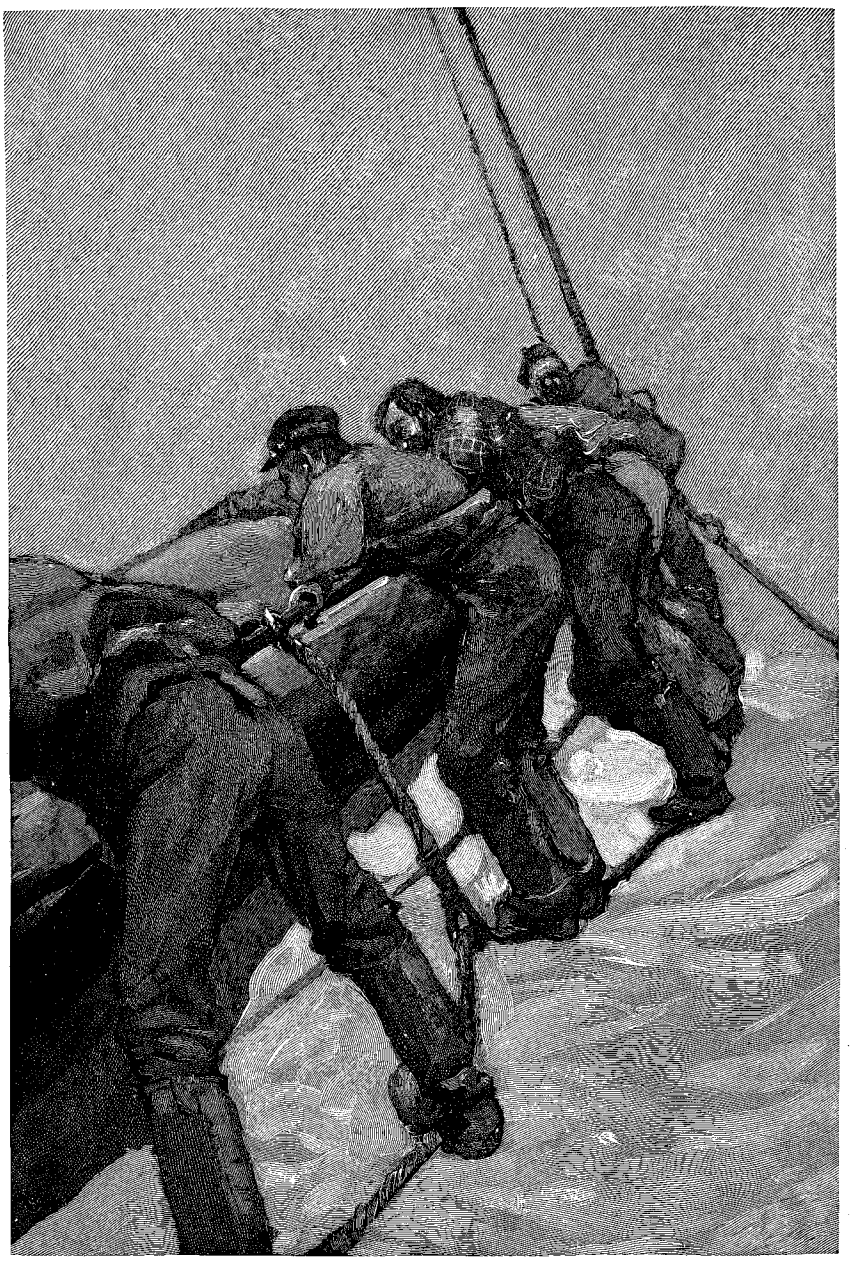

Stowing a Topsail.

"Homeward Bound," or Melville's "Redburn;" he signs articles out of London or Liverpool, out of any European or American port, and finds the old life almost identical with the descriptions he is fresh from. There is the same food; there are the same captains and mates; the same sort of hold to fill up with the same sort of goods; the same poor pay, hard work, hard words, and foul weather.

The few alterations aloft, a screw instead of wheel-chains, a short metal bowsprit instead of long spars full of

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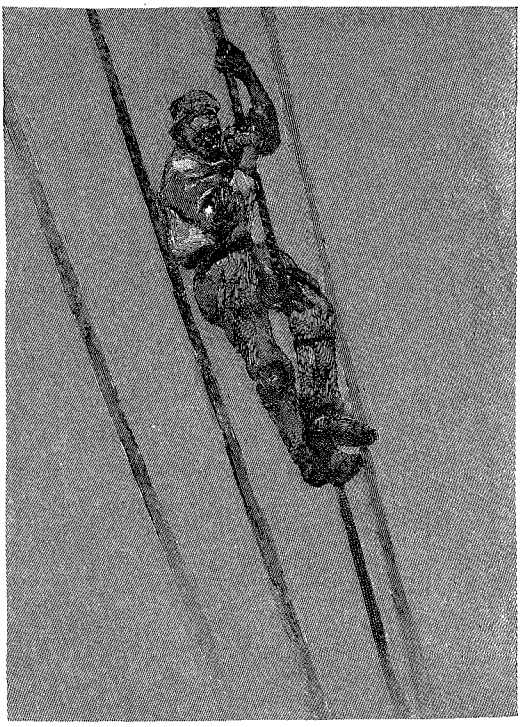

Riding Down a Stay.

jibs and stay-sail yearning to the flying-jibboom-end, make no difference; the life is as it was; as, while it remains under canvas, it will ever be; and it is well that young fellows who mean to go to sea should know this to begin with, because there are shelves full of human experiences extant to tell them what to expect.

I suppose no life has such a fascination for boys as the sea, certainly for the British boy. I have sometimes, while wondering how a lad's thoughts run when a passion for the sea is making a pirate of him to the marrow, looked into my own memory. I went to sea when I was thirteen and a few months. I followed the calling for nearly eight years, and claim knowledge of it on every merit of service and suffering. It was not Marryat and the other novelists that sent me to sea. It was simply and wholly the love of a ship. I was "brought up" at the seaside and was never weary of looking at the vessels loading and discharging at the wharves. They were dirty old colliers chiefly; worn, lean, and ragged fabrics out of Newcastle and the North, but to my boyish sight they were as lovely as the most poetic in grace and beauty of the Symondite keels. I loved the old caboose with its grimy, smoking chimney, the greasy one-eyed rogue of a cook, looking up at me with a shark's languishing leer; the inverted boat amidships; the weather-worn skylight aft sealing from my sight the romantic mysteries of the cabin, out of whose gloom, through the companion-way, there would sometimes stagger, with drunken stateliness, the figure of a skipper, with legs like the prongs of a pitchfork.

All sorts of marvellous romancing thoughts visited me out of those crazy old barks and brigs; dreams of a distant golden land, vague but sweet as a child's fancy of heaven; visions of the lonely Pacific islands, with the oily gleam of a black man's body in the shadow of a cocoa-nut-tree, and a canoe riding easily upon the boiling wash of the ocean comber. Of how many things of this sort did I dream! I guess when I was a little boy I was much like others, who are little boys now, and who want to go to sea in this year as I did in that. Well, let me here put down what I think of it all, from stem to stern, from truck to keel, plumbing the foremast from the seaman's chest at the foot of it, to the royalmast head, where Blue Peter is flying.

Nothing is more familiar than a ship, and nobody has been written, talked of, sung about more abundantly than the sailor; and of ships and sailors the landsman knows absolutely nothing at all. How and where is Jack housed? What does he eat and drink? What are his pleasures? What his grievances, hopes, prospects? To answer these questions you must go to sea as a sailor; you must sit round the mess-kid with the crew, you must drink, with a face of loathing, if you will, of the contents of the scuttle-butt; you must be imperfectly clothed; your

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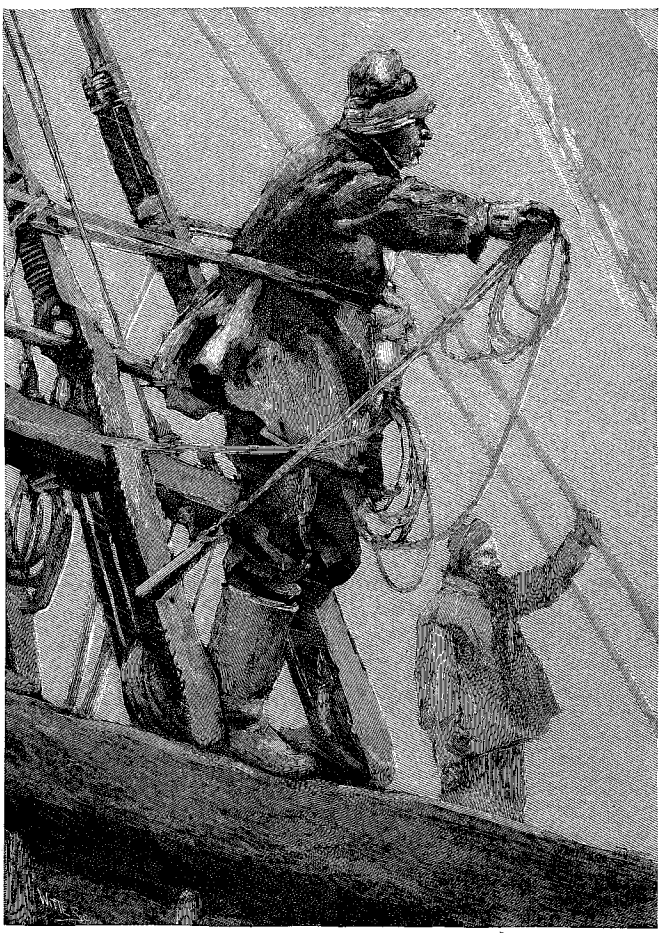
baggage must be a bundle, your bed an armful of straw; you must know what it is to work twenty-four hours in the day, and to receive not half-pence, but curses, as overtime wages.

The landsman thought — he still thinks — he will forever go on thinking — that a sailor has little more to do on board ship than to lean over the windlass-end, pipe in mouth, while the wind blows him along, shifting his position only when the dog-watch comes round, that he may shake a foot to the noise of a fiddle on the booms. "We are merry folks, we sailors," says Ben, in the old comedy of "Love for Love." "We haven't much to care for. Thus we live at sea, eat biscuit, and drink flip; put on a clean shirt once a quarter — come home, get rid of a little money, and then put off with the next fair wind. How d'ye like us?" "Oh," says the lady in answer, "you are the happiest, merriest men alive."

William Congreve was writing this stuff in King Charles's time. More than a hundred years later Charles Dibdin was warbling the like nonsense. Are we not singing and believing in the same absurdities to this day in the blatant bosh which makes the rafters of the music-hall tremble and the ribs of the country visitor heave with patriotic afflatus? A sailor is not the more willing to forgive the lies of the ballad and the play, the novel and the song, because the writers never were at sea. What did William Congreve, in his



Heaving the Lead.

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vast flowing curly wig, know about weevils and bilge-water, when he charged the throat of that caricature, Ben, with long-shore jargon about the delights of the deep? Neither ever went Dibdin to sea as a sailor—though everything must be forgiven to the composer of "Tom Bowline," especially when you consider that Great Britain was savagely at war in Dibdin's time; that the press-gangs were bloodily busy with truncheon and cutlass; seamen hard to get, seeing how the very best of them—from Tweed to Thames, were to be found under the Stars and Stripes; and that Dibdin was hired by the State to court the hayseed to the tenders with melodious assurances that life on board ship was made up of fiddling, drinking, dancing, the humors of Saturday night, hats full of prize money, and a home ashore at the public expense, until death, for the timber-toed heart of oak.

The sea is a hard life--none harder; and if you make up your mind to go to sea before the mast, you must expect coarse fare, rough usage, cheerless toil. There are three grades of aforemast folks: boys who are in everybody's way and have everything to learn; ordinary seamen who are able seamen in the making; and able seamen who are supposed to be thorough sailors, "every hair a ropeyarn and every finger a fish-hook." An able seaman is expected to know (expectation is often disappointed!) how to steer, how to heave the lead and the log, how to furl and set a sail, how to bend and unbend canvas, how to send down yards and masts, how to set up rigging. If he is a true sailor and a lover of his calling he will possess as exact an acquaintance with the fabric of a ship as a clockmaker with the mechanism of a timepiece. Nor need a young fellow long follow the sea to know all that any old boatswain could teach him. A full-rigged ship is a complicated object to the eye. It is in reality as simple to understand as a chimney-stack. Only consider the sort of intellects which have proved supreme as master-riggers! A young fellow need never doubt that he will pick up all about a ship as swiftly as his brains will permit him to look and to think if he will but dedicate himself wholly to the calling. I can claim for myself that when I first went to sea, before we were abreast of Agulhas, outward bound to Sydney, New South Wales, there were few questions left for me to ask, little remaining for me to learn.

I am speaking of practical seamanship. The art of the sextant and chronometer is another matter. But more is wanted in a seaman than the artfullest acquaintance with the mechanism of his ship. He needs a spirit that is in perfect sympathy with the whole bounding fabric. It is this spirit which in its perfection makes the exquisite helmsman, who feels the life of the vessel in a single spoke of her wheel as the uttermost link of the spider's delicate principality of silk trembles its sensibility to the insect's fore-claw resting on a single thread. So with heaving the lead or the log; with innumerable details of daily routine, the "*swigging off*" on a rope, the pillowing of the midship slack of a sail into the grace of a frigate-like bunt, the jockeying of a yardarm for reefing or sending down canvas; in such things will show that sympathetic spirit which, in a seaman, must inform and make the soul of his mechanic knowledge, or he is no true sailor.

When once the ship is out of soundings and the anchors stowed, the discipline of the sea-life is as monotonously recurrent as the pulse of the ocean swell. Decks are washed down at daybreak; the hands go to breakfast at half-past seven; throughout the forenoon watch there are fifty jobs for the mate and the boatswain to put the men to. I should need every page of this magazine to catalogue the needs of a sailing ship even in these days of machinery and wire rope, when much of the old serving, parcelling, tarring, setting up, and the like is at an end. There are sails to be mended. The men are kept at work aloft, on the forecastle, in the waist. There is always something to be done; a sailor is never allowed to be idle. And though it's a midnight black as the tomb, all snugged down perhaps to a band of topsail, a breathless calm, Jack must still keep

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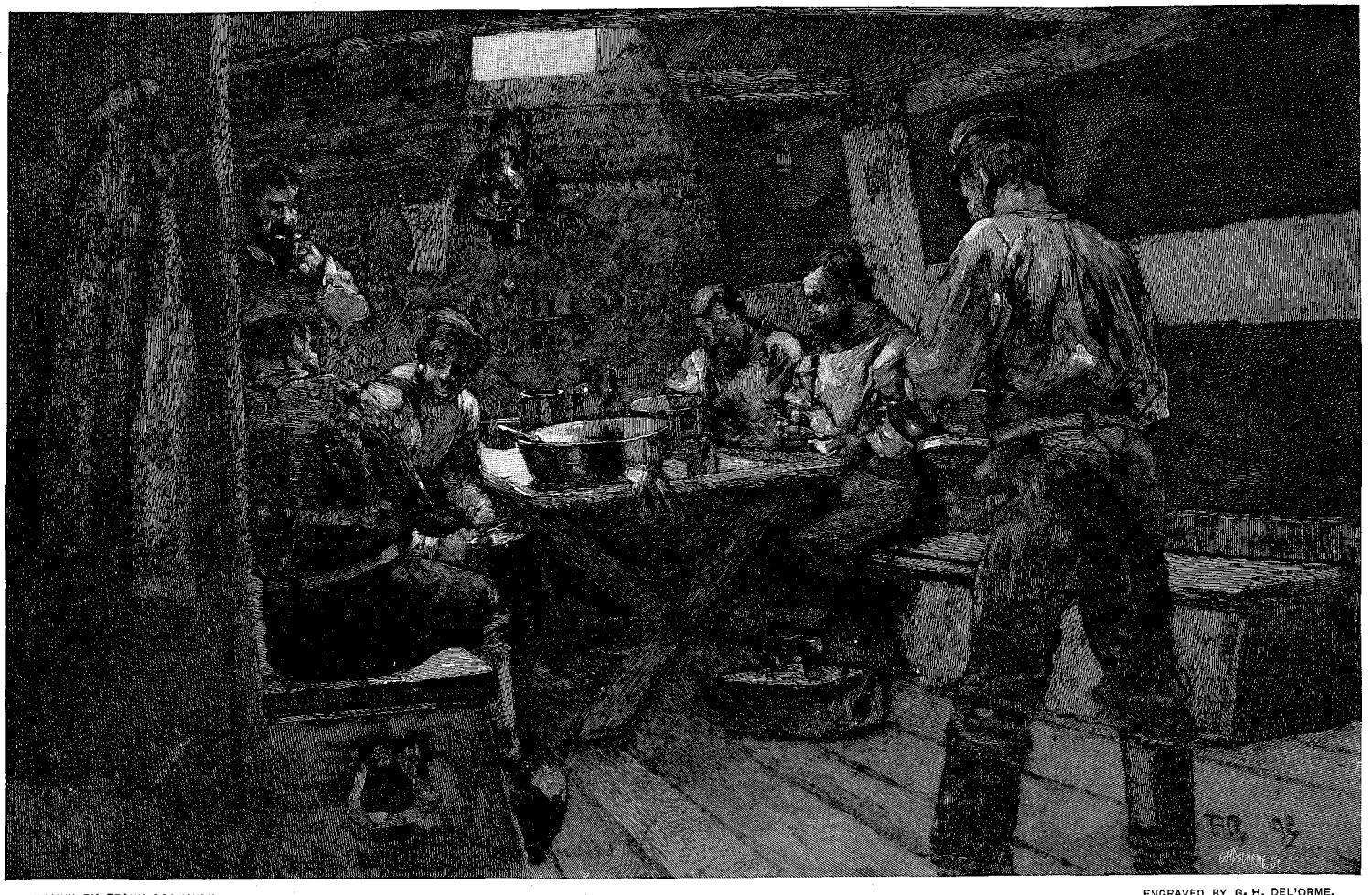

DRAWN BY FRANK BRANGWYN.

Dinner in the Forecastle.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL'ORME.

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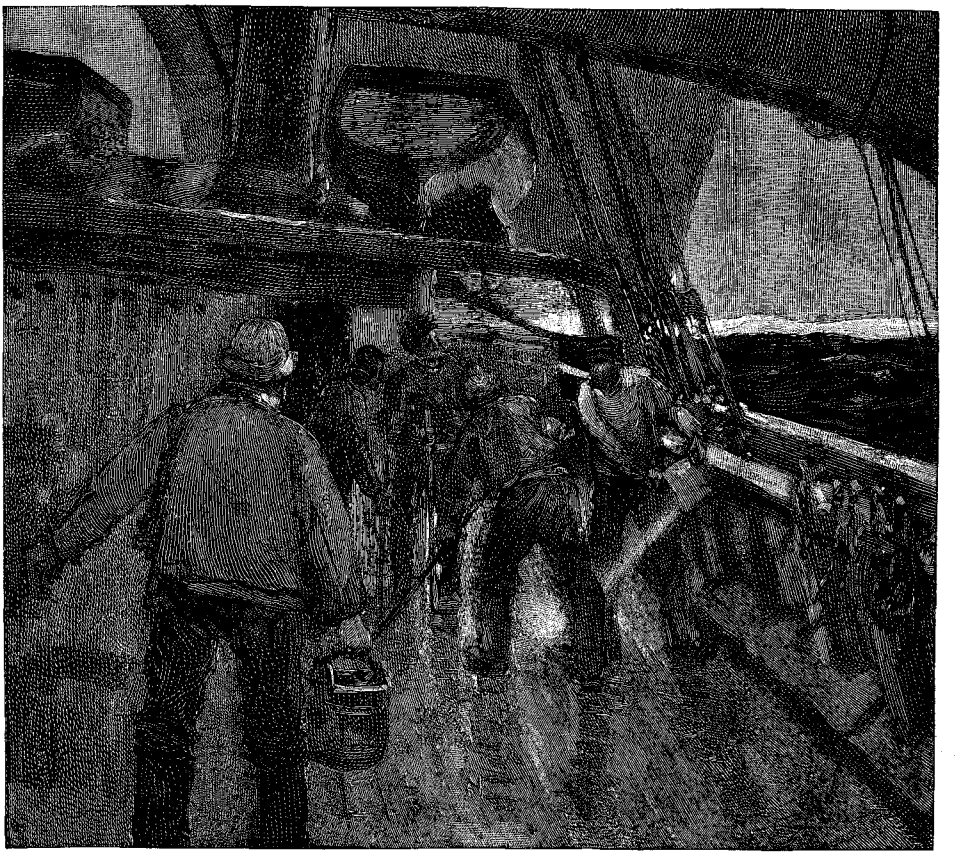
the deck under the bare black eye of heaven, if only that he may feel how hard it rains.

No matter what the weather, the sailing ship will find work for every minute of the hour. Sail must be trimmed, shortened, enlarged, reefed, expanded afresh over and over again. In one respect the sailor of to-day is better off than the mariner of an earlier time; he has the double topsail yard—a notable American invention which, consistently with Bullish traditions, the English shipowner was very slow to adopt. You let go your upper topsail halliards and are at once under close-reefed canvas with the upper cloths almost becalmed by the lower till they can be stowed.



Washing Down the Deck at Dawn.

In my time it sometimes took all hands—a ship's company of thirty souls—to close reef the fore and main-topsails one after the other. I have seen the whole watch "tailing on" to the reef tackles, and scarcely able to make "two blocks" of them. I have seen the topsail with the yard on the cap blowing up bladder-shaped, hard as cast iron, with men on the cloths dancing and stamping to bring the reef-band down to the grip of the fellows on the yard, with a seaman at the weather earing shrieking to the captain on the poop to luff and shake it out of her, the captain meanwhile with a sullen nod, "holding on all," fearing not only the weight of a green sea aboard, but the loss of half the men off the yard should he put the helm down by a spoke or two. As with the studding-sail so with the single topsail; the age of reefing in the full old sense of that

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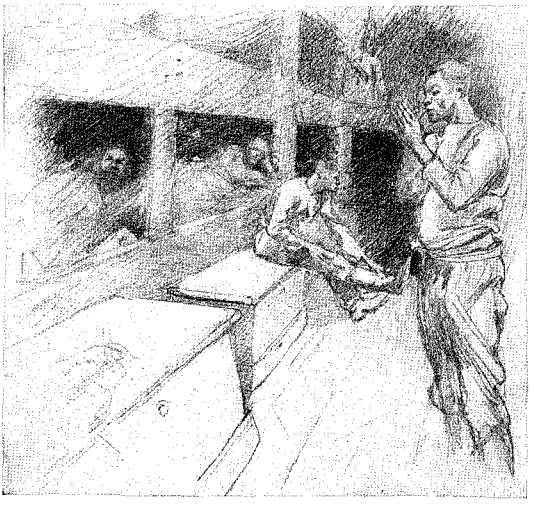
word is over; and let those who contemplate the ocean as a career be thankful that it is so.

I wish I could draw a picture of Jack's pleasures while on the high seas. I would do so if I knew where to look for them. My experience is that there is no section of the working classes less cared for by their employers than seamen. Do you ever hear, for example, of a shipowner putting a little library of books, not necessarily religious, into a forecastle or deckhouse for the use of the crew? In olden times few sailors could read; in these days there is scarce a Jack who cannot spell through a newspaper or a volume; many can flourish the pen and write fairly good English; but the sailor is still accepted as the traditional dog of the centuries, and if his chest lacks the things he may sing out in vain for a sheet of paper and a drop of ink; there is nothing for him aft, and he may hunt the forepeak to no purpose for the means of sending a message home to his mother or wife or sweetheart.

Fielding, in the account he wrote of his voyage to Lisbon, wonders that the gentlemen of the jacket should prove the cursing, blaspheming, growling fellows the great novelist seems to have found them. Did he hope to witness the polish of the footman in the forecastle hand of his day? You will not surely look for refinement in men whom you flog and feed on food which maddens with constipation; whose work is man-killing, whose wage is soul-subduing; who, themselves sprung from the humblest, you embrutalize yet by neglect, by leaving them in their leisure to the indulgence of their own wild and often inhuman passions. Yet in this manner was the sailor of Fielding's and of a much later day treated. In this age we do not flog, but to what degree is the sailor better off than was the tarpaulin of Fielding's time? Jack goes to sea in a bigger ship than the old salt sailed in, but is his life the securer for that? Is his deckhouse drier than the black old forecastle, when the freight of iron or coal sinks the hull to the wash-streak and when a shift of cargo will give a list which there is no virtue in the axe, in this day of metal shrouds and back-stays, to remedy?

That the average British merchant sailor was ever in any century the ruffian Fielding would have us believe, I doubt; that he is no ruffian in this age, but on the contrary a worthy overtaxed poor fellow with twenty grievances he is unable to submit or obtain redress for we all know. And I wish I could say that the growth and maintenance of what is honest and virtuous in Jack was due to the recognition of him as a man with human needs and feelings by those who employ him. Every young fellow with a taste for the sea has read or heard much of the quality of the food that is served out to sailors. This matter of provisions is one of the bitterest troubles of the seaman. I understood the significance of it years ago; it was, as it is, a perpetual menace; it involved a ceaseless threat of peril, mutiny, bloodshed on the high seas; and with the hope of making the subject clear to the landsman I wrote "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." In Great Britain at the time I am dictating this article, the pressing marine question and problem of the hour is this same subject of the quality of the provisions served out to merchant sailors. People are begin-



In the Forecastle.

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ning to agree that the sailor has been poisoned or starved long enough, and that it is about time humanity or science gave him wholesome food to help him through about the hardest toil a man undergoes in this world.

Steele, in the "Tatler" (No. 39), tells us that when Charles II.'s fleet was to be victualled they brought two samples of ships' bread to the king, who, not knowing which to choose, threw them to a dog, and the piece the beast snatched was the biscuit the sailors got. This may account for the old saying that sailors' food is fit only for a dog; but in sad truth much of the provisions that are shipped for seamen's use the hungriest dog would keck at. Nothing but a man could live upon it. Nobody but a sailor could chew it. I hope to live to see this great wrong put right. For years I have dealt with it in articles and novels, and done my best to accentuate it to the attention of a people for whom maritime affairs seem to have no interest, though they are the greatest naval power in the world and first of all nations as owners and builders.

I am asked to write the truth about the merchant sailor, and I must frankly tell my young readers whose leaning may be toward the sea that, as things stand, they must look to be ill-fed if they enter a merchantman's forecastle. I believe the American seaman, when he is to be found, is better used in this way than the British; his scale of dietary is not larger than ours, but the food is of better quality. His flour is white; his biscuit does not wriggle at the pores; his pork and beef are sweet. There would be little to complain of if sounds meant things; if the names in a catalogue of forecastle provisions expressed the true nature of the stuff they labelled or indicated. For example, in 1844, the Committee of the General Shipowners' Society recommended a scale of forecastle eating that comprised bread, beef, pork, flour, rice, pease, tea, sugar, mustard, and vinegar. Here seems plenty for a poor man's meal. A yokel, bent on going to sea, might never have heard of half of these delicacies in his father's ill-thatched cottage; and I believe no sailor would complain if the pound and a quarter of beef, the pound and a quarter of pork, the half pound of flour, and the like served out day after day, were as these same things are in butchers' shops and grocery stores ashore.

But open the average harness cask in which the meat is kept, and the odor is that of the trough; hand up a piece of biscuit out of the bread-barge and let it lie in the sun—the baker's biscuit ashore does not crawl like *that!* Observe the dingy hue of this sample of flour. Where grew the wheat, and where revolved the mill by which that cask was filled? Doubtless in some of the steam mail-lines, the crews are well-fed; that is, the provisions served out to them are of excellent quality. This is notably the case in the forecastles of some of the Atlantic liners and in the vessels belonging to the Union Steamship Company, where the dietary scale besides beef, pork, and so forth as above, includes fresh bread, butter or marmalade, suet, molasses, pickles, fresh potatoes, raisins, and other articles calculated to keep Jack content. But the owner of the sailing ship will say: "The Union craft are steamers; the passage to the Cape of Good Hope is made within three weeks; they can very well manage to give fresh potatoes and fresh meat also; *my* ships are sometimes three and sometimes four months between port and port without touching." But my answer is, the time occupied in a voyage is no excuse for shipping bad forecastle provisions to start with. If you carry passengers in your saloon or cuddy, your cook and steward contrive to manufacture a wholesome bill of fare for them, meal after meal, though your ship be a hundred days at sea. It is not dogs, but men, who have "signed on" with you forward for your round voyage. You have no right to expect willingness in servants you starve. You may point to your tierces and your hogsheads, but the spirit of famine will lurk in a crammed harness cask if the meat in it stinks.

This food-question is not understood ashore because the ship-owners hold up their dietary scales and the public read the list and think there is plenty, and that Jack should be satisfied. I

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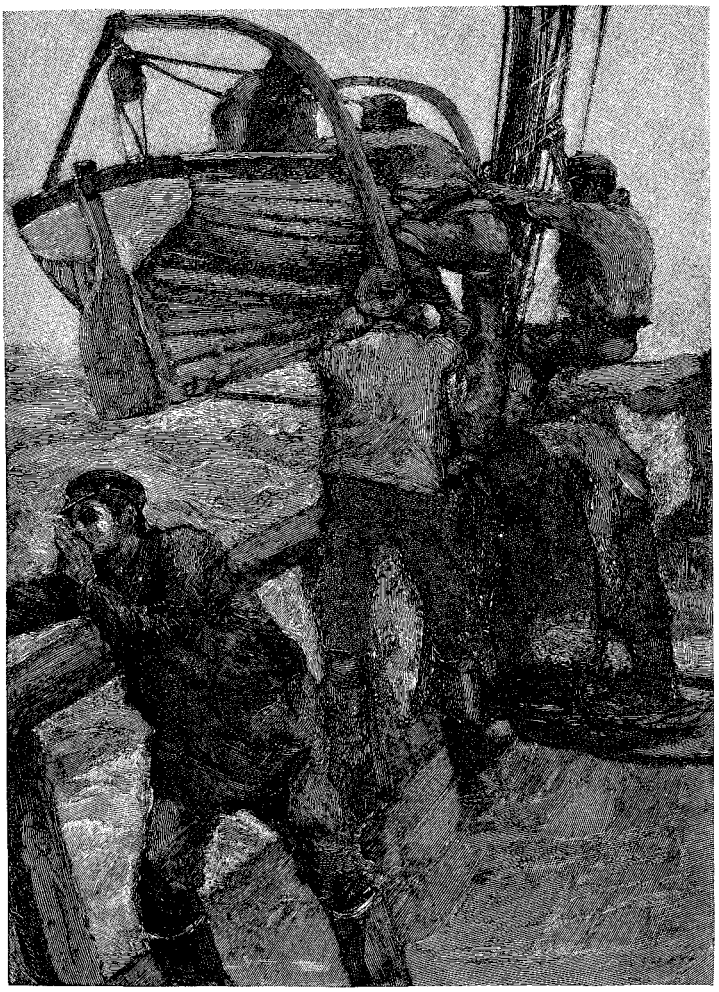
have known what it is to work when half-starved—to toil like a very demon for life almost, famine-stricken — but through no fault of the captain's. We were off the Horn, ice all about us, a mountainous sea rolling, the galley fire washed out, six hours of daylight in the twenty-four, and sails to be bent, canvas to be reefed, all aloft to be snugged by a slender ship's company frozen to the marrow throughout an eternity of howling icy blackness—an Antarctic darkness visible by the ghastly glare of the frothing head of the surge. All hands of us worked through such nights with nothing more to eat and drink than a bit of ship's biscuit (which I, as a boy, would overlay with moist sugar), and a pannikin of putrid water. Even a sailor cannot toil cheerfully on an empty stomach. I have known a watch fling their allowance of meat overboard as regularly as pork day came round; yet they had to slave like horses all the same on the worse than lenten fare of mouldy ship's bread and greasy tepid water, gravelly with a sort of shot, called pease soup. Whenever I hear of a crew brought ashore, charged with mutinously refusing to proceed on account of the badness of the provisions, I recall my Cape Horn



Man Overboard—Rescuers Getting into Quarter Boat.

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experiences, I dwell upon my own sensations when I had to work out and away harder than a pitman or a bricklayer, on a flatulent diet of sickly biscuit and stale water; and with all my heart I pity the men, knowing that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the complaint is well founded.

This condition of the life should be borne in mind by the young fellow who wants to go to sea. I exaggerate nothing. It has been suggested that the rottenness and wretchedness of the forecastle food is mainly owing to the ill manner in which it is dressed, and there are proposals afloat for establishing a school of marine cookery. I will not say that the trained ship's cook might not mend matters a little, but I am afraid that those who are for teaching people how to cook for sailors at sea, have but a very slender acquaintance with the quality and character of the stuff their artists of the galley would be called upon to boil.

It remains to be seen whether the new Victualling Scale will satisfy the sailor. The forecastle menu "reads" very well; but so did the old ones. Nothing to a hungry man sounds nicer than beef and pork and pudding. But Oh, the beef of the sea! And Oh, the puddings! Jack's bill of fare is now, it seems, to run thus:

	Breakfast.	Dinner.	Supper.
Sunday	Dry hash, soft bread .	Sea-pie and plum-duff.....	Cold beef and pickles.
Monday.....	Irish-stew	Pea-soup, pork, calavances	Dry hash.
Tuesday	Rice and molasses ...	Salt beef, potatoes, plum-duff.....	Cold meat and pickles.
Wednesday..	Porridge and molasses.	Sea-pie	Potato-stew.
Thursday ...	Bread scowse	Pea-soup, pork, calavances	Cold pork and pickles.
Friday	Dry hash	Preserved meat, or salt fish and potatoes..	Twice laid of fish.
Saturday	Porridge and molasses.	Salt beef, rice and molasses	Cold meat and pickles.
	Coffee, biscuit, butter, and marmalade, daily.	Biscuit and switchel, daily.	Tea, biscuits, butter, and marmalade, daily.

Another trouble which bears heavily on the British sailor, and which in fairness should be submitted to the seafaring aspirant, is undermanning. Nor is it undermanning only in the sense of insufficiency of numbers: ships are sent to sea with companies inadequate to the need of their tonnage, even if all hands of them were able seamen of first-rate quality: but what shall we think of an undermanned forecastle of which perhaps a full half of the men prove themselves, when at sea, utterly unfit for their duties—ignorant of the very elements of the vocation, unable to steer or to furl, trustless when on the look-out, absolutely afraid some of them to go aloft! The work in a ship thus manned obviously falls on the few competent men who get no additional pay for the extra duty imposed; nor dare they murmur; it is mutiny to step aft even to respectfully protest. A young fellow on first going to sea should contrive at all events to get aboard a ship where there are numbers enough to comfortably work her. But I fear he will not easily find such a ship in an English port.

There is now with us a system of filling a deckhouse or a living-room below with a number of apprentices, sons of respectable men who bind their lads at the cost of a trifling premium. This worthily supersedes an old fraud that was largely practised in my time; I mean that of taking lads into a ship and calling them midshipmen. Fathers paid heavily in premiums for each voyage; some of the lines used to charge seventy guineas for the first, sixty guineas for the second, and fifty for the third voyage. The boys were taught nothing. I never knew a captain to teach a midshipman how to take sights. The lads were put to work upon all the dirty jobs of the poop, such as an able seaman would refuse to touch; they tended the mizzenmast and were a sort of cheap afterguard, having signed for a shilling a month. They were charged ten guineas apiece mess-money, but got nothing for it. They obtained no other privilege

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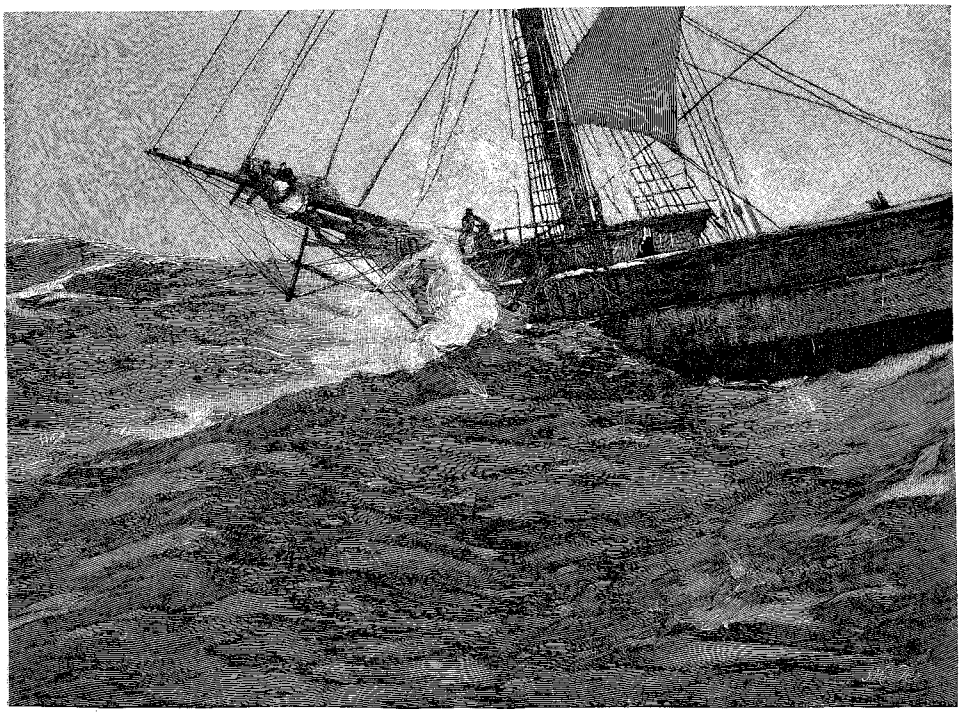
for the heavy premiums exacted than a right to wear a livery designed by the shipowner with the assistance of the outfitters.



Stowing the Jib.

This swindle is exploded. Here and there, indeed, in the advertisements you read of "midshipmen wanted for a fine clipper ship; uniform worn." But it usually comes to the lads being apprenticed and clothed for about one-third the amount they used to charge to fill a boy's chest with drill breeches and bars of marine soap.

A young fellow in England who wants to go to sea should undoubtedly start as an apprentice. Indeed, I don't see how he is going to get into the forecastle as a sailor in any capacity without previous experience. The shipping-yards of Great Britain swarm with respectable English seamen who loaf about all day long for weeks, unable to obtain a berth. The Dutchman is taking Jack's place with us; Yawcob will sign on for a trifling wage, and set his teeth and choke his growl over the mess kid, let the scent of it be what it will. The ship-owner contradicts this, and contends that the proportion of foreign seamen employed is ridiculously small, about 12.4 per cent. The seaman's parliamentary representative recently stated in the House of Commons that the British Mercantile Marine was composed of 150,000 men, of which 27,000 were foreigners, exclusive of between 20,000 and 30,000 Chinamen and Lascars, reducing the total of the British-born to 100,000 seamen. One cannot get a proportion of 12.4 per cent. out of these statistics. The shipowners declare that the foreigners and Lascars combined do not greatly exceed 50,000 men. When the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain was President of the Board of Trade, he and the late Thomas Gray, C.B., as worthy and kindly a gentleman as ever filled an official position, went closely into this matter of the number of foreigners employed in the British Merchant Service; but, if I remember rightly, the figures they submitted with a view to legislation widely differed from the statistics

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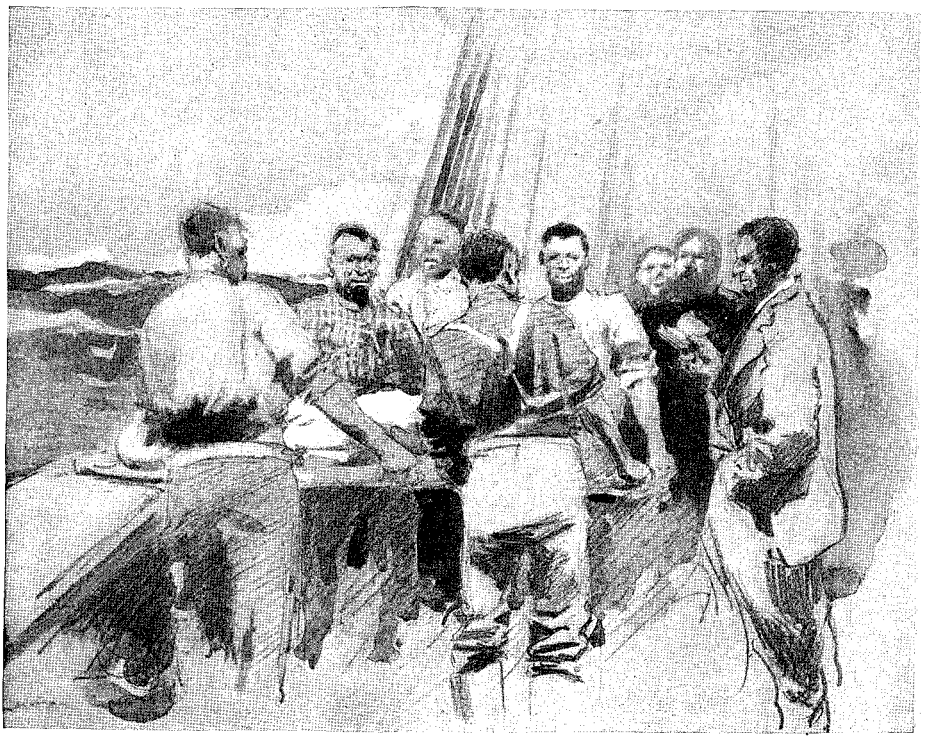

Burial at Sea.

which were obtained and diligently circulated by representatives of the ship-owning industry. What is the sailor then to believe? But the point really comes to this: Do you or do you not find plenty of "Dutchmen" sailing under the red flag of Great Britain? How many of these gentry there may be I do not know; enough, anyhow, to block the road. They abound in the forecastle and swarm in the shipping yards. I shall long remember a visit I once paid to the Shipping Yard at Tower Hill; I watched crew after crew of foreigners called in to sign on, leaving the Englishmen without a ship, seemingly hopeless. Many of these poor fellows came about me and explained their grievance. They flourished certificates of good conduct; their eyes sparkled as they raged against the "Dutchman;" they nearly suffocated me as they pressed round, eager to find one who could understand them, more eager yet to obtain an exponent and a representation. One man, a plain, steady, respectable ship's carpenter who had served in several employs I was acquainted with, and who showed me a number of certificates indicating the grades he had filled, assured me he had been hanging about that yard for upward of four months; he had seen scores of foreigners called in, but to him never once in that time had a berth in any capacity been offered. These are facts which Mr. Thomas Scrutton and others should look into before they challenge the statements of men who, like Mr. J. H. Wilson, M.P., seek to give expression to a calling that for centuries has been practically voiceless on the forecastle side of it.

A young apprentice bound to a respectable line, and despatched in a ship commanded by a captain who respects himself and his calling, stands, at all events, a professional chance: I can say no more. Every ship afloat, steam and sail, must have a master and mates; the young sailor should remember this, work on, and hope on.

The great British mail lines, such as the Peninsular & Oriental Company, the Union Steamship Company, and

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others, demand that a young fellow shall have served in a square-rigged ship before he can be deemed suitable for a post. This also is comprised in the Board of Trade regulations for obtaining certificates of competency. The system of taking apprentices, not as formerly under the obligations of the old Navigation Laws, but as now practised, should be encouraged. Young fellows of good families are going to sea in a branch of the marine where culture, education, and manners are wanted. Every lover of the ocean life must wish to see the purple-faced swaggerer of the quarter-deck, the typical Blowhard with his fiery nose and profane tongue, swept over the side, and set ashore forever. We have had too much of that sort of dog. I never can believe that the Merchant Service has been degraded by the forecastle; I look aft when they talk to me of the debasement of the red flag. You don't expect a sea career to polish a man; yet you find few but gentlemen in the Navy, and there is no reason why there should not be a higher tone than now exists among the masters and mates of merchant ships. How much higher it is than it was may be gathered from the following statement made by an eminent shipowner in regard to the repeal of the Navigation Laws. "I get," he said, "a couple of hundred of ships that I charter every year, and I have an opportunity of seeing the captains, and as a sample I must state that of one hundred out of those two hundred ships the captains can hardly sign their names to the charter-party. I ascribe the inferiority of the captains chiefly to the poverty of the ship-owners. You must pass an Act of Parliament compelling the ship-owner to pay double the rate to the captain that he pays now, because you will not get an educated man to serve at a low rate. And that operates downward, because if you have an uneducated and brutal captain he makes his ship a hell upon earth to his crew, and you will not get a superior class of seamen to serve on board, and your best seamen will be doing what they are now doing—going in shoals to the United States."

This was said above forty years ago. So far ahead were the people in the United States in the theory of marine needs when they had a great shipping industry of their own that they were training some of the best of the youth of their country to the sea, and embellishing their white quarter-decks with seamen who were educated gentlemen, when we in Great Britain were protesting against the compulsory examination of men as to their fitness and competency to take charge of ships. The late Mr. Lindsay has a note on this subject in his excellent "History of Merchant Shipping." "In my own time," he says, "I remember a shipowner saying to me that he never would have a 'scholar' in command of any of his vessels, *because* education taught him how to make up false accounts and the art of cheating; while another whom I knew only retained one 'educated' master in his service, because he was flattered by being invariably addressed by him as 'Mr. Joseph Perkins, Esquire.'" It was then that the Americans were submitting an example which our obstinate pride rendered us very slow to follow. A lad intended for the higher grades of the American Merchant Service was sent to school where he was taught mathematics, navigation, ship's husbandry, and perhaps French; he was then bound to a merchant in whose counting-house he learned all about exchanges and other such commercial knowledge as a shipmaster should possess. He then went to sea. The American captain often invested his savings in his ship. "Thus," says Lindsay, "young men of good position and talent were led to enter the American merchant service, and had much greater inducements than they would have had in Great Britain to take a zealous interest in the economy, discipline, and success of the ship they commanded. Captains of the larger class of packets or merchant ships, therefore, could not only afford to live as gentlemen, but, if men of good character and manners (which they generally were), they were received in the best mercantile circles on shore."

I dwell upon this point because I regard it as of vital interest and signifi-

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cance to the seaman. When you ask about the every-day life of the merchant sailor, when you inquire into his prospects, labor, pleasures, a reference to the quarter-deck is inevitable. What sort of captain commands? Is he a gentleman, a man of education, a humane man, though a sailor first of all? Then you will find that the every-day life of the sailor who serves under him is as pleasant, hearty, cheerful a routine as the ocean and all the hard conditions of the ocean will allow human endeavor to contrive. The sailor's comfort will be regarded, his complaints wisely inquired into and judiciously dealt with; there will be no undue exaction of toil from him, even in moments which a worthless skipper might regard as a time of stress; harmless indulgences will be permitted; the noise of the fiddle will be constant in the fine weather dog-watch, the laugh in the hour of leisure frequent and hearty. There will be good feeling among the men, who will work together as one, with an honest, cordial rivalry between the watches. Ships filled with contented men in charge of educated, humane commanders, have been afloat by the score; some in this age—as I am very well informed—the winds continue to blow to their several destinations. It was Lord Collingwood, Nelson's famous second at Trafalgar, who, whenever he heard of trouble and mutiny in a ship, charged the captain with the difficulty. "It must be the fault of the officers," he would say, and investigation invariably proved him right.

The sailor's pleasures at sea, as I have said, are few: it is ashore that he steps for the dance and the drink, and if he is not considerably more artful than the folks who lay in wait for him his land-going carouse is commonly but a brief one. "Rise up, Jack, let John sit down" is a very old seaman's boarding-house joke. "You have spent all your money, Jack, so out you go; here is John, new from an eighteen months' voyage. Let him sit." But there is one side of the ocean life that must not be overlooked, and in it lies the fascination of the vocation to the young and the curious. Its possibilities of adventure are unlimited. Yes, even in this prosaic age, much that is extraordinarily picturesque and romantic is every day happening at sea. Nor are the old-fashioned horrors any longer plentiful. Science has proved a good angel to Jack; she has munificently equipped the captain's cabin, enlarged the horizon of the ship's steward; and, however ill-fed the seaman may be, it should be wholly the owner's fault if ever the poor fellow perishes for want of a drink of water.

I do not attempt to follow the merchant sailor ashore. The crimp, the boarding-house, the sailor's home, the "Midge" system, as it is called, the contract note, the penalties for failing to join after signing articles, though the ship may be overloaded and undermanned, charged with the menace of death even as she floats motionless on the smooth stream of a river; these and the like are features of the merchant sailor's life when he quits his vessel, which I have no space to enter upon here. Enough that the ocean is finding employment for countless persons; it is a vocation, and its chances, taking them all round, are at least as promising as you find in many of the shore-going walks. I am personally acquainted with some, I have also heard of many, men now in command in receipt of salaries averaging from £400 to £800 a year, who have worked their way to the bridge or quarter-deck from the forecastle; and they are the more trustworthy as commanders of ships, and the wiser and more respected as commanders of men, because of the rough and practical experience they gained before the mast. In the English Army the man who rises from the ranks is never much loved, nor his good qualities appreciated by the privates and non-commissioned officers of his regiment. It is otherwise at sea—at least in the merchant service; a sailor good or bad appreciates a thoroughly practical seaman whenever he encounters him. I am often asked by young fellows if I would advise them to go to sea; I always answer no, not if you can get a living ashore. Yet, if the seafaring yearnings of a lad prove unconquerable, he will find an ocean career not

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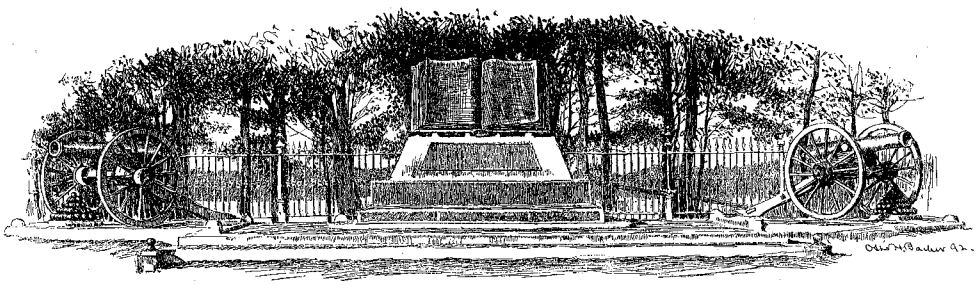
without its chances and opportunities. But he must be prepared to fare hard and to work hard; he must be thrifty and cautious, and keep his eye steadily lifting in the direction of the quarter-deck; he must take his sailors' pleasures ashore very warily indeed; at sea he must be obstinately observant, cheerfully alert, heartily willing; he must never sacrifice an opportunity to learn by neglecting to inquire; and, above all, he must occupy his leisure, of which he will not get much, in reading and furnishing his mind in nautical literature mainly, though he will not err in striving to obtain a view of things outside the limited horizon of his own vocation.



The High Water Mark Monument, Gettysburg.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF TWO VISITS TO GETTYSBURG.

By A. H. Nickerson.

THE FIRST VISIT.

On the morning of July 1, 1863, the Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, General Hancock commanding, marched to Taneytown, Md., where it stacked arms and prepared to bivouac on the supposition that its day's work was done. The men were busy preparing their coffee when a mounted officer came through the camp at a furious pace. His horse was reeking with perspiration, and both horse and rider gave unmistakable evidence that they were the bearers of portentous news. All eyes were turned upon the ominous messenger as he dashed up to corps headquarters, flung himself from his saddle, and delivered a message to the corps commander. Hancock always was the most energetic and impetuous of generals. In the execution of an order he imparted his vigorous personality to everything and everybody about him, from the chief of staff to the orderly who brought him his horse. No one could ever truthfully accuse him of failing to do what he was commanded, or of executing an order in a lukewarm or slothful manner. When he received a command, he stood not on the order of going, but went at once with the vim and the *élan*, as well as the intelligence, born of his superb personality, his soldierly instincts, and his loyal nature. It did not seem to us that a minute had elapsed from the time the messenger arrived before we received the order to "fall in;" and even while our ranks were being formed, the general, with his whole staff, dashed out upon the road toward Gettysburg. Then everyone turned to his neighbor to know what had occurred or was occurring. The answer sped through the ranks with the speed and shock of an electric current: "The battle is on at Gettysburg; General Reynolds has been killed; General Meade has ordered Hancock to go at once to the front and assume command, representing him"—the corps to follow as fast as its many legs could carry it.

Our column had not been long *en*

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route when we met an ambulance bearing the dead body of Reynolds, and soon after we were halted, drawn up in line, and General Meade's field order to his army was read at the head of each regiment. While this order did not tell us that forty centuries were looking down upon us, it did call attention to what was, to us, of greater import: The eyes of our whole country, our native land, were turned toward us in the expectation that in that momentous hour we would do our duty. Closing this exhortation, the order authorized corps commanders to execute summary punishment upon any man who, in this crisis, failed. The whole order was couched in excellent terms; its effect was admirable, and I do not remember an occasion when the Army of the Potomac was more thoroughly impressed with its grave responsibility, and so determined that its friends should not be disappointed in their hopes.

As we drew nearer to the scene of the overture to America's Waterloo, though still some distance away, we could see the wreaths of smoke curling up over the hills, and occasionally there came to our ears the dull roar of the guns that were covering the retreat of the First and the Eleventh Corps, as they fell back into their new positions on Cemetery Hill. We were marching at the route step, without much in the way of *impedimenta*, and yet, when the sun went down, those hills which we afterward learned were Little and Great Round Top, seemed almost as far away as ever; and it was very late when we finally halted, stacked arms, and laid down for a brief rest. As we had made a fair day's march previous to the halt at Taneytown, we were much exhausted and fell asleep before our tired bodies had fairly touched the ground. It did not seem as though our eyes were fully closed before we were aroused, and day had not yet broken when we moved down to the front and took our position in line of battle with our right resting on Cemetery Hill and our left extending toward Round Top. Here, all day long on the 2d, we supported our batteries and watched the manœuvres of our comrades and the enemy on our left, until at about four o'clock P.M., when they joined in the series of fierce struggles in front of Round Top, now known as the "Peach Orchard," "Devil's Den," etc.

It was growing dark when, just before Early made his assault upon the Cemetery Hill front, an order came for my regiment to go down to the extreme front, deploy two companies as skirmishers, and support them with the other eight companies to be posted along the Emittsburg road. My company was one of those selected for the advance line, and being the senior officer in rank, I was placed in command.

The companies we were to relieve had already been pressed back some distance by the aggressiveness of the enemy, so that we had a sharp fight to recover the ground we were directed to occupy. The struggle for this position was all the more fierce because Early's assaulting column was just then moving upon Cemetery Hill, in our immediate right rear. At the precise moment when we recovered this position, we heard the cheers of the rest of our comrades of the old brigade, as they hurled Early and his "tigers" back from their fierce onslaught upon the salient point of our whole line—Cemetery Hill. From this time forward, slacking a little with the darkness of the night, but renewed at the first glimpse of dawn, the skirmishing on our line was continuous until at one P.M. the next day, when it found its culmination in the charge of Pickett's assaulting column. How those veteran soldiers swept up to and well-nigh penetrated the main Union line of battle, still farther back than was my support; how they were grappled with in front, while we hung upon their flanks, until, in one of the fiercest conflicts of the war, they were hurled back, let us hope forever, has often been told in speech, song, and story. It is a matter of some personal as well as State pride, that the detailed maps of the battle show that the Eighth Ohio occupied the post of honor on this occasion, on the extreme front line and far in advance of the spot now known as "the high-water mark of the Rebellion."

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During the latter part of this struggle I was *hors de combat* and lying on the high ground, not far from the spot originally dedicated by President Lincoln, for the battle monument. When Lee's batteries reopened fire to cover the retreat of Pickett's broken columns, the shells coming from the right rear and front enfiladed the position and appeared to cover every foot of ground. Men lying near me were cut in two and others torn in pieces by the jagged missiles. I thought a change of location, no matter how slight, might take me out of their immediate range. Certainly it could not be worse, so I dragged myself a short distance only to find that I was in a worse place, if possible, than where I had been. Then, by a supreme effort, for I had been shot through one arm and through the lungs, I struggled to my feet and started to run. I had taken but a few steps when the blood gushed from my mouth in a torrent, and I fainted and fell.

When consciousness returned, an ambulance attendant was bathing my face, and as soon as I opened my eyes he, with the aid of the driver, placed me in his ambulance. Even while they were doing this a conical shell went crashing through one of the wheels of the vehicle. The driver very properly did not wait to see whether his wheel could hold together, or if the shell exploded, but went tearing over the fields at full speed. The ground was awfully rough and covered with *débris*, but he turned out for nothing. There were two of us in the ambulance, but how we remained there is, to this day, a mystery to me. In the mad fury of that drive we were dashed against each other until the awful torture made us both unconscious. In this comparatively happy state we remained until the nurses, at the barn where we next found ourselves, revived us with brandy. Here I found that the attending surgeon was an old friend from my native State, and I felt that he would not hide the truth of my condition from me. When he came to examine me, I remarked that it looked very badly for me.

"Very badly," said he, "sententiously; as his hand came to the great jagged hole made by the bullet in its exit.

"You know," said I, "I am not afraid to hear the worst; is there any hope for me, doctor?"

"No," said he, very kindly, as he patted me gently on the forehead, and looked away; "no, my boy, none whatever."

And yet poor Surgeon McAbee is many years dead, and I am still here.

What took us from this barn hospital, which was near Meade's headquarters, I do not know. I have an indistinct remembrance of another ambulance ride across the fields, another jolting and banging, and finally being laid not too tenderly on the ground, where there were no less than two thousand more companions in misery, Union and Confederate, and all of the worst character of wounds. The location was in a bend of Rock Creek; the ground was very low and spongy, and, in accordance with the usual custom after a heavy cannonade, it commenced to rain soon after we got there and continued to do so all night. Many years have passed since then, and yet the recollection of the horrors of that awful night almost wrench a groan from me now.

By a strange piece of luck, one of the hospital attendants had picked up my servant, whom he brought to me. "Jerry" was a mite of a fellow whom it would be base slander to mention as a "colored" boy, for he was the blackest negro I ever saw. He was very young, too, and about as broad as he was tall. His duties had heretofore been confined to blacking my shoes when in camp, and carrying my haversack and rubber coat when on the march. To these latter-mentioned articles he had still clung, so that when it commenced to rain the little rubber coat was used to partially cover me. It would only cover a small portion of my person, but, inadequate as it was, it was more than many of my comrades had. The rain poured down in torrents, saturating the exposed portions of my clothing until, with the aid of a shallow pool that formed where I lay, it permeated the whole and I was thoroughly drenched. At times I became unconscious, but recovered enough to miss the little cover which the rubber coat had afforded. Although it was very dark, I felt all around for it and

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could not imagine where it had gone, but gone it certainly had. The next day the mystery was explained. Little Jerry had visited me during one of the unconscious spells and, believing that I was dead, had constituted himself my executor and sole administrator, and as such had taken charge of my effects, consisting of the haversack and the aforesaid rubber coat. To add to this uninterrupted round of pleasure, toward morning I was seized with an awful thirst. Though the rain was pouring down my face and over my now totally unprotected body, I wanted water as I had never before wanted it. I called, and called again and again, but no one came. Those who were not disabled were sleeping too soundly for one feeble voice to awaken them. Finally a sergeant of my regiment, who was lying near, answered and said that he would try and get some water for me. I heard him get up and the rattling of his canteen, as he started down to the creek for the coveted drink, but he did not return. He had been badly wounded himself, and daylight showed that in his effort to succor his fellow-soldier, he had fallen near the banks of the stream and there bled to death. "Greater love hath no man," than was here shown by poor Sergeant Tracy.

The hope that had been raised and disappointed seemed to make me more thirsty than ever. A stream of water was boiling, bubbling, and running within my hearing; my face and body were drenched; and yet it seemed as though I should die of thirst.

Since then I have been on the deserts of Arizona when the mercury would have registered not less than a hundred and ten in the shade—had there been any such luxury—and no one knows how much higher "in the open;" not a drop of water within a distance of forty miles, and so thirsty that my tongue was swollen till I could not speak; and yet the thirst endured on that July night at Gettysburg lives in my memory as exceeding in intensity that of all other occasions.

At last a blessing, though terribly disguised, came to my relief; I became delirious, unconscious. The first thing I afterward recalled, except the wild phantasmagoria that always accompanies hours like these, was when, on the day following, an old friend, a captain in my regiment, lifted me out from among the dead, who had died during the night, and the muddy pool in which I had been lying.

Little Jerry had returned to camp that morning and reported that "De captain done gone died last night." So my friend, with several other officers of the regiment, had come to try and find my body. Poor Jerry! he little knew how nearly the carrying away of the rubber coat came to finishing me, and thus confirming his story.

Our visitors only remained with us for a very short time, as the regiment with the remainder of the army was already on the march following Lee. Every available man was ordered forward, and the fate of the immense number of wounded was left to the care of the citizen-nurses who were expected to soon be there to assist the few soldier-attendants left with us. Of course no one foresaw that the little stream which ran around us would soon overflow its banks, or doubtless more men would have been left, at least for this emergency. As it was, the stream, swollen to an unusual height, did soon overflow its banks, and sweeping through our dismal ranks, drowned many helpless fellows before the few attendants there could get them out of the way.

The man who was looking after me, finding that he could not, alone, carry me to higher ground, cut some stakes, drove them into the ground, placed poles on them, and then breaking up an old barrel, took the staves and laid them across the poles, thus making quite a comfortable bunk, several feet above the water. Upon this, after great labor on his part, and no little anguish on my own, this faithful man succeeded in placing me out of reach of the angry waters that swept through our camp and under my cot. The overflow was probably not over two feet in depth, but to men who could not raise their heads, this, like Mercutio's wound, was enough—it sufficed. The few attendants there worked like Trojans, but it was impossible to save

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all, and quite a number of the more helpless ones were drowned within the range of my limited vision. It was some days before the citizens began to arrive on the field; a delay that was quite natural, in view of the confused state of the railroads in that vicinity. When, however, they commenced to come, there was no limit either in the number or high character of the volunteer nurses. In accordance with the prerogative established on the occasion of sacred memory, when she was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre, the first volunteer attendant I saw on the field of Gettysburg was a woman. I find that she wrote her name in my diary, on July 7, 1863, "Miss Cornelia Hancock, New Salem, N. J." She carried writing materials, envelopes, and postage stamps, and wrote letters to the friends of those who were too desperately wounded to do so themselves. She took down just what each wanted to say, without abridgment, and in this manner many a mother, sister, and sweetheart received their first, last, and only message from their loved ones, whose lives ebbed out on this fatal field. It was a thoughtful, sensible, and delicate service, faithfully performed. Soon there was no lack of attendants. Every walk in life appeared to be represented. Some gentlemen brought their wives and daughters, and remained for weeks doing with their own hands the most disagreeable drudgery, sleeping on the ground, and enduring other privations with the heroism of veteran soldiers.

The old Keystone State outdid herself; her quota being filled thrice over by some of the wealthiest and most accomplished men and women within her borders. One group from Chester County was composed entirely of Quakers, or members of the Society of Friends. They were of the best and most reputable of that exceedingly respectable county. I saw ladies of this delegation, with their own hands, cooking delicacies at an open fire, where the wind blew the smoke and ashes in their faces with the persistence proverbial of all such out-of-door cooking "ranges." Clergymen from all denominations were there. They may, however, be divided into two classes—those who depended upon prayer and works, and those who relied exclusively on prayer without works. The difference between the two will be better understood by a brief description of the course pursued by one of each class, who, during the early part of my stay, paid daily visits to me. One was a portly man, about fifty-five years of age. He carried with him a large bible and a hymn-book. I do not recall that he ever brought anything else, or even asked a patient to take a glass of water. When he came in he asked me how I felt, and if I was prepared to die. Then he adjusted his spectacles and read a chapter from his bible. That finished, he selected what seemed to be the longest hymn he could find, and in a wheezy voice sang it all through without skipping a stanza. These interesting exercises were then closed by a lengthy prayer in which advice to the Creator was the most prominent feature. He daily inflicted this programme upon me at a time when every breath I drew was like the thrust of a dozen daggers, until the surgeons finally found it out, and then they forbade his entering my tent at all.

In striking contrast with this was the course pursued by another wearer of the cloth—a stout, energetic man of about thirty-five years of age. As he never troubled me with any of the conundrums which others of his profession considered it their duty to propound to those of us who were loitering along on the brink of eternity, it was some time before I knew that he was a minister of the Gospel. He never came into my tent that he did not do something for my comfort. Without being told, he seemed to have an intuition of what was needed, and then off came his coat and the thing was done. One of the many bad features in my case was the utter distaste I had for anything in the way of food. Such nourishment as I did take was taken like any other medicine, because the surgeons prescribed it. Everyone who came to see me brought something that they thought might tempt the appetite. The Hon. and Colonel Levi Maish, who was himself convalescing from

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wounds received at Antietam, made several journeys from his home at York, Pa., to Gettysburg, to bring me delicacies that would have been the delight of an epicure. One corner of the tent was literally packed with all sorts of canned provisions, baskets of champagne, native and foreign still wines and liquors of all kinds; and yet with the whimsical notions of a sick man, I had conceived the idea that there was nothing in the world I wanted or could eat except a roasted potato; and as it was said that there was not a potato to be had within miles of our camp, of course I wanted one more than ever. I had long since ceased asking for them, but when food was mentioned that simple vegetable was the only thing that suggested itself to my mind. My clergyman friend was located in the Second Division hospital, some distance from ours, which was the Third Division, Second Corps. But he always came to see me at least once a day, and I had my tent flaps turned back so that I could watch for his coming. One very hot Sunday morning I caught sight of him coming considerably earlier than was his usual custom. His coat was thrown across his arm, and the perspiration was rolling down his face, but when he looked up and saw me watching his approach he swung a little bundle he had tied in his handkerchief, and exclaimed, with all the enthusiasm of a boy: "I've got them, captain, I've got them!" Sure enough, he soon laid before me a dozen potatoes, two of which he immediately washed with his own hands and roasted in the ashes.

I saw Tiffany's collection of diamonds at the Centennial of 1876, and also the most notable display of jewels ever made by one person in this country, when the wife of a distinguished New York millionaire wore her gorgeous collection at a Presidential reception in the White House, not many years ago; and yet I have never seen any diamonds, rubies, sapphires, or pearls that were at all comparable with the exquisite beauty of that cluster of Irish potatoes, brought to me at Gettysburg, on Sunday morning, so many years ago, by the Rev. J. E. Adams, of New Sharon, Me. He had walked in the broiling sun over ten miles to gratify an invalid's whim.

Up to this time he had never held any religious services in my tent. So, while he was preparing another potato for one of my fellow-soldiers, I told the attendant that he might give my compliments to him and say that, as it was Sunday morning, I should be very glad, if he could spare the time, to have him offer a prayer.

"Certainly," he replied, when they told him, and walking over to my tent he laid aside his hat and knelt by my rude bunk. He was still without his coat, his sleeves were rolled up, and his hands were grimy with the ashes from his potato roast. His throat was bare of necktie, the collar thrown wide open, and great beads of perspiration stood on his broad forehead; but what a prayer! Like his works it was fervid, earnest, and apropos. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten, and yet it appeared to be such a short prayer. A wounded Confederate soldier was lying in one corner of my tent, and knowing what firm friends we now were, our advocate at the bar of God used that circumstance as the basis of an appeal that these two whilom enemies, between whom there subsisted no real ground for enmity, might both live to see their country at peace. It was a grand appeal, bearing malice toward none, and charity for all. When it was finished and the worthy man had gone, I felt as though I had really been with one who walked arm in arm with the Master, and knew when and how to work as well as when and how to pray.

My father had been summoned from a neighboring State, and soon after he came an incident occurred that aptly illustrates the peculiar phases of this war. He became very much interested in the Confederate soldier who was lying in my tent, and was careful to divide any luxury he got for me with him. The man, though apparently grateful, said little, and I think half suspected that my father was not aware that he belonged to the Confederate army. One day, however, the old gentleman had prepared a couple of milk-punches, and while "Johnnie" was partaking of his, he suddenly asked him to what regi-

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ment he belonged. The patient hesitated for a moment, and then answered: "The —th Mississippi."

"The —th Mississippi!" echoed the good Samaritan, as he staggered and nearly fell to the ground. "Why," said he, "you may be the very man who shot my boy!" and the tears sprang to his eyes at the thought. In a moment more he had recovered his equanimity, and taking the wounded Confederate by the hand, said: "Never mind, my boy, pardon me for having such an unwelcome thought. I am sure you believed you were doing your duty, whatever you did."

I was quite proud that, from this time on until all the Confederates were removed from among the Union troops and placed in a camp by themselves, my father showed the man even more attention than he did me, so anxious was he to demonstrate that he made no difference because he might have "shot his boy."

While I was on duty in the Shenandoah Valley and in the Peninsula campaign, I had become much attached to the adjutant of an Indiana regiment that belonged to our brigade. About the time we left the Peninsula, in August, 1862, he had resigned in a miff about some real or imagined slight in the way of promotion, and I had lost sight of him. On the evening of the second day's battle, as I was about to take charge of my detachment for the skirmish line, an officer rode up and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned, and there was my old friend in the uniform of an assistant adjutant-general. We had little time for exchange of greetings, but he told me he had been assigned to the staff of the general commanding a brigade in the division of my corps next on our left. Just then the adjutant announced that my companies were ready, my friend and I shook hands; he returned to his division, and I went down to the skirmish line. One day, when the Reverend Adams was visiting me, he casually remarked upon the similarity of my case with that of another officer in the Second Division hospital, in whom he was also greatly interested, and he mentioned B——'s name. I then found that my friend was also so badly wounded that it was not thought possible for him to recover. Mr. Adams said he was so anxious to live, at least until his widowed mother, who had been telegraphed for, came. I then sent a message to B——, that if I was alive at ten the next morning, I would join him in a glass of wine, at least, we could each take one at the same moment. We continued this long-distance greeting for several mornings, until one day, just before the time for my glass with B——, a message came to my father. Instead of opening the bottle of wine for me as had been his custom, he came over by my bunk, laid his hand gently on my forehead, and looking sadly out across the green fields toward the hospital of the Second Division, he said: "Poor Captain B—— can't drink with you this morning; he is dead."

When I entered upon the third week of my enforced detention I began to have a great longing to be removed to my native State. The surgeons held a consultation and concluded that the change could not materially hasten or delay what appeared to them to be the inevitable. So they promised me that if, at the end of the next week, I was still alive, they would give their consent to my removal.

The agents of the Christian Commission had hung upon the wall of the tent facing me a calendar, or scroll, underneath each date of which were inscribed in large type numbers of texts or passages of the Scriptures supposed to be suited to the reader, the time, and place. Immediately on the doctors giving me the above-mentioned promise, this calendar assumed an interest which no other calendar, before or since, has ever attained. From ten to twelve o'clock each night I do not think that five minutes were allowed to pass without my asking whoever was attending me, the hour; and before the words announcing the departure of the old day were fairly out of his mouth I begged him to "please turn down that date."

Finally, on the last of the month, two attendants placed me on a stretcher, and while my father held an umbrella over me to keep off the rays of the mid-

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summer sun, they carried me to the village. On entering the town we passed a large brick house that stood flush with the sidewalk, along which was a row of beautiful maples. Under the shade of the thick foliage the stretcher bearers set me down for a few minutes' rest. The little procession attracted the attention of the occupants of the house, and a young lady, accosting my father from one of the upper windows, asked if I would not like a luncheon. The offer was made in such sympathetic tones that I felt a refusal would cause actual pain to the lady tendering the hospitality, so I accepted.

While the dainty little spread was being prepared, the windows of the lower story, or parlor, were thrown open, another exceedingly attractive young lady appeared, and I had the first chat with a lady, in a real house, I had been privileged to enjoy for many a weary month. When I had finished so much of the delicious repast as I was able to do, we exchanged visiting cards, and the young ladies presented me with an exquisite national flag about two inches in length by half an inch in width. I still retain this little emblem among the most cherished mementos of my first visit to Gettysburg.

. . . . . .

THE SECOND VISIT.

In the November succeeding my first visit to Gettysburg, I was in the National capital, partly convalescent but still not permitted to rejoin my regiment. While awaiting a decision of the surgeons in my case, the ceremonies that were to take place on the occasion of the dedication of the proposed monument were announced, and I resolved to be present. On my way over, a friend of mine serving on the staff of General Tyler, at Baltimore, Lieutenant McDowell, joined me, and just at dusk we reached Hanover Junction, the station where we were to change for the train that would take us to Gettysburg. When our train stopped we immediately boarded another that was standing on the Gettysburg track. We had barely gotten inside when a guard was placed at the entrance to each car to prevent outsiders from crowding into it, as it was a special train carrying the governors of the several States who were the guests of Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania. Being locked in, as it were, we concluded not to try to break out, and proceeded to find the delegation from our native State, Ohio. McDowell went toward the head of the train and I toward the rear. In the first car I entered I saw Governor Todd, while near him were ex-Governor Dennison and the Governor-elect, Brough. Thinking, perhaps, I might know some of his staff or retinue, I asked where the other members of the delegation were. He pointed to a group on the opposite side of the car, which upon joining, I found to contain several old acquaintances and one general officer, whom I had known as colonel of the Fourth Ohio, and who, when promoted, had afterward commanded our brigade, General John S. Mason, now a retired officer of the regular army. He knew the circumstances attending my former visit to Gettysburg, and insisted upon presenting me to the governor, although I said I had just spoken with him.

In introducing me, the general told the governor that I had a better right to be there than any of them, with many other equally flattering things which a soldier most likes to hear of himself. The governor then told me that he would like to arrange it so that I could see and hear everything that transpired at the dedication ceremonies, and that he could best insure that if I and my friend were to accept the positions of aides-de-camp on his staff, which he then tendered. Of course we gratefully accepted the proffered honor. The governor further informed us that although he had sent an agent ahead to secure accommodations for himself and staff, the latter had so increased in numbers since he started that he did not know whether all would have "downy pillows" to rest upon, but as we were soldiers he presumed we would not be troubled on that score.

Remembering my hosts on the occasion of my former visit, and relying somewhat upon their hospitality, I assured the governor that we should

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not only be able to take care of ourselves, but possibly, if his quarters were overcrowded, we might be able to find shelter for some of the other members of his party.

When we arrived at the station, though it was nearly eleven o'clock at night, I took McDowell and sought out the residence of my hosts of the previous July. Nearly everyone in the village was up, their houses illuminated and open in anticipation of their being called upon to entertain the immense crowds of incoming visitors. We found the house of my former hostesses open like the rest, and upon my making myself known (for it must be remembered they had never seen me except for a few minutes, as I had laid upon the stretcher in front of their house) we were most cordially received. They could accommodate us, and if we chose, two more; an offer we accepted, and going back to the hotel we relieved the Governor of two of his party, George A. Benedict, editor and proprietor of the Cleveland *Herald*, and Mr. Clapp, of the Buffalo *Express*. Both of these gentlemen gave interesting accounts in their papers of their hostesses and their historic home, which bore the bullet marks of the strife that had raged around it.

At the dedication ceremonies on the following day, November 19, 1863, I had a seat on the platform within a few feet of the speakers, and could hear not only every word, but could mark every expression on the face of America's most polished orator, Edward Everett, as he delivered that masterly oration, and could see every lineament in the sad, earnest face of Mr. Lincoln as he pronounced his immortal "Dedication."

Mr. Everett's personality was profoundly impressive. He was as straight as an arrow, tall, portly, and faultlessly dressed. Like many others of his time he wore an evening suit, the coat of which displayed his figure to advantage. Crowning all was that massive head covered with snow-white hair, which was in striking contrast with the great dark eyes that flashed from out clear-cut, classic features that were innocent of the semblance of beard or mustache. I have not seen nor read the oration for more than twenty years, and yet many of his periods were at that time so impressed upon my memory that I cannot forget them. In closing one of them he said: "Standing on these heights; looking on these scenes;" here he turned and looked, first at Round Top on the left and then at Wolf's and Culp's Hills on the right, at the same time raising both hands slowly and impressively as high as he could, as if reaching toward the heavens for inspiration—"I feel how utterly inadequate words are to express the emotions that are swelling in my heart!" Toward the end of the sentence great tears suffused his eyes and rolled down his cheeks as his hands fell as if in utter helplessness.

It was certainly a grand oration; and when finished it seemed as though the subject had been exhausted and there was absolutely nothing more to be said. When, therefore, Mr. Lincoln arose in obedience to the announcement that the President would now pronounce the dedication, everyone felt sorry for him. To say that Mr. Lincoln arose, can only be appreciated by those who have been near him when he got up to speak; but he had never before seemed to me to be so tall as he did on this occasion. He appeared to continue to arise as it were, until when he finally stood up I thought that he was the tallest and most awkward man I had ever seen.

There has been considerable difference of opinion among those who were present, as to whether or not he had any notes of this, undoubtedly the greatest speech of his life. My own impressions, whether correct or not, were received then, and have never since been changed by anything I have seen or heard on the subject. I think he had a card or a strip of paper the size of a visiting card in his hand. He did not, however, look at or refer to it in any way. Others, too, have differed as to the immediate effect of his remarks. In this, also, I give the impressions received at the time, which were also identical with those of all with whom I spoke. I thought then, and still think, it was the shortest,

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grandest speech, oration, sermon, or what you please to call it, to which I ever listened. It was the whole matter in a nutshell, delivered distinctly and impressively, so that all in that vast concourse could hear him. My own emotions may perhaps be imagined when it is remembered that he was facing the spot where only a short time before we had had our death-grapple with Pickett's men, and he stood almost immediately over the place where I had lain and seen my comrades torn in fragments by the enemy's cannon-balls.

Think, if you please, how these words fell upon my ears: ". . . We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here."

If at that moment the Supreme Being had appeared with an offer to undo my past life; give back to me a sound body, free from the remembrance even of sufferings past, and the imminence of those that must necessarily embitter all the years to come, I should have indignantly spurned the offer, such was the effect upon me of this immortal "Dedication." And even now, when the deeds performed on that field are rapidly becoming traditions, the mention of which requires an apology; when the brilliant hopes of the living actors in the tragedy have become faded disappointments; their promised rewards turned to dead-sea fruits; when they have nothing to show for them but maimed and shattered bodies, meaningless titles, and empty honors, there is still comfort for them in the great Martyr's prophecy, that history will not forget to record what they did in the way of heroic achievement upon the battle-field of Gettysburg.

FULFILLED.

By Anna C. Brackett.

She drank from out her curving palms
A draught she could not see;
Full filled they were and running o'er,
There had been space for not one more—
Full filled with kisses three.

A lover's kisses, newly pressed
On soft palms, tenderly;
With thirsty lips she eager quaffed,
And smiled, until for joy she laughed
Through tears, and could not see.

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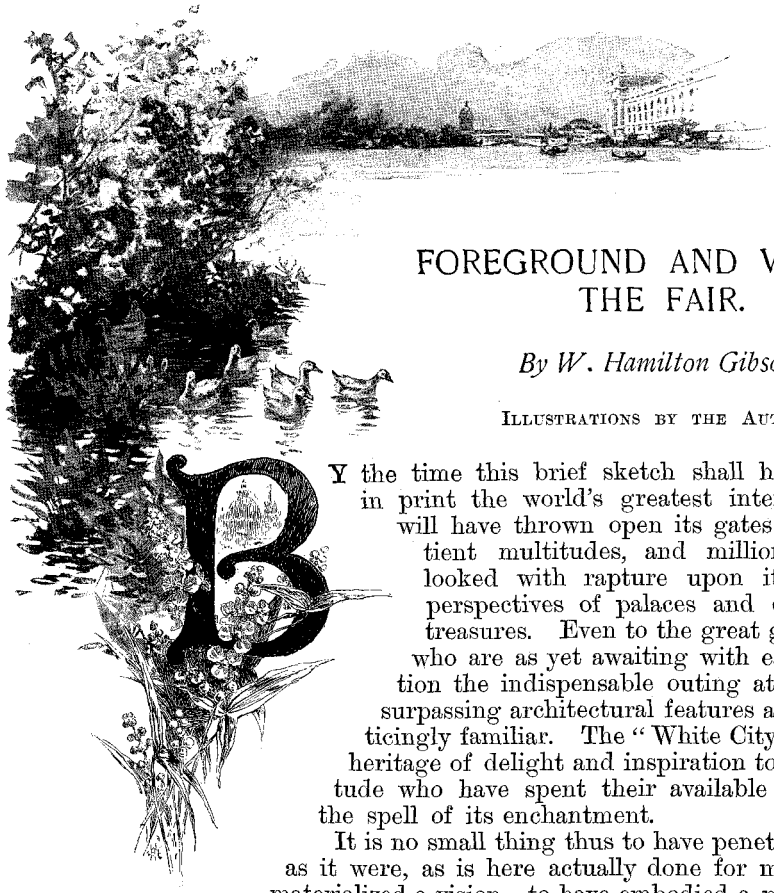

FOREGROUND AND VISTA AT THE FAIR.

By W. Hamilton Gibson.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

BY the time this brief sketch shall have appeared in print the world's greatest international fair will have thrown open its gates to the impatient multitudes, and millions will have looked with rapture upon its impressive perspectives of palaces and enjoyed their treasures. Even to the great general public who are as yet awaiting with eager anticipation the indispensable outing at the Fair, its surpassing architectural features are already enticingly familiar. The "White City" is already a heritage of delight and inspiration to a vast multitude who have spent their available days beneath the spell of its enchantment.

It is no small thing thus to have penetrated the veil, as it were, as is here actually done for many—to have materialized a vision—to have embodied a paradise. The "Heavenly City," the "New Jerusalem," with gates of gold and pearl, which in one questionable shape or another hovers in the hopeful, faithful fancy of so many of the sons of Adam will here find a realization, supplanting or exalting the ideal which has hitherto not always been to the glory of Heaven.

But in thus paying tribute to the architect we are perhaps unconsciously crediting him with more than his due; certainly more than he would himself claim. Of what avail were beautiful palaces if they could not be seen; and how easily might such an assemblage of heroic structures such as these at Jackson Park, as in previous similar expositions, have been so disposed, with relation to each other and their environment, as to have completely lost not only their individual impressiveness but the infinite advantage of their imposing *ensemble.*

We traverse the winding lagoon for an hour in continual delight, every passing moment, every quiet turn of our launch or gondola beneath arching bridge or jutting revetement opening up in either direction new and ravishing vistas of architectual beauty. Yet how little have we considered that the very means of our enjoyment, the pure blue water-way upon which our gondola so listlessly floats, is the crowning artifice by which the work of the architect is glorified—a very triumph and inspiration in the great scheme of landscape—say rather water-scape—gardening, which has made this Columbian Fair a unique model for all others of its kind. I think it is conceded by the architects of the Fair that in no way are its buildings to be seen to such satisfaction or full effect as from the lagoon. And it is well to remember, if only as an instructive object-

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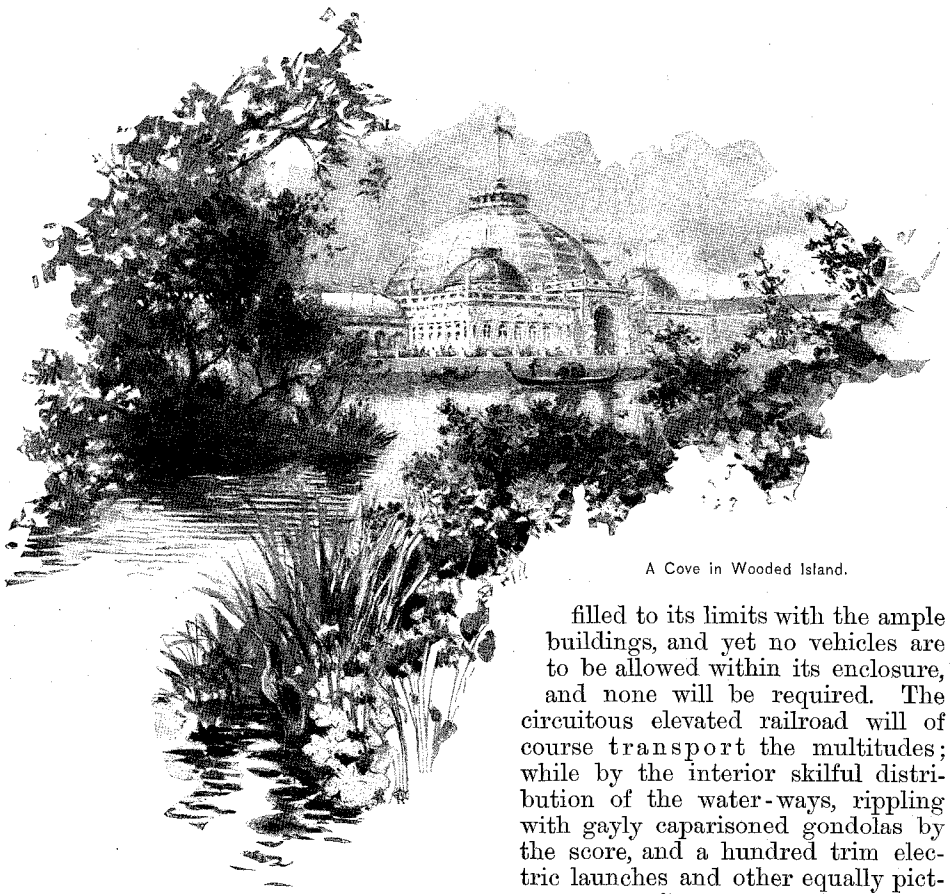

A Cove in Wooded Island.

lesson, as we glide upon this liquid street, how much of our present enjoyment is due to the forethought of a supreme design, which, even before a single foundation-wall was laid, had taken into account the most effective grouping of the architectural features.

More than this, too, how many of these fortunate architects must have realized the rare satisfaction of having builded better than they knew, when for the first time they viewed their works from the vantage point afforded by their collaborator, the landscape artist, and saw these superb creations given back to them in twofold beauty from the clear mirror of the lagoon. The unique character and important innovation of this lagoon feature may be inferred when we consider that we have here an Exposition covering over five hundred and fifty acres, comfortably filled to its limits with the ample buildings, and yet no vehicles are to be allowed within its enclosure, and none will be required. The circuitous elevated railroad will of course transport the multitudes; while by the interior skilful distribution of the water-ways, rippling with gayly caparisoned gondolas by the score, and a hundred trim electric launches and other equally picturesque craft, every portion of the grounds will be easily accessible. The entire circuit on this water-course, from any given point, will occupy nearly an hour. The luxurious tourist arriving at his destination is invited at the water's edge by ascending terraces of marble steps, their balustrades on either side overtopped by picturesque masses of tropic and other luxuriant vegetation. Huge bronze-like agaves surmount the lofty marble urns; cannas, musas, caladiums, in most effective and artistic groups, are dispersed among broad expanses of velvety sward, begemmed with parterres of brilliant bloom.

But it is not alone in these picturesque settings of lawn and garden which everywhere abound throughout the grounds that we find our fullest appreciation of the landscape art. In the spell of these imposing structures, towering above the revetement walls on

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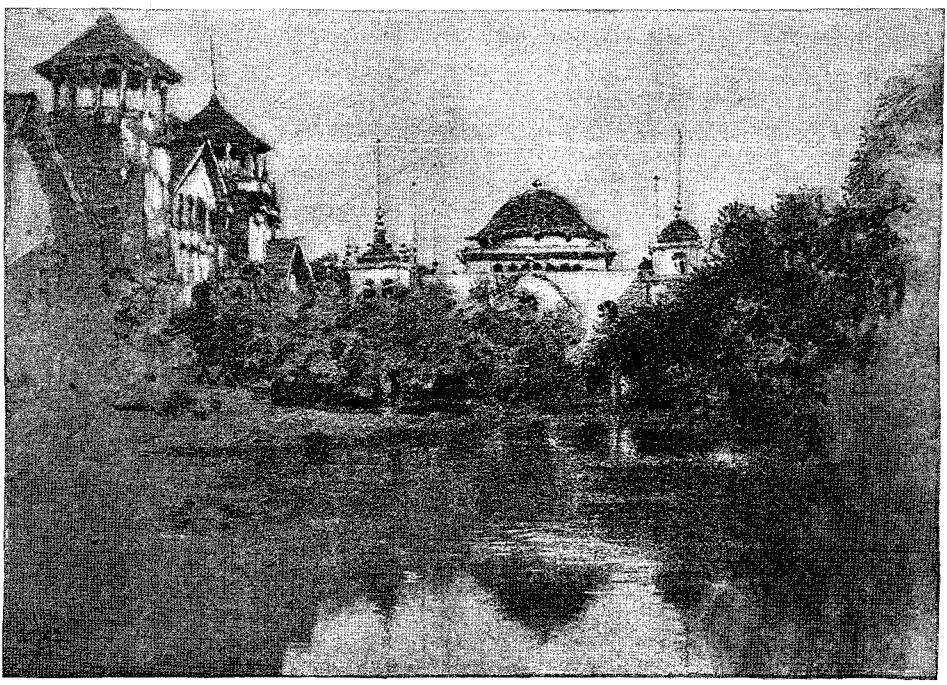
each side as we traverse the lagoon, we had utterly ignored another feature of its banks, or perhaps had our attention only momentarily inveigled thither by the invitation of the bevy of snowy ducks or geese or graceful swans hastening from our prow, and gliding beneath the overhanging boughs of feathery gray willows. Here indeed is a haven for a tired soul, a fairy realm whose modest charms are apt to be overlooked in the claims of the overwhelming architectural surroundings. But sooner or later its restful refuge will be discovered and welcomed. How many a foot-sore mortal, weary from the very excess of enthusiasm, will seek this quiet retirement, content for the moment to consign the architect to the accessory place of vista and horizon, while he roams and pries and muses among the labyrinthian paths, fragrant bowers, and shadowy glades, and along the reedy flowery borders of this sylvan fairy island, which the artistic genius of Olmsted and Codman has here, in two short years, conjured up like magic from the muddy, dreary marsh.

Connected to the main-land by a half-dozen spans of so-called bridges, it is readily accessible from any approach. It is a realm of strange inconsistencies and surprises, harmonies and pleasant discords, unified with the rarest skill. The familiar park or garden at one moment, its curving walks encircling more or less—generally less—conventional parterre, diversified with closely bedded mosaic of bright blossoms; and now a path leading us between high walls of blossom-laden shrubbery, skirting a rustic arbor, or winding beneath the shade of tall, dense branches of trees, which, however at home they may appear, so wonderfully has the skill of the landscapist concealed his artifice, are still almost as much strangers to the soil as ourselves; the adjustment and grouping giving the complete illusion of nature's random planting.

Only a very few of the thousands of trees upon this "wooded island"—medium-sized white-oaks—are native tenants of the place. Only two years ago isolated in the more elevated dunes of a great morass, they now find themselves in strange company; the



The Californian Building.

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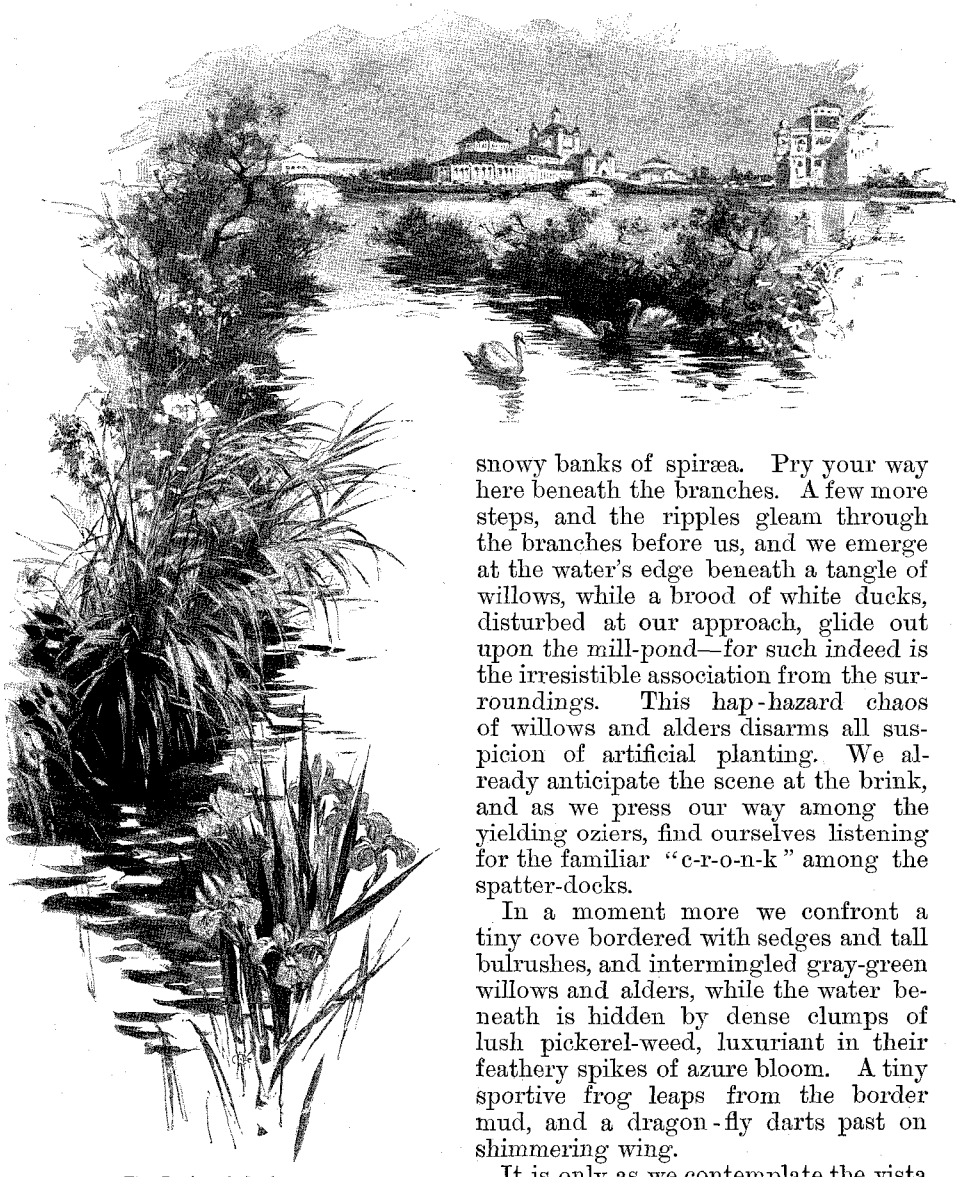

The Border of the Lagoon.

soil from the bed of the lagoon, having levelled the former slopes about their feet, is now peopled with individuals as large as themselves. Many a rare nook upon the island's borders would defy the critical scrutiny of the botanist or artist to detect a single tell-tale evidence of artifice. Would you step from the conventional park to the wild garden in ten paces? Follow me through this winding path, embowered with its snowy banks of spiræa. Pry your way here beneath the branches. A few more steps, and the ripples gleam through the branches before us, and we emerge at the water's edge beneath a tangle of willows, while a brood of white ducks, disturbed at our approach, glide out upon the mill-pond—for such indeed is the irresistible association from the surroundings. This hap-hazard chaos of willows and alders disarms all suspicion of artificial planting. We already anticipate the scene at the brink, and as we press our way among the yielding oziers, find ourselves listening for the familiar "c-r-o-n-k" among the spatter-docks.

In a moment more we confront a tiny cove bordered with sedges and tall bulrushes, and intermingled gray-green willows and alders, while the water beneath is hidden by dense clumps of lush pickerel-weed, luxuriant in their feathery spikes of azure bloom. A tiny sportive frog leaps from the border mud, and a dragon-fly darts past on shimmering wing.

It is only as we contemplate the vista across the water that we realize the beautiful deception as yonder beetling dome, in its gilded splendor, or sunlit palaces everywhere gleaming through the waters are brought to our feet in ripples from gliding gondola, swan, or duck.

Was ever border-tangle brushed by mill-pond raft or fishing-punt more wild or spontaneous than this! Foreground and vista in endless combination and surprise greet us as we follow

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our course about the shore, with Flora's own wild calendar from neck to neck. Here a secluded harbor, bristling with arrowheads and white with its spires of bloom, its sedgy banks aflame with cardinal flowers, whose scarlet reflections mingle with the snowy glints from the sunlit façade or spangling flashes from the crystal dome across the water. Here we invade the sheltered retreat of a bittern or small heron, which stalks away with ruffled temper at our intrusion. Creeping between the neighboring bank of alders, we emerge upon a sequestered nook shut off from the main lagoon by a small, straggling islet, plumy with willows and sedges, the main banks fringed with rushes and burr-marigolds and tall galingales that wave their graceful heads above a wild garden of blossoming blue flag. In and out among its willows beyond, the ever present fleet of ducks glides among the dancing ripples, or snow-white swans "float double—swan and shadow," as in the enchanted vision of "St. Mary's Isle."

An Aged Japanese Dwarf, One Hundred Years Old—A Corner of the Horticultural Building.

As we leave this beguiling haunt the air is suddenly bewitched with entrancing perfume, and our fancy lit with luminous visions of the Orient from the great golden doorway which glows through the branches from the opposite brink and floods the water with its liquid replica. Attar of roses! One such inviting whiff is sufficient. Leaving the water's edge we return toward the interior of the island, and are soon confronted by the wonderful rose-garden wherein are assembled all the roses of the world, with their thousands of varieties. Roses single and double, pink roses, white roses, roses yellow, crimson, orange, and saffron, and, indeed, of every hue but blue, mingling their beauty and their fragrance in an acre of bloom, and sprinkling the ground in showers of petals with every breeze.

The now famous rose-garden lies in the southern end of the island, approached through winding walks, garlanded with flowery shrubs of every habit and hue, of graceful blossom-burdened spiræas, drooping as with a weight of snow, or varied with rare foliaged plants which vie with the flowers in the endless play of their brilliant colors. Through the skilful foresight and planning of Mr. John Thorpe, the custodian of this realm dedicated to Flora, the fair goddess will crown him with a new decoration of wreath or laurel for every week, from the earliest yellow glow of May to the brilliant maples and

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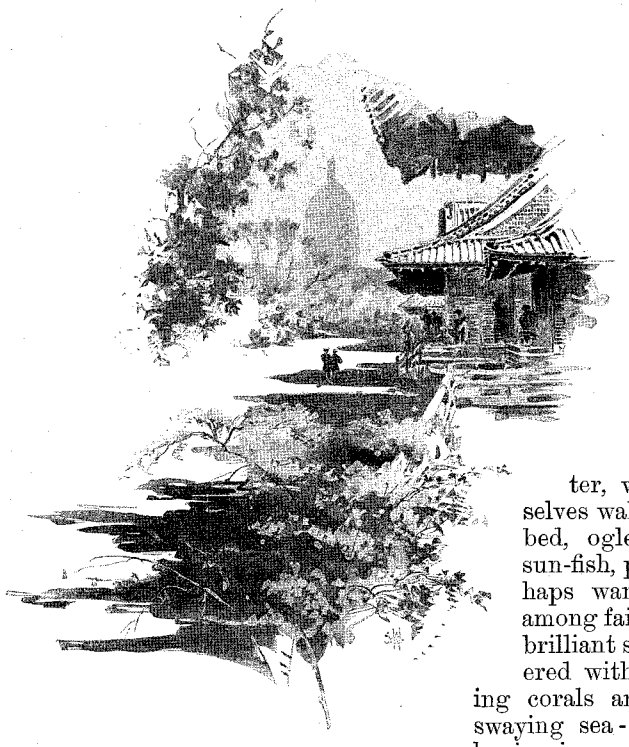
the final autumnal glory of the chrysanthemum.

Japonica! Japonica! How continually does the spirit of the flowery land hover here! It is, indeed, scarcely a surprise that the actual, familiar outlines of its quaint massive gables suddenly confronts us, looking down above a mass of the Mikado's own chrysanthemum, and we suddenly find ourselves transported to Tokio or Yokohama, surrounded by a veritable epitome of Japan, embracing all the actual features, floral, ornamental, and utilitarian, with which, through the educational influence of painted fan and screen and household gods of vase and kakemono, we have become so pleasantly familiar.

The long, low-roofed, wooden temple is surrounded from its foundation by a



Japanese Building on Wooded Island.

characteristic terraced garden, embracing many examples of those "precious goods done up in small parcels," which have always been the particular fad of the Japanese horticulturist—tiny giants of trees, so to speak, arranged in miniature parks, which, for the moment, make the beholder seem to be upon a mighty cliff or in flight with the soaring falcon, else how could he thus gaze down upon the summit of such a huge, lofty pine as this which he now sees beneath him! A fine example of one of these arboreal paradoxes is to be seen in the Japanese exhibit in the Horticultural Building—an aged dwarf of an *arbor vitæ* (*Thuja*) like a gigantic cedar of Lebanon, which, while having all the inherent characteristics of an actual age and dignity of over one hundred years, is still, with the big vase which it occupies, barely the height of one's shoulders.

In no structure within the grounds is the outward expression so sympathetically reflective of its architectural purpose as in the Fisheries Building. Itself reflected in the blue lagoon, in its architectural functions and sculptural ornament, it in turn reflects the lacustrine life of the waters, which not only almost lave its foundation walls but actually pour into its interior in fountain and cascade and gigantic aquaria. As we follow around these green translucent walls within, our passage lit only from the diffused light transmitted from above the water, we can almost fancy ourselves walking on the actual river-bed, ogled by familiar forms of sun-fish, perch, or pickerel; or perhaps wandering as in a dream among fair ocean caves abloom with brilliant sea-anemones, and embowered with mimic groves of branching corals and all manner of softly swaying sea-weed — graceful crimson laminaria reaching to the surface of the water, responding in serpentine grace to the soft invasion of waving fin. Rare living gems of fishes, very butterflies of the deep, float past flashing in iridescence with every subtile turn of their painted bodies. Star-fish, at first apparently stationary, as though in mid-

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Elkhorn Fern, a Suggestion for an Architect—In the Australian Exhibit, Horticultural Hall.

water, glide across the illusive plane of glass, with their thousand fringy discs of feet. Strange crabs and mollusks and bivalves sport on the pebbly bottoms, and portentous monsters, with great gaping mouths, threaten us as they emerge from their nebulous obscurity and steal to within a few inches of our faces.

All of its interior ichthyological features might have been anticipated even at the threshold of the building, with its rich and effective portals, where so many of these very forms are seen petrified in surface ornament. The building is in the form of a rectangular central structure with two octagonal annexes, each with its own beautiful portal, and connected to the main edifice by curved colonnades, with arch and balustrade—portal and pillar, capital, entablature and arch and panel—everywhere sculptured with ornaments whose themes are drawn from the subaqueous life to which the building is dedicated. The very balcony upon which we lean is supported by columns composed of four ingeniously and gracefully interlocked dolphins, while the pillars on right and left and throughout the entire exterior suggest curious geometric fossils from the deeps. Here a spiral procession of huge toads, whose uncouth shapes thus embodied in conventional ornament are singularly agreeable and effective. Each successive pillar is a study alike for the naturalist or designer — here a sinuous procession of river-horses (hippocampus), the incurved tail forming a volute repeated with pleasant effect in the spiral bands of ornament. Accommodating star-fishes embrace their respective pillars, touching points in geometric

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The Edge of the Rose Garden, Wooded Island.

design. Here are eels and fishes meandering among bulrushes and arrowheads. Lizards, crabs, and turtles, each combine in effective ornament about their particular columns, which are surmounted by capitals of even greater ingenuity and effectiveness of design, perhaps because less geometric. Gaping frogs leaping among water-weeds; lobsters captive and sprawling in their wicker "pots;" fishes entangled in the meshes of nets, or engaged in mortal combat, their gaping mouths finely utilized in effective points of shadow—the modelling of each and all suggests the perfection of a cast from nature. To those who look for a happy blending of architectural purpose and harmonious ornament, this building will be a welcome innovation. To the naturalist or the idler in quest of the mere picturesque, the Fisheries Building with its wandering façade and colonnade, its roof of ruddy tiles and almost Mooresque richness of surface ornament in high relief, will be found well worth careful study.

How many are the obvious natural themes yet awaiting their sculptured memorial in the temple of architecture. Must the classical and testy acanthus forever guard that exalted basket unchallenged, and the antique, indeed almost palæontologic lotus forever keep us oblivious to the abounding wealth of natural suggestion of even surpassing opportunity? What a rare suggestion for a national architectural theme, for instance, has nature thus far wasted on the wilderness in that elk-horn fern of Australia, which forms one of the most conspicuous features of the arboreal exhibit of that land of tropic contradictions and zoölogical anomalies. Where can there be found another such ready-made and graceful model for a massive capital?

Had this remarkable plant chanced to have been a native of ancient Egypt or Rome or Greece, it is difficult to conceive of its having escaped being immortalized in stone. Will the future national architecture of Australia ever embody its opportunities? Here is a veritable capital of clustered fern-forms.

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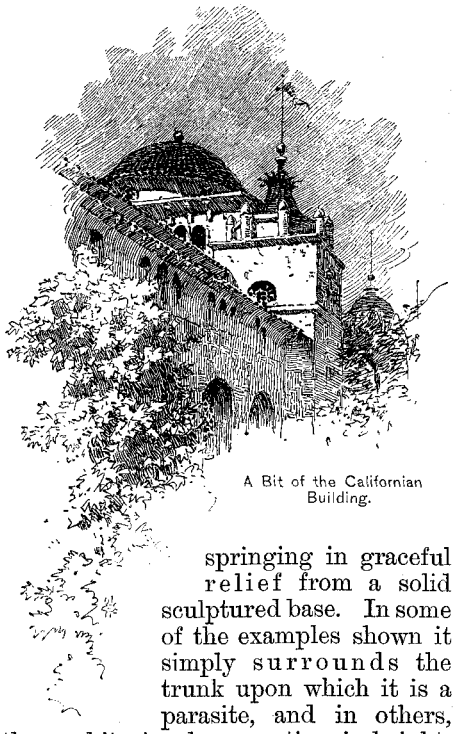


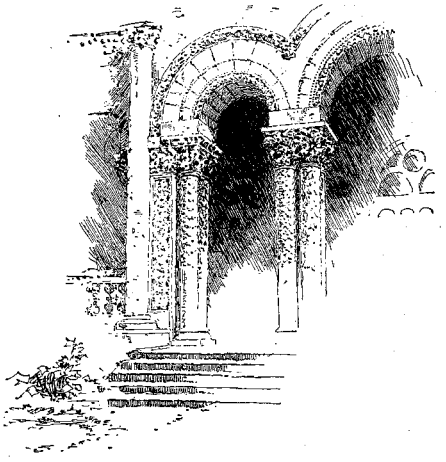
A Bit of the Californian Building.

springing in graceful relief from a solid sculptured base. In some of the examples shown it simply surrounds the trunk upon which it is a parasite, and in others, the architectural suggestion is heightened by the cluster appearing at the summit of its pillar, the dead continuation of the trunk above having fallen.

Superlative anticipation of our hopes is often disastrous to their full realization. But no such danger awaits the visitor to the Columbian fair. The most extreme glorification of this superb achievement at Chicago still leaves us the superlative of actual experience.

Dull indeed must be the intelligence which fails to respond to the vision of beauty which the genius of architecture has here created. Whatever oblivion may await the other features of the Exposition, the fame of the architect is secure. Even though in their substance his creations here are but as the flowers of a day, to be cut down ere the coming of winter, their very evanescence constitutes their most abiding charm.

Though we may spend weeks in the enjoyment of the unexampled treasures within these walls, confusion will at length claim most of our minor reminiscences and the winnowing process of the years will at last leave few tokens. But the glamour of this celestial city, this throng of ethereal palaces hovering between sky and sky, buoyant as uplifting archangel wings from dome and pinnacle and acroteria—these will abide to the end of our days.



Portal of the Fisheries Building.

LONELINESS.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

O THOU! whom God in wisdom limitless
Hath taken from me to His realm unknown,
About me countless myriads surge and press,
Yet must I wander in my grief alone.

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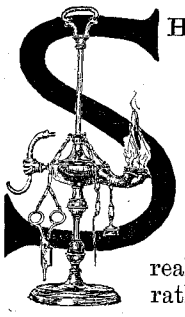
THE OPINIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

By Robert Grant.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

III.



SHORTLY before we moved to the sea-side this summer, it was evident to me that Josephine had something on her mind which she hesitated to broach to me. I suspect that the dear girl realized that we had had rather a trying winter in our new establishment, and was accordingly a little nervous as to how I would receive a new suggestion, which was aimed directly at my personal comfort. I had indeed found the winter somewhat trying on account of the number of small repairs which had proved to be necessary. Most of the doors would not open except by the application of brute force, and many of the windows rattled, so that carpenters were in possession of the premises a total of one hundred and twenty-eight hours in the course of nine calendar months, and I was compelled to listen in hang-dog silence to Josephine's sibilant commentary, that this was the natural result of buying a ready-made house. Still I must admit that on the whole she behaved extraordinarily well under these trying circumstances, and said nothing more tart than that, if she ever were so foolish as to move again, she should insist on building a house to suit herself; which struck me as rather a boomerang of a speech, seeing that it implied a lurking doubt on her part as to whether she had been wise in moving at all. I even came near admitting to her in consequence that I was thankful we had moved, and that, surface indications to the contrary notwithstanding, I was extremely happy in my new surroundings, and egregiously proud of her taste and cleverness in the selection of wall-papers and upholstery. I could have truthfully added also that, though a slippery hump had replaced the cosey hollow in my renovated easy-chair, I had found one of the new chairs exactly suited to my sensibilities, and should be secretly pleased if the old one were to softly and suddenly vanish away during our absence at the sea-side, after the manner of the Boojum of ditty. I have really no adequate reason to give why I delayed to make this amiable confession. It was the consciousness, however, that I had it to make which prompted me to help my darling out of her quandary when I perceived that she seemed afraid to beard the lion in his den.

"It has been very evident to me, Josephine, for the last two days, that you are keeping back something. If your mind is really set on altering the tinting of the drawing-room ceiling, I will consent to have it done while we are out of town."

"It isn't that at all, Fred. I agree with you that we can't afford it this year."

"Is it the extra tub in the laundry then?"

"Of course it would be very nice if we could have an extra tub. But it isn't that."

"Then there is something?"

"Yes," she murmured. "Oh, Fred, I do hope, now that the doctor has ordered you to take more exercise, you will get one of those pretty, striped tennis suits."

"Yes, do, father dear," exclaimed my eldest daughter, who happened to enter the room at the moment and overheard her mother's speech. "You would look perfectly lovely in one."

"It would be a satisfaction for once to see you wear something a little joyous," continued my wife, emboldened by the enthusiasm of her offspring.

"You seem to forget, dear, that I am a plain man," I answered, though

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to tell the truth I was asking myself whether I was not a trifle weary of posing in that sublime capacity. Now that I thought of it, what was the especial virtue of being a plain citizen?

When I came to reflect on the matter further, I realized that my programme for the past fifteen years has been to put on a plain pepper-and-salt suit of modest demeanor in the morning, eat two plain-boiled eggs for breakfast, walk down town in a plain black overcoat to my office in a plain-

The funereal dress-clothes of commerce and convention.

looking building, where I pursue my calling until it is time to go home and doff my pepper-and-salt of modest demeanor for a plain suit of sables, the funereal dress-clothes of commerce and convention. Even this coal-black tribute to ceremony has discredited me with some, who argue that I am not a plain man because I do not prefer to dine in the same old pepper-and-salt. Verily the only bits of warm color in my wardrobe have been a robin's-egg-blue necktie, which I have never dared to wear except once at a wedding, and a pair of pajamas reserved for very occasional jaunts on yachts and sleeping-cars. And now that I had the doctor's orders to take more exercise, I had been on the point of selecting an ordinary, plain, pepper-and-salt flannel shirt, and condemning one of my oldest and plainest pairs of pepper-and-salt trousers for the purpose.

And yet it was not always so. I remember that when I was a young fellow and a bachelor I used to be, if not a dandy exactly, very particular regarding my personal appearance, and that I was willing to approach the border line of gaudiness as closely as any of my contemporaries. It took courage too then: the youth who wore down town even a garden flower in his button-hole was liable to be suspected of a lack of purpose. One got very little encouragement at the best in any effort to fly in the face of the perpetual black tie and black broadcloth frock-coat of the plain American citizen, and he who chose not to wear the garb of the Republic not merely cut himself off from the possibility of ever becoming President, but ran the risk of being refused employment of any kind. Naturally, therefore, I began after I was married to do pretty much as the rest of my fellow-citizens did, save in the matter of a dress-coat at dinner, which I continued to don daily out of respect to Josephine's feelings. (This has been one of the few points in my behavior upon which she has ever laid particular stress, and I thank her here publicly for her pertinacity. It has saved me from the slough of utter carelessness.) Barring the single blue necktie and the pajamas, I drifted into and have stuck to blacks and browns and the least ostentatious cuts until my own wife and children have felt called upon to proclaim me fusty.

To tell the truth, I had been more or less conscious for some time of my degeneration in this respect, but it is no easy matter to escape from a rut when one is middle-aged. Josephine's stricture concerning the lack of joyousness in my apparel, however, brought me up standing, as the phrase is, and served not merely to spur me to action, but to crystallize a tissue of reflections which had been churning in my brain during a considerable period. One evening a fortnight later I sauntered into the

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drawing-room, where my wife and four children were congregated round the family lamps, and drew attention to my appearance by a timorous cough.

Josephine was the first to look up. My foot-fall will usually draw from her a welcoming smile, but she happened to be absorbed at the moment in the end of a novel, the beginning of which she was going to read later, so that it was not until I coughed that she raised her eyes from her book. For a moment she stared at me as though she were doubtful whether I was not one of the characters in whose vicissitudes she had been engrossed, then, letting the volume fall to the ground, she exclaimed in a voice of rapture, "Children, look at your father!"

Roused from their respective volumes by the ardor of this exhortation, my two

"I look like a perfect idiot."

sons and two daughters bent their critical eyes upon the male author of their being. It was a moment of sweet triumph for the old man for which he had made the most careful preparations. It was in vain that their gimlet-like faculties sought to discover flaws in the eminently fashionable costume of white striped serge, the brand-new yellow shoes, the jaunty summer necktie, and the appropriate hat, whereby I was transformed from a plain man to a respectable-looking member of society. The father who can run the gauntlet of his children's censorship may look the cold world in the face without a quaver. Philosophy has taught me this, and it was under the spur of the philosophic spirit that I had sought out the most expensive and most fashionable tailor in town, and told him to build me a summer outfit such as no one could carp at. Expense? He was to spare none. Cut? The latest and most joyous.

The children clapped their hands and there was a lively chorus of approval, and I had the satisfaction of hearing Josie, whose hair is ornamentally auburn, and whose face reminds me of her mother at the same age, declare that I looked "perfectly scrumptious," a sentiment which, in spite of its flavor of school-girl slang, seemed to express the critical estimate of the family circle.

"I look like a perfect idiot," I remarked, with becoming modesty as I surveyed myself in the glass. I did not think so, all the same. Indeed, I was saying to myself that I had had no idea I could look so well. Yet after all it is other people who decide whether one looks like an idiot or not.

"On the contrary," said Josephine, having surveyed me once more from head to foot to make sure that I was in nowise peculiar, but just like everybody else (only nicer, as she would say), "you look neat, and cool as a cucumber, and five years younger. Doesn't he, dears?"

"I should think so," said little Fred, who is aiming to be a dandy himself. "Father has cut us all out completely."

"It is a comfort to think that I shall no longer be a disgrace to my family," I remarked, with humble mien. "I may add that this is not all. I possess not merely this costume, but I have replenished my wardrobe utterly. When you see my new trousers, my new summer overcoat, my assortment of neckties, my brilliant shoes—both patent leather and strawberry roan—you will no longer be able to state, Josephine, that my clothes lack joyousness."

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Later in the evening, after the children had gone to bed, Josephine, who had been upstairs to inspect my purchases, sat down beside me on the sofa, and nestled her head against my shoulder.

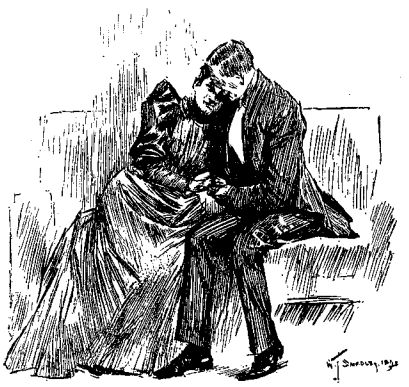
"Fred, you are very good," she said. "It must have bothered you terribly to get all those things—you, who are so busy. Everything is lovely, and the latest and prettiest of its kind. You have shown exquisite taste, dear; but I feel as though I had badgered you into it, following as it does on top of the house and everything else."

"No, dearest," I answered, stroking her hair. "I am proud of you—I am grateful to you. A man falls behind the times before he is aware of it. The world changes and paterfamilias ought to change with it out of consideration for his children. You were perfectly right, Josephine, just as you were right about the moving. Our house was too small and I was getting to look fusty and frowsy."

"Not so bad as that, Fred. I never said that you didn't look perfectly clean and respectable. All I meant was that there are such pretty things now, it seems a pity not to wear them. It wasn't the fashion to wear them when you were young. I mean younger than you are now," she added, patting my cheek. "I am glad, Fred, that you are reconciled to the house. I know that I have been a thorn in your flesh for the last eighteen months on account of it. I didn't mean to be irritating about the moving, but I was, and my soul has been wearing sackcloth and ashes ever since because I was so nasty. You see, Fred, in the first place, though I pretended to be pleased at your selecting the house, I was really dreadfully disappointed, for half the fun of a new house is choosing it. Of course a new house chosen by some one else is better than none at all, but a woman hates surprises of that sort, and somehow my teeth were set on edge by the few things about the house that didn't suit me. And then, dear," she continued, caressingly, "I don't think it was very nice of me to meddle with your great-grandfather Plunkett's portrait. It was too much in the line of the people who have their ancestors painted to order. I think of it quite often at night and blush, which shows that I have a guilty conscience on the subject, though I can't help feeling that it has been very much improved whenever I look at it."

"It was a very trifling amelioration," I answered. "And, if I remember rightly, it was I who put you up to it."

"Yes, but you were only in jest, and



"Fred, you are very good," she said.

I was base enough to adopt the idea and act upon it. No, Fred, though I agree that everything has worked out a great deal more satisfactorily than I deserve, and that we are infinitely better off than we have ever been before in point of comfort and general happiness, I look back on the last year and a half as a sort of nightmare. You were content to live along steadily in the dear old house and to toil unselfishly for us all, and I was perpetually prodding you. It has made me feel myself to be a perfect ogre of a woman. And yet it seemed to me to be necessary, Fred."

"It was not merely necessary, Josephine. It was essential. Thank goodness we have got through it so lightly! It is not every man who survives the operation. But, as I have said to you already, I am the one who should be grateful, and I too was the one at fault. Had you waited for me to make the suggestion, we should have been still in that dirty little box of a house, and I should have been wearing the same black wisp of a necktie such as I have worn for the last fifteen years. Kiss me, darling."

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She did so, and as she leaned her head lovingly against my breast she looked up and said, tremulously: "It was all on account of the children, Fred. I wish them to have every chance there is." There spoke the fond mother-bird. The children! Are these young giants and giantesses our children? Seemingly but yesterday they were little tots pottering in the sand with spade and shovel, alternately angelic and demoniac, supplying annual testimony to the inability of green apples to oppress a hardy digestion, and free from every inkling of responsibility save a faint, intermittent respect for parental mandate. Now they tower before me in the glory of budding manhood and maidenhood; lovable, yet haughty; with star-like eyes and brows perplexed by all the problems of the universe; God-like in their devotion to principle, though distressingly eager for pocket-money.

"Fred," whispers the dear woman at my side, breaking in upon my cogitation, "what were you like as a boy—er—a young man, I mean?"

Her words are the answering echo to my own secret thought. Like myself she is groping for light and counsel. May not the cleverest man and woman fitly quail before the soul-hunger of eager adolescent youth? And I do not profess to be clever.

"What were you like as a young woman?"

"I was afraid you would make that answer," she murmurs, reproachfully. "Oh, I have forgotten!"

"And if we could remember, Josephine, it would not help us very much. Each generation finds the world a virgin field. Somehow, though, I had fancied that when we had seen them through the scarlet fever and landed them in college, it would be plain sailing. We have to begin all over again, though, and the second half promises to be the most difficult."

"I know it. And think how we worried, or rather tried not to worry, over them when they were little things, and how we fancied there were no problems to compare in difficulty with supplying them with proper food and proper masters. In the last fifteen years they have had everything—chicken-pox, measles, whooping-cough, mumps, and scarlet fever. And they've collected everything—postage-stamps, minerals, butterflies, coins, and cigarette pictures. And they've kept everything—rabbits, goats, bull-terriers, white mice, a pony, and guinea-pigs."

"And owned, and subsequently discarded, to my certain knowledge, a music-box, doll's-house, puppet-show, printing-press, steam-engine, aquarium, and camera."

"Yes, and over and above their school learning they've been taught to swim, ride, dance, use tools, play on the piano, and speak fair to middling French. Yet, as you say, Fred, the most difficult part is to come, just as we fancied that we were through. And the terrible reflection is that we're not so sure now what we ought to do for them as we were when they were younger."

"Precisely, dear."

"And it seems sometimes very strange to me, Fred, that though they've eaten out of the same dish, as it were, all their days, and had the same opportunities, they should be so totally unlike one another physically, mentally, and morally. It's impossible to lay down any hard-and-fast rule for them now, as one could when they were little."

It is indeed. I see them on the threshold of manhood and maidenhood looking up to my wife and me for guidance and counsel, though they pretend to be sufficient to themselves in matters of judgment. A word of encouragement or of disapproval from us may be the turning-point in their destinies, may set the seal on what they are to become. Even as the flowers are drawn by the sun and the willows follow the prevailing wind, their young lives may be turned to good or saved from ill by our loving sympathy or remonstrance in the nick of time. We clinch our fingers in the stress of uncertainty. Good counsel? Yes, a thousand times yes; but who will counsel the counsellors?

How the world has changed since Josephine and I were their age! More particularly that choicest section of it which we were taught to think and speak of as the land of the free and the home of the brave. As I look back now

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in philosophic mood, simplicity seems to me to have been the keynote of our day. Not merely had the gladsome flannel costume and the Indian pajamas not yet begun to force an issue with the oratorical black broadcloth coat and the up-and-down white nightgown. There were no shingle stains to speak of but those of time and eternity, and he who owned a vehicle of any kind must needs be careful that it was of sombre hue and homely pattern. Among the fixed truths which we imbibed with the maternal milk, and from the prejudice of which I never expect to be wholly free, were these: That though the blatant blast of the Western politician offend the sensitive ear of culture by exaggeration, it is still true that we are the greatest nation under the sun by virtue of our total disregard of everything which other nations have held fast to; that the American woman is a newly created species; that George Washington never told a lie; that though France was on our side in our struggle for Independence, for which we should ever be profoundly grateful, the custom of handing over young people to be married at parental dictate, coupled with certain hoarse suspicions of an unmentionable character, must be an everlasting barrier between us and the Gaul; that nevertheless, if a man will have his fling, he may do so in Paris once without being held to strict account for it, provided that he comes home and lives a respectable life ever after on this side the water; that Russia's ill treatment of the serf and general barbaric conditions are to be overlooked on account of the friendliness she displayed toward us in our hour of need, barbarism being on the whole a less crucial blemish than the above-mentioned peculiarities of our other ally; and that everyone should hitch his wagon to a star.

In this last injunction lay, perhaps, the gist of the whole matter. To hitch one's wagon to a star was to be, primarily, a plain person, to go in for truth, patriotism, fineness of soul, long hours of labor, little exercise and no vacations, pies and doughnuts, ugliness of physical surroundings, and squeaky feminine voices. Public opinion justified making all the money one could, provided it was not spent in rendering life ornate or beautiful. So lived our fathers and mothers, our upright, vigorous, single-minded, ascetic predecessors; and in our day their precepts were still held in reverence. Yet even then there were indications of a change. The newly created species took it into her head to look around her, especially in summer, first by itineraries along the rock-bound coast of her native land, and later by amazon-like pilgrimages abroad. She invented Bar Harbor, and while electrified Europe held its breath perambulated Paris alone and climbed Mont Blanc with a single man. She also made the pertinent discovery that her popper's purse was pudgy with the proceeds of wheat, corn, dry goods, and railway shares. Though she still urged the successive youths who strolled and sat under her Japanese sunshade to hitch their wagons to heavenly bodies, she gave it sweetly, and little by little to be understood that chastity among women and high resolve among men need not preclude more picturesque paraphernalia and a broader field of investigation. She bought French clothes; her brothers took the hint from her, and hied them to Paris and Vienna to pursue their studies; penetrated to Pekin and Constantinople, and hunted the tiger in the jungles of India, while popper's pudgy purse grew more and more plethoric despite the drafts upon it. Purification by pie waned, and the first Queen Anne cottage reared its head.

I wooed and won Josephine in those early, transitory days when the influence of the past was still upon us, though we foresaw and caught glimpses of the new. We were simple souls. I believed that Josephine's wagon was hitched to a star; else I could not have loved her. And she believed the same of mine. She wandered in the panoply of her maiden independence to far-off rookeries attended by me only (or some other swain only). Though we were fain to discuss De Musset and Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Dobson, George Eliot and Philip Gilbert Hamerton—strange names to the elder generation—our scheme of life was still essen-

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tially grave and plain for all Josephine's Japanese sunshade and tendency to make the most of her willowy figure. Little did we dream of the later development which, like a huge wave, was to sweep over the land of the free and the home of the brave, overwhelming its native simplicity with the virtues, tastes, and vices of the other nations against which our forefathers barred the door. Palaces in all but the name stand where the buffalo was wont to disport himself, and where the American eagle in human form once flapped his wings and screamed most viciously in contempt of the effete civilization of the older world. Sons and daughters of the pioneers who bolted their dinners on the stroke of twelve find seven too early for elegant convenience. Among the reddest and palest of hot-house roses, which deck their tables, glisten glass of Venetian pattern and china from the bankrupt stock of kings. According to their intellectualities their talk is of labor and capital, of working-girls' clubs and model tenement-houses, of Buddha and Zola, of foreign titles, and transplanted fox-hunting. To-day a hundred thousand dollars is barely a competency, and a building less than a dozen stories high dwarfs the highway of trade. The vestibule limited, the ocean greyhound, the Atlantic cable, and the voice-bearing telephone have made all nations kin, and bid fair to amalgamate society. Even the newly created species condescends to swap her birthright for a coronet.

All this has come to pass while Josephine and I have been plodding along the route of all flesh, trying not to forget our early aspirations. We have changed our dinner-hour with the rest of the world; we have learned to talk more or less unintelligently about the sweating system and Buddhism; we have bowed our necks to the yoke of the electric wire. Now that Josephine has spurred me on to it, I have even bought a modern house, and replenished my wardrobe so as to keep pace with thought and custom. But, nevertheless, sitting here in my renovated easy-chair, with my feet stretched toward the brass andirons which were the pride of one of my great-grandmothers, listening to the ticking of the old-fashioned clock which belonged to another of them, and conscious that the eyes of my most distinguished ancestor are looking down at me from the wall, I feel bewildered, as it were, by this latter-day metamorphosis, bristling with new and formidable problems. Whither is civilization tending? What is one to think of it all? And by the shades of my forefathers, purified by pie, how shall we best help our sons and daughters to hitch their wagons to stars? That is what is worrying Josephine and me.

IV.

WE have just faced our first serious problem.

Said my wife to me one day not long ago, handing me the newspaper as she spoke, "Look at this, my dear. Little Fred has been selected to play on the University foot-ball eleven."

By way of contradistinction to me, who am rather short and slight, my namesake and eldest son is still habitually spoken of in the family as Little Fred, notwithstanding that he is a head taller than I, and a strongly built, muscular youth into the bargain. He is in college — a sophomore—and I do not hesitate to declare that when he left school he was about as clean cut a young fellow, both mentally and physically, as anyone would wish to see. I have always encouraged him to take a sensible amount of exercise and have been glad that he seemed fond of the athletic sports in vogue among the growing lads of the country and did not need to be prodded, like his brother David for instance, to keep out of doors. I have been aware that he has been a prominent member of an amateur base-ball nine and foot-ball eleven, and I have been proud to follow in a confused sort of fashion, for the technical terms have changed sadly

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since I was a boy, the defeats and victories, principally the latter, I think, of those illustrious organizations. Although I was never his equal physically, I look back with considerable pride to my own foot-ball days, and my children have heard me repeatedly describe the famous dash which I once made with the ball from one end of the field to the other, with Tom Ruggs, the butcher's boy, at my heels, and how he never caught me until after I had sent it flying over the goal line, and we had won the game. That was a long time ago now, and we played a very different game, as I have since discovered. I hear a great deal said nowadays about the lack of attention which the older generation gave to manly sports. We did not make much fuss about them, I agree, and consequently some boys may have been allowed to grow to manhood without proper physical training; but it seems to me that most of us were playing something in the fresh air the greater portion of the time. However, I have always been a great believer in manly sports and I wish to continue to be.

When my boy entered college I remember telling him kindly but explicitly that it was a costly matter to send him there, and that I should expect him to make the most of the opportunities for improvement which were offered him. I knew that he was not especially clever at his books like his brother David, yet at the same time I had set him down as a sensible, wide-awake fellow with at least an average amount of brains and with plenty of tact and common-sense. It was my hope that he would devote himself to political economy and mathematics, in which case I should try and find an opening for him after graduation with the firm of Leggatt & Paine, our leading bankers. I expected, of course, that he would continue to take a suitable amount of exercise, to keep himself in good trim; row on the river and not altogether renounce base-ball. Indeed, although I was aware that collegiate sports were a much more serious tax on a student's time than in my day, I should not have seriously demurred had he been selected to row on the University crew or play on the University base-ball nine. I should have greatly preferred to have him steer clear of both; still, I try to remember that I was once his age myself, and I am given to understand that the rivalry between the several colleges in these matters is more intense than ever. There was a time when nothing seemed to me of such vital interest as whether Harvard or Yale won the boat race. The Darwinian theory paled in comparative importance beside it. Indeed, I still take more interest in it than it deserves, perhaps. Nevertheless, I took pains to impress upon Fred that his studies were to be his first consideration.

He is in college—a sophomore.

We did not play foot-ball in college when I was there, which was the reason, perhaps, why I assumed that it was a boy's game, to be shuffled off with other purely youthful sports when one became a dignified student. I had heard here and there the statement that it was a rough game, which did not impress me very much, recalling as I did my own hacked shins. It was not until I read my friend Horace Plympton's letter to the *Evening Times* that my attention was particularly called to the matter. Horace seemed to have lashed himself into a perfect fury on the subject. He stig-

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matized the modern game as it was played by University students as a barbaric spectacle, dangerous to limb, if not to life. Horace has always been more or less of a pepper-pot, but he is not exactly a croaker, and he served in the war with distinction. Hence his diatribe made me frown, even though it rather amused me. It was written in the autumn of the year before Fred went to Cambridge, and I read it aloud to the family circle as being of interest to a sub-freshman.

"What perfect nonsense!" exclaimed that profound young gentleman, when I had finished. "The man who wrote that letter is a flub-dub, father."

Though not aware of the precise meaning of this epithet, I realized that it was a severe arraignment. I felt, too, that my manner of reading the communication had given license to my boy's tongue. I answered, therefore, with some unction.

"The writer, Horace Plympton, is a brave and sensible man. I know him very well."

"I guess he never kicked foot-ball."

"In his day the young men who were fortunate enough to be sent to college were better occupied. Foot-ball? It is a game for high-schools, not universities."

"It is the greatest game of the day, father," said my sub-freshman, with the haughty consciousness of superior knowledge which the waning, though reigning, generation has so often to bow to.

Of course that settled the question. I believe that I made a futile remark to the effect that the president ought to put a stop to it, or something of the sort, but I knew enough to know that I had been convicted of error. I saw Fred glance at his sisters, and all three at their mother, who looked anxious in her desire not to seem to take sides against me, though manifestly sympathizing with them. I said to myself that if foot-ball was the greatest game of the day, I was not going to put my foot down and prevent my boys from playing it merely because I was old fogy enough not to understand that it was the greatest game of the day, and Horace Plympton had written a letter to the *Evening Times*. Accordingly, when the time came for Fred to go to college I merely cautioned him generally against wasting his time, and uttered no fulminations against foot-ball in particular.

"On the University foot-ball eleven?" I echoed, taking the newspaper from my wife, and as I read I felt a little lump of emotional pride rise in my throat. There it was, sure enough, in black and white, though I could not help wondering why the fact was of importance enough to be chronicled in the daily press along with the telegraphic news, and the deaths and marriages. It was evidently a matter of considerable moment, though I could not quite see why.

"He will be perfectly delighted," said Josephine. "He has been extremely doubtful whether he would be chosen. Oh, Fred," she exclaimed, in a tone of solicitude, "do you really think it's safe?"

How exactly that was like a woman. Here was my wife, who had secretly aided and abetted her son in his design, and been the recipient of his hopes and fears on the subject, turning to me, who had dared to utter a feeble protest or two only to be scoffed at, and summarily sat upon, asking if the game was really safe.

"There are certain risks in this world that a man has to take," I answered, borrowing the sentiment which she had uttered on the occasion of our affair with the burglars.

Josephine did not appreciate my irony. "Why, oh why, did you give your consent to his playing foot-ball?" she asked, tragically. "I understand that it is a terribly rough and dangerous game."

"I give my consent? This is monstrous, Josephine, monstrous. I did not wish to be a killjoy and a marplot, or I would have forbidden Fred to touch a foot-ball after he entered college. Had you, my dear, given me the least bit of support, I should have nipped the whole business in the bud. Yet now you seek to throw the blame on me."

The suggestion of the dire parental sternness of which I had evidently just missed being guilty caused her thoughts to fly off on an opposite tack. "The

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poor darling, his heart was so set on being chosen," she said. "I am sure, Fred, it would have been a terrible blow to him if he had not succeeded."

"I dare say that it was his chief motive in going to college," I interjected, a little indignantly.

"I really think it was," she murmured, with sweet maternal sympathy. "I shall live though in constant dread until it is over and done with."

"What is over and done with?"

"The Harvard-Yale foot-ball match. It's on account of that he's been so anxious to belong. And, Fred, he said to me the other day that if he was chosen, he hoped that we would go to Springfield to see the game. It is terrible to think that I might see him killed before my eyes, but he is set on our going."

"It is all a piece of infernal nonsense," I remarked, with majestic dignity; nevertheless, the idea did not strike me as a bad one. To tell the truth, I was beginning to be curious to see this game, which, according to the views of my eldest son, was the greatest game of the day, and to those of Horace Plympton a barbaric spectacle.

Altogether I had become, for the first time in my existence, an object of consequence to my fellow-citizens, and almost to the world at large.

And now befell me a curious experience; at least it seemed to me such. I found that I, who, though considered an industrious and painstaking lawyer, have never awakened any especial interest in the community, had acquired lustre and importance by virtue of the circumstance that I had a son on the University foot-ball eleven. College graduates of various ages, who had hitherto classed me with the general run of their acquaintance, grew suddenly cordial and congratulatory in their manner, and I had the satisfaction of reading in the public prints an item to the effect that Frederick ——, the father of the well-known half-back of the Harvard University foot-ball eleven, had recently visited New York for a few days. Altogether I had become, for the first time in my existence, an object of consequence to my fellow-citizens, and almost to the world at large.

As for the hero himself, he bore his importance modestly and meekly, though he evidently considered that he had rescued the family name from obscurity and set it gloriously in the public eye by dint of his renown. He was in strict training, and fiercely conscientious as to what he ate and drank, and as to his hours of sleep. Little was heard in the house when he was at home but conjecture and estimate as to who was likely to win in the impending contest. Had I been properly attentive, I might have learned from his lips not merely the names and nicknames of the members of the respective teams and the positions on the field they were to fill, but their weights in fighting trim, their fine points both as foot-ball kickers and as men, and not improbably their love affairs. When now and then, as occasionally happened, I betrayed by an unfortunate question or by unappreciative silence my lack of familiarity with this

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or that celebrity, the look of wondering pity with which my boy, and indeed every member of the family, regarded me made me feel myself to be a veritable ignoramus. Josephine and her girls knew the whole business from beginning to end, and I must confess that I secretly drank in more than I pretended.

Everybody, or nearly everybody, carried a flag.

A fortnight before the match was to come off Sam Bangs, who, as some of you will remember, is a second cousin of mine and rather a pal of Josephine's, appeared at the house one evening and laid before me, in his engaging, plausible fashion, a project which he and his wife and my wife had cooked up between them. He and Josephine assured me, in the first place, that I wouldn't have the least bother in the matter, and that everything would be perfectly plain running for the reason that Sam was intimate with the manager of the railroad, and that little Fred had secured the requisite number of tickets for the game. Then he proceeded to inform me that they had conceived the idea of going to see the game at Springfield in a private special car; that the manager had promised to let him have one, and that it would be much more jolly to go with a few friends like that and have luncheon comfortably served by a caterer than to be lumped in the common cars with Tom, Dick, and Harry, who were liable to be noisy students, or still more noisy prize-fighters, and starve; that there were several people crazy to go whom it would be very pleasant to have, notably Mrs. Guy Sloane and Mrs. Walter Warner (*née* Polly Flinders), and that the expense would be comparatively trifling.

"I think it would be particularly nice, Fred, on Josie's account," added my wife. "I should ask two or three of her girls, and some boys to match. She is inclined to be shy, and this would be just the occasion to help her to feel at her ease with young men. Then I thought you would like to have a chat with Polly Warner; you so rarely see her now, and you and she used to get on so well together; and you know Mrs. Guy Sloane always stimulates you. I think you would have a very good time; and, as Sam says, it's a Dutch treat, so the expense would fall on everybody alike."

Seeing that Josephine's heart was set on going in just that way, I did not attempt to interpose objections. I took the liberty, however, of remarking that, though we as the parents of one of the players had a reason for going, I could not understand why a cultivated woman like Mrs. Guy Sloane was willing, crazy indeed according to what they had said, to take so much trouble to see a pack of college youths knock each other about. In answer to this, Sam declared that every man, woman, and child in the city who could possibly get away was going to Springfield; that trains were to be run every fifteen minutes, and that no less than twenty special private cars in addition to ours had been chartered for the occasion. Again I hung my diminished head before this broadside of superior information.

Sam was perfectly right. I have rarely seen such a crowd in a small compass as was collected at the railway station before we started. How we ever reached Sam, who made himself visible to me at last across an ocean

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of heads by lifting himself on the shoulders of obliging friends, and found our special car seems mysterious to me as I look back upon it. It really appeared as though every man, woman, and child in the city *were* going, from the highest officials of the State and our leading citizens in various fields to the veriest street Arab who had managed to beg, borrow, or earn the requisite fare. Everybody, or nearly everybody, carried a flag, and Josephine seemed to think that I, as a Harvard man and the father of the half-back of the team, was lacking in enthusiasm because I had not got possession of one.

"It will be time enough for enthusiasm when we win the match," I remarked, sententiously, though what with the general crowd and the files of students bubbling over with Rah-rah-rahs as they tore along the platform to find seats in the several trains, I was beginning to feel very tremulous about the gills, so to speak.

I doubt if Josephine heard my answer. Her attention had suddenly been absorbed by the sight of Mrs. Willoughby Walton, on the way to her special car, in all her glory, which consisted of a new seal-brown costume with tiger-skin trimmings and a retinue comprising Gillespie Gore, Dr. Henry Meredith, the specialist on nervous diseases (who, like everybody else, had evidently taken a day off), and half a dozen youths who looked young enough to be freshmen. She was frantically waving a crimson flag, which she shook at the windows of our car as she passed with the spirit of a belle of nineteen.

"That woman is simply wonderful," murmured my darling. "She is fifty-five if she is a day, but she will not give up."

"Rah! rah! rah! Harvard!" I ejaculated hysterically. I felt that I was getting rattled, as my famous son calls it.

"Look here, Cousin Fred," said Sam Bangs at my shoulder. "Seen the morning paper? Here he is cabinet size and a full family history annexed. It's something which his great grandchildren will be proud of. Where the dickens, by the way, is Mrs. Sloane? I've been looking for her everywhere in the station. She's coming, because she telephoned me last night to inquire if I could squeeze one more into our car. We'll be off in another five minutes."

"What *do* you mean, Sam? What is it?" asked Josephine, as she seized and held to the light the newspaper which he was extending.

I looked over her shoulder and broke into a cold perspiration at beholding an execrable three-quarters length cut of my darling son superscribed by his name in holograph.

"It's an indecent outrage," I hissed.

"It isn't like him in the least. No one would ever know who it was. It makes him look like a prize-fighter," cried Josephine.

"They've no right to print his picture at all; it'll do the boy a serious injury by leading him to believe there

Mrs. Willoughby Walton on the way to her special car, in all her glory.

is nothing else in the world worth thinking about but foot-ball," I asserted. "What right have they to do it?"

"Pooh, Cousin Fred," said Sam. "It's nothing but ordinary newspaper enterprise. They print everybody's portrait nowadays, from the common murderer

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up. Your ox is gored this time, that's all. Cheer up, old man—Rah! rah! rah! Harvard!"

"I never supposed they would make him look like that, or I wouldn't have let Fred have the photograph to give them," said Josephine, forlornly.

"Do you mean that you gave it to them?" I asked, in horror.

"It was to Fred I gave it. He said that his picture was to appear with the others, and that he must have a photograph. But they have made him much the worst looking of them all. It's a libel on the dear boy."

I was saved from intemperate language by the sudden advent of Mrs. Guy Sloane, in whose custody appeared the Rev. Bradley Mason, our spiritual adviser. They were both breathless with haste, occasioned, as we shortly learned, by the necessity imposed on our beloved pastor of marrying a couple before he could escape from his fold.

"If I had ever dreamed that you would come, Mr. Mason, I should have sent you an invitation myself," said Josephine, whose delight, as I perceived, was tinged with jealousy.

"I planned it as a delicious surprise," interjected Mrs. Sloane. "I knew you would be only too glad to have him if there was room. I dare say you thought I was a little mysterious over the telephone last night, Mr. Bangs," she added with a blithe twist of her neck in Sam's direction.

"I am a thorough believer in the efficacy of manly sports on character," I heard Mr. Mason remark to my wife. "They cannot be too much encouraged by us all."

"It is very kind of you to say so," said Josephine, with a radiance which told me plainly that her qualms concerning the whole proceeding as an educational factor were at least temporarily dispelled. "I shall tell little Fred that you were with us. It will gratify him very much to know that you saw the game."

"It must be a proud day for you as a father and a college man," he continued, with a kindly smile in my direction.

"Really, sir, I am not altogether certain yet," I answered, a trifle doggedly. "My judgment is in a state of suspension."

He obviously mistook my philosophic utterance for fears concerning the outcome of the game, inasmuch as he presently sought to soothe me by a speech to the effect that a game well lost was a victory in ethics, which prompted me to remark, under my breath:

"Provided it doesn't cost a leg or a rib or two."

"Cost nothing," cried the irrepressible Sam, whose ear caught what I had meant for an aside. "He'll come out of it all right, Cousin Fred. We're bound to win too. Rah! rah! rah! Harv-a-rd!" Thereupon the engine gave a puff and a couple of snorts and we were off.

V.

We were early on the ground. That is to say, only a few hundred people were in their places when we arrived. The seating accommodations were for thousands. Have you ever seen an intercollegiate foot-ball field? If not, picture to yourself a long, level, rectangular arena about a hundred yards long and fifty yards wide marked out with white lines at certain regular intervals. At either end stands a cross-bar supported by two posts. These are the respective goals. All along the field on either side runs a tall tier of seats similar to those at a hippodrome, and there are tiers of seats also opposite the ends; but the best seats are likely to be those on either side in proximity to the middle of the field.

Sam Bangs led the way with the confident tread of a drum-major down the Harvard side—for the custom is to apportion the seats on one of the long sides of the field among the friends of one college, and those on the other correspondingly—until he reached a desirable location. Then we established ourselves according to his directions and waited. It was rather a long wait—nearly two hours—during which I had ample leisure to philosophize to the top of my bent. We had to console us Sam's assurance that it was necessary to take time by the forelock to this

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radical extent in order to secure satisfactory places. For the next two hours a steady stream of people poured along the two sides of the field until they became great walls of crimson and blue humanity. Flags waved, badges fluttered, the human voice worked itself hoarse in every form of encouraging outcry from the full-chested song to the indiscriminate cat-call. In front of each section of seats stood a separate youth, who at very short intervals and at the slightest provocation invoked cheers upon cheers for everything and everybody from the captain of the team to the college costermonger. An hour before the game began the benches were crowded and I seemed to have recognized in the passing throng every person of consideration among my acquaintance. Mrs. Willoughby Walton and her party were among the last to arrive. I was curious to see where they would bestow themselves, seeing that we were all packed tight as herrings, and there was only here and there an occasional chance for another mortal to squeeze in, and that generally at the cost of clambering over the heads of two or three hundred people. As Josephine said to me later, I might have known that Mrs. Walton would not put herself in any such plight. I was just wondering what on earth her elegant procession, which had halted in front of the section next to ours, was going to do, when of a sudden the occupants of the two best rows of seats trooped out in orderly file and relinquished their places to the fashionable party. Sam, after a moment's dazed silence, which must have been gall to him, for he does not like to be imposed upon in such matters, furnished us with the solution of this act of legerdemain.

"They were mill hands subsidized to come early and hold the seats until Mrs. Willoughby arrived."

Another hour of anticipation and then at last a roar; a roar which runs like a fire down our side of the field, waking tired lungs to new enthusiasm and calling into action every crimson flag and rag. Only the wearers of the blue are quiet; their benches remain coldly silent. The Harvard eleven have arrived on a tally-ho, and in a few minutes more are disporting themselves like a band of prairie dogs over the campus. The uproar is deafening, but they seem to pay no attention to it. They strip off their crimson jerseys and concentrate their energies on bunting and punting a leather foot-ball about the field. They wear earth-colored canvas jackets and earth-colored knickerbockers ending in crimson stockings, and I say to myself that they are the most unpleasant-looking band of ruffians I have ever beheld. Nor are my fond paternal eyes able to make a reservation in little Fred's favor on this point. I have considerable difficulty, indeed, in distinguishing him from his mates, though Josephine declares that she singled him out the moment he appeared on the scene. He suggests to me a compromise between a convict and a hod-carrier. Nevertheless, my eyes begin to water as I follow his every movement, and my pulses throb eagerly. At the same time I am impelled to link my arm affectionately in my son David's, next to whom I am sitting. I cannot help wondering what he, dear boy, is thinking of it all. He is perfectly healthy, but he is slight, and will never be an athlete. His tastes do not run in that direction. He graduated at school last summer next to the head of his class, and it was no class of two, but of twenty times that number. We were very proud of it, Josephine and I. We went to the exhibition and saw him receive a number of prizes. It was a pleasant occasion, but how trifling and insignificant were the plaudits he received compared with the uproarious ovation accorded a successful half-back. I feel almost indignant, even in the midst of my excitement over little Fred, and would fain throw my arms round his brother's neck and whisper that he must not take the matter to heart, and that the whole business is terribly unjust.

Now comes another uproar and this time from the opposite side of the field. The Yale eleven have arrived and are stripping off their jerseys. They career over the arena in dirt color and dark blue, while the dark blue benches surge tumultuously. There is no more delay. The umpire calls the

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game and the two sides line up for action. I feel Josephine, who is on my other side, clutch my arm and sigh.

"Rah! rah! rah! Harvard!"

There is only one object for her on the field, as I well know. She has been trying to learn the rules from Sam for the last half hour (she doubts my knowledge on such subjects nowadays), and I can see that she is seeking in vain to concentrate her mind on her new-found information and to shut out the vision of little Fred being borne off the field on a litter. I confess that Horace Plympton's letter recurs to me for a moment, but I shake myself and utter an inward "Pooh!" and haughtily determine to view the contest dispassionately and from the standpoint of a third person and a philosopher.

Harvard has won the toss and is to have the ball. In my day we had to kick it; now it is manipulated with the hands, and not forward but backward. The players form a phalanx, and one of their number snaps, as it is called, the ball between his legs to someone behind him, who in turn passes it to another, who is expected to make a forward dash with it. Before I can quite realize what is being done the Harvard men are speeding toward the Yale goal in a V-shaped body. Little Fred has the ball. Or rather he had it. All I can see now is an indiscriminate mass of bodies, legs, and arms. A great pile of men are struggling on the ground, and I have reason to believe that little Fred is at the bottom of the pile.

"A scrimmage," says Sam, looking round at Josephine.

"Oh, yes," she answers, with apparent calm, but I can feel her tremble.

"This is nothing; its like this most of the time," says Sam. "You see he's all right, and——"

A yell cuts him short.

"Good enough! Harvard still has the ball," he continues, at its close.

"Can you see him?" whispers Josephine, in my ear.

"He's all right," I murmur, assuringly.

See him! I can see him distinctly. He has lost his cap already; his hair is in wild confusion; he is covered with dirt from head to foot; he limps a little. But Harvard still has the ball. And Sam says it is nothing and like this most of the time. Sam must know.

"Rah! rah! rah! Harvard!" I cry with the rest unflinchingly.

There is a second yell, this time from our enemies. Harvard has lost the ball and Yale has it. And now before my bewildered eyes scrimmage follows scrimmage with fierce iteration, and one pile of bodies, arms, and legs succeeds another. The player fortunate enough to carry or force the ball a yard or more toward the rival goal by a frantic rush before he is overwhelmed and squashed reaps a whirlwind of applause from the absorbed multitude. Every inch of ground is disputed. Once in a long interval when the ball gets dangerously near a goal, someone on the imperilled side kicks it half the length of the field and the scrimmages are renewed. But it is rarely kicked at all except at such junctures. Foot-ball! I say to myself that it is a gladiatorial combat with an occasional punt thrown in by way of identification. But everyone around me is declaring that the play of both sides is magnificent, that the team work is perfection, and the

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head qualities displayed unique in the annals of the game. Sam tells me again and again that Fred is doing sheer wonders and is the backbone of the Harvard side, and I wonder how he can distinguish so easily which is Fred and whether he has any backbone left. I can no longer make out much of anything except that one ruffian closely resembles every other ruffian and that one poor boy is lying on the ground perfectly still, as though he were dead. There is just a little lull on the benches. People are interested.

"Who is it?" gasps Josephine. "Is it he, dear?"

"'Butchered to make a Roman holiday,'" I mutter between my teeth, with my heart in my mouth.

They are pulling and rubbing the victim, and a doctor, retained for such emergencies, is bending over him. After a few moments more he rises slowly, looks round him in a dazed fashion, and resumes his position with a painful limp, to a round of applause.

"It isn't Fred," says Josephine.

"But he has a mother, though," I answer.

"He'll be all right in a minute or two," says Sam. "They stamped the wind out of him, that all."

To have the wind stamped out of one is a mere bagatelle, of course, and I have forgotten it in another moment under the spur of excitement. A Harvard player has the ball and no one seems to be able to stop him. He throws off this antagonist and dodges two others and races down the field like a deer, while the wearers of the crimson scream his name with transport and flourish their banners like madmen. It is Fred, it is Fred, it is Fred! I know his figure now. He has the ball and is flying like the wind with two great brutes at his heels. Will they catch him? Will they kill him? They are gaining on him.

"Run—run—run," I shout, in spite of myself, while all the people on our benches rise in their excitement and Josephine covers her eyes with her hands, unwilling to look. On, on my boy runs until at last he falls with his two pursuers on top of him full across the Yale line.

"A touch-down, a touch-down!" bursts out Sam as he grasps my hand in his wild enthusiasm. I do not know exactly what has occurred except that there is pandemonium on the Harvard side of the field unequalled as yet by anything that has happened and a deathly tranquillity along the benches opposite. After making sure that Fred is still alive, I listen to the explanation that a touch-down counts a certain number of points, and gives the right to the side which wins it to try to kick a goal. This attempt is presently made. A player lies on the ground and holds the ball between his hands for another to kick. Presto! the ball sails through the air; for an instant there is agonized suspense and then a shout from Yale. It has failed to go between the goal-posts and consequently has missed

"Four to nothing, anyway," says Sam. "That was a magnificent run. Rah! rah! rah! Harvard."

Josephine is wiping her eyes and everybody in our neighborhood is nudging each other in consequence of the news that we are blood relations of the hero of the hour. Mrs. Sloane nods her congratulations and Mrs. Walton signals with a crimson flag from the adjoining section, and our beloved pastor smiles at Josephine in his delightful way.

And what follows? What follows is fierce and harrowing. What follows continues to hold that great audience spellbound to the close. The score is four to nothing in favor of Harvard, but the Yale team, smarting from defeat, throw themselves into the ever-recurring scrimmages with set faces. It is not my purpose to follow the contest in detail. I am writing as a father and philosopher and not as a chronicler of athletic struggles. Suffice it to state that the scrimmages grow still more savage and earnest, and that a player from each side is obliged by the referee to retire from the field, because he has slugged an opponent. Suffice it to state that presently a rusher is obliged to retire from the field by reason of a sprained ankle. It is not little Fred, but might it not have been? Suffice it to state that by

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the end of the first three-quarters of an hour—let the uninitiated here learn that a match is divided into two bouts of that length each, with an interim of fifteen minutes—the Yale team by the most magnificent work (according to Sam Bangs) has forced the ball steadily and surely toward the Harvard line, and won a touch-down and kicked a goal, leaving the score for the first half six to four in favor of the blue. Just after the ball has flown between the goal-posts, amid thunders of triumph from our enemies, the umpire calls time.

Suffice it to state that the second three-quarters of an hour is largely a repetition of the first—short, furious rushes, everlasting scrimmages, and here and there a punt. The ruffians look still more ruffianly from frequent contact with mother-earth and the clutches of one another. Ominous gloom and depressing silence take possession of the friends of Harvard; their very cheers are anxious and with good reason. Yale has kicked another goal from the field in the first twenty minutes and the crimson is being gradually and steadily outplayed. My heart bleeds for my son; he will be so disappointed if he loses. And I shall be so happy when the game is over and I am sure that he is not maimed for life. He is doing wonders still, dear boy. Twice I see him lying flat and motionless on the field with the wind stamped out of him, to borrow Sam's euphemism, while his mother wriggles in her seat in the throes of uncertainty and is hardly to be restrained from going to him. Twice, after the doctor has fumbled over him and water has been dashed in his face, I see Sam's diagnosis vindicated, and my half-back rise to his feet, and the game go on as though nothing had happened. Such episodes are a matter of course, and not to be taken too seriously. A broken rib or two is not a vital matter, and only one rib is broken in the second three-quarters of an hour. Even then the poor victim does not have to be carried off on a litter, for he is able to walk with the help of the doctor and a friend. It is not Fred: Fred has merely had the wind stamped out of him a few times and is still doing wonders. Will it never end? I look at my watch feverishly. The ball is close by the Harvard goal and Yale holds it there with the tenacity of a bull-dog. Bull-dog? They are all bull-dogs—twenty-two bull-dogs cheek by jowl.

"Isn't it magnificent?" murmurs Sam, looking back at me. "They have outplayed us fairly and squarely. Only five minutes left and the score eleven to four against us. We're not in it. That run of Fred's was the most brilliant play of the day, though."

"The poor darling will be broken-hearted," whispers Josephine.

"That is better than being broken-headed—better for us," I whisper in reply.

"I do hope he hasn't lost any of his front teeth. His mouth was bleeding the last time he fell," continues his mother.

"False ones nowadays are very satisfactory," I answer.

Ten minutes later we are moving along with the rest of our acquaintance on the way to the railroad. Yale has won, eleven to four, and the bruised and battered players of both teams have departed on their respective tally-hos, and Josephine and I are free to receive the congratulations of our friends with a calm mind, though my darling is still haunted by the fear that our illustrious son has left a tooth or two on the arena. Fred's run is on everybody's lips, and we as the authors of his being are made much of. Mr. Leggatt, the banker, works his way up to me through the crowd at great personal distress, for he is a fat man, in order to say, with an enthusiastic shake of the hand:

"Great boy that of yours; splendid grit; I must have him when he graduates."

I sputter many thanks confusedly. Here is a strange development truly. I had been hoping, as you may remember, to be able to go to Mr. Leggatt at Fred's graduation and to ask for a clerkship for my boy on the plea of his steadiness and sterling common sense; and now the solicitation has come to me on the score of his grit as a foot-ball kicker. The world seems just a

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little topsy-turvy and I am not quite sure whether to laugh or to cry.

We got home at last somehow, and here I am sitting in my library trying to collect my faculties and to appreciate the honor which has been thrust upon me, the honor of being the father of a famous half-back. To tell the truth, it sticks in my crop just a little and does not relish to the extent which would seem appropriate. Indeed I am not altogether sure whether I can see a distinction between being the father of a famous half-back and the father of a famous toreador or famous prize-fighter. I know that Leggatt and one or two others, to whom I ventured to expose my qualms on the way home, declared them preposterous, and that the game was magnificent discipline for both mind and body. Come to that, the vicissitudes of a matador are magnificent discipline for both mind and body. So are those of a gladiator. Yet I have my doubts whether Leggatt would like to be the father of either. Nevertheless, although he is a citizen of far greater consideration than I, he gave me to understand that he would be proud to be described in the newspapers as the father of a famous half-back, and to see a son of his handed down to posterity in the public prints as a prize animal of this description.

I fear there must be a screw loose somewhere in my make-up as a father and a philosopher. You remember the case of the burglars? It did not seem to me worth while to go down-stairs and expose myself to be shot. Yet Josephine felt differently on the point.

Moreover, I have never been able to understand why it is courageous or meritorious to be an amateur Alpine climber, whereas many are fain to admire the beauties of nature from an elevation where a false step or a rotten rope would be passports to destruction. Then, again, people who cross the ocean in dories, or fast for indefinite periods, have never aroused my enthusiasm. On the contrary I regard them as being in the same general category with lunatics. I have never seen a bull-fight, and I have sometimes fancied that I should be weak enough to attend one out of curiosity if I happened to be in Spain at the right time, but I am sure that I should never care to go twice. And yet I am expected to feel proud and grateful because my eldest son has made prowess at foot-ball the aim and object of his college course. I am trying to, trying hard, but I fear it is no use. I should like to understand why it is glorious or sensible for an honest, strapping fellow, who has been sent to college by dint of some economy on the part of his parents, to devote his entire energies to a course of training which will entitle him to run the risk of having his legs, arms, or ribs broken in fighting for a leather ball before several thousand people. Of one thing I am certain already, even at the risk of seeming to agree with Horace Plymton, which is, that if I had another son with like proclivities, I should put a stop to it.

But then, as Josephine reminds me, the fact that our David does not care a picayune for anything of the sort, robs my resolve of much of its solemnity. I might, to be sure, interpose a mandate at this late hour and cut off little Fred in the flower of his renown, and (to quote my wife once more) break his heart; which might be a more serious consequence than a broken leg. No, I am inclined to think on the whole, now that the mischief is done, we may as well let him follow the path he has chosen, especially as Leggatt has his eye on him and has promised to give him a start. We must live in the hope that the breath will not be trampled out of him once too often before that desirable result is brought to pass. Moreover, if he is borne off the field on a litter, it will not be in the presence of his parents. We have seen one gladiatorial combat, and our thirst for gore is sated.

Henceforth we shall be content to cower by the hearth on the days when the great matches are played and fancy each ring at the door-bell the summons of a telegraphic emissary. And by way of celebrating our first escape from bereavement, I am going to present our David with a gold watch for the excellent showing he made in his studies last summer.

(To be continued.)

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ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

By W. E. Henley.

"O mes chères *Mille et Une Nuits.*"—FANTASIO.

ONCE on a time
There was a little boy: a master-mage
By virtue of a Book
Of magic—O so magical it filled
His life with visionary pomps
Processional! And Powers
Passed with him where he passed. And Thrones
And Dominations, glaived and plumed and mailed,
Thronged in the criss-cross streets,
The palaces pell-mell with playing-fields,
Domes, cloisters, dungeons, caverns, tents, arcades,
Of the unseen, silent City, in his soul
Pavilioned jealously and hid
As in the dusk, profound,
Green stillnesses of some enchanted mere. — — —

I shut mine eyes. . . . And lo!
A flickering snatch of memory that floats
Upon the face of a pool of darkness five
And thirty dead years deep,
Antic in girlish broideries
And skirts and silly shoes with straps
And a broad-ribanded leghorn, he walks
Plain in the shadow of a church
(St. Michael's: in whose brazen call
To curfew his first wails of wrath were whelmed)
Sedate for all his haste
To be at home; and, nestled in his arm,
Inciting still to quiet and solitude,
Boarded in sober drab,
With small, square, agitating cuts
Let in atop of the double-columned, close,
Quakerlike print, a Book! . . .
What but that blessèd brief
Of what is gallantest and best
In all the full-shelved Libraries of Romance?
The Book of rocs,
Sandalwood, ivory, turbans, ambergris,
Cream-tarts, and lettered apes, and calenders,
And ghouls, and genies—O so huge
They might have overed the tall Minster Tower
Hands down, as schoolboys take a post!
In truth, the Book of Camaralzaman,
Schemselnihar and Sindbad, Scheherezade
The peerless, Bedreddin, Badroulbadour,
Cairo and Serendib and Candahar,
And Caspian, and the haunted bulk—
Ice-ribbed, tremendous, inaccessible—
Of Caucasus! . . . That centre of miracles,
The sole, unparalleled Arabian Nights!

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Old friends I had a-many—kindly and grim
Familiars, cronies quaint
And goblin! Never a Wood but housed
Some morrice of dainty dapperlings: no Brook
But had his nunnery
Of green-haired, silvry-curving sprites
To cabin in his grots and pace
His rushy margents: every lone hill-side
Might open upon Elf-Land: every Stalk
That curled about a Beanstick was of the breed
Of that live ladder by whose delicate rungs
You climbed beyond the clouds, and found
The Farm-House where the Ogre, gorged
And drowsy, from his great oak chair,
Among the flitches and pewters at the fire,
Called for his Faëry Harp that came
And, perching on the kitchen table, sang
Jocund and jubilant, with a sound
Of the gleeful, golden-vowelled madrigals,
The shy thrush at mid-May
Flutes from wet orchards flushed with the triumphing dawn;
And blackbirds rioting as they listened still
In old-world woodlands rapt with an old-world spring,
For Pan's own whistle, savage and rich and loud,
And mocked him call for call.
I could not pass
The half-door where the cobbler sat in view
Nor figure me the wizen Leprechaun
In square-cut, old-world reds and buckle-shoes
Bent at his work in the hedge-side, and know
Just how he tapped his brogue, and twitched
His wax-end this and that way, both with wrists
And elbows. In the rich June fields,
Where the ripe clover drew the bees,
And the tall quakers trembled, and the West Wind
Lolled his half-holiday away
Beside me idling down my own,
'Twas good to follow the Miller's Youngest Son
On his white horse along the leafy lanes;
For at his stirrup linked and ran,
Not cynical and trapesing, as he lounged
From wall to wall above the espaliers,
But in the bravest tops
That market-town, a town of tops, could show,
Bold, subtle, adventurous, his tail
A banner flaunted in disdain
Of human stratagems and shifts,
King over All the Catlands, present and past
And future, that mustached
Artificer of fortunes, Puss in Boots,
Or Bluebeard's Closet, with its plenishing
Of meat-hooks, sawdust, blood,
And wives that hung like fresh-dressed carcases —
Odd-fangled, most a butcher's, part
A faëry chamber hazily seen
And hazily figured—on dark afternoons
And windy nights was visiting of the best.

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Then, too, the pelt of hoofs
Out in the roaring darkness told
Of Herne the Hunter in his antlered helm
Galloping as with orders from the Pit
Between his hell-born Hounds.
And Rip Van Winkle. . . . Often I lurked to hear
Outside the long, low shanty wall,
The mutter and rumble of the trolling bowls
Down the lean plank before they fluttered the pins:
For, listening so, myself could help him play
His wonderful game
With Hendrik Hudson deep in those haunted hills.

But what were these so near,
So neighborly fancies to the spell that brought
The run of Ali Baba's Cave
Just for the saying "Open Sesame,"
With gold to measure, peck by peck,
In round, brown wooden stoups
You borrowed at the chandler's? . . . Or one time
Made you Aladdin's friend at school
Free of his Garden of Jewels, Ring, and Lamp,
In perfect trim? . . . Or Ladies fair,
But their white bosoms seamed with embrowning scars,
Went laboring under some dread ordinance
Which made them whip, and bitterly weep the while,
Strange Curs that wept as they,
Till there was never a Black Bitch of all
Your consorting but might have gone
Spell-driven miserably for crimes
Done in the pride of womanhood and desire. . . .
Or at the ghostliest altitudes of night,
While you lay wondering and acold,
Your sense was fearfully purged, and soon
Queen Labe, abominable and dear,
Rose from your side, opened the Box of Doom,
Scattered the yellow powder (which I saw
Like sulphur at the Docks in bulk)
And muttered certain words you could not hear:
And there! a living stream—
The brook you bathed in with its weeds and flags
And cresses—glittered and sang
Out of the hearthrug over the nakedness
Well-scrubbed and decent of your bedroom floor! . . .

I was—how many a time!—
That Second Calender, Son of a King,
On whom 'twas vehemently enjoined,
Pausing at one mysterious Door,
To pry no closer but content his soul
With his Fair Forty. Yet I could not rest
For idleness and ungovernable Fate.
And the Black Horse, who fed on sesame
(That wonder-working word!),
Took me upon his back, and spread his vannes,
And soaring, soaring on
From air to air, came charging to the ground,

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Plumb as a lark from the midsummer clouds,
And, shaking me out of the saddle, where I sprawled
Flicked at me with his tail
And left me blinded, miserable, distraught
(Even as I was in deed
When doctors came and odious things were done
On my poor tortured eyes
With lancets, or some evil acid stung
And wrung them like hot sand,

And desperately from room to room
Fumble I must my dark, disconsolate way)
To get to Bagdad how I might. But there
I met with Merry Ladies. O you three—
Safie, Amine, Zobeide—when my heart
Forgets you all shall be forgot!
And so we supped, we and the rest,
On wine and roasted lamb, rose-water, dates,
Almonds, pistachios, citrons. And Haroun
Laughed out of his noble beard
On Giaffar and Mesrour (I knew the Three
For all their Mossoul habits!). And outside
The Tigris, flowing swift
Like Severn bend for bend, twinkled and gleamed
With broken and wavering shapes of stranger stars:
The vast blue night
Was murmurous with peris' plumes
And the leathern wings of genies: words of power
Were whispering: and old fishermen,
Casting their nets with prayer, might draw to shore
Dead loveliness; or a prodigy in scales
Worth in the Caliph's Kitchen pieces of gold;
Or copper vessels stopped with lead
Wherein some Squire of Eblis watched and railed,
In durance under the potent charactry
Graven on the seal of Solomon the King. . . .

Then, as the Book was glassed
In Life as in some olden mirror's quaint,
Bewildering angles, so would Life
Flash light on light back on the Book: and both
Were changed. Once in a house decayed
From better days, harboring an errant show
(For all its stories of dry-rot
Were filled with gruesome visitants in wax,
Inhuman, hushed, ghastly with Painted Eyes),
I wandered; and no living soul
Was nearer than the pay-box; and I stared
Upon them staring—staring. Till at last,
Three sets of rafters from the streets,
I strayed upon a mildewed, rat-run room
With the two Dancers, horrible and obscene,
Guarding the door: and there, in a bedroom-set,
Behind a fence of faded crimson cords,
With an aspect of frills
And dimities and dishonored privacy
That made me hanker and hesitate to look,

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A Woman with her litter of Babes—all slain,
All in their nightgowns, all with Painted Eyes
Staring—still staring; so that I turned and ran,
As for my neck. The same, it seemed,
And yet not all the same, I was to find,
As I went up; for afterward
Whenas I went my round alone—
All day alone—in long, stern, silent streets,
Where I might stretch my hand and take
Whatever I would; still there were Shapes of Stone,
Motionless, lifelike, frightening—for the Wrath
Had smitten them; but they watched,
This by her melons and figs, that by his rings
And chains and jewels, with the hideous gaze,
The Painted Eyes insufferable,
Now, of those grisly images; and I
Pursued my best-belovèd quest
Thrilled with a novel and delicious fear.
So the night fell—with never a lamplighter;
And through the Palace of the King
I groped among the echoes, and I felt
That they were there,
Dreadfully there, the Painted staring Eyes,
Hall after hall . . . Till lo! from far
A Voice! And in a little while
Two tapers burning! And the Voice
Heard in the mighty Word of God was—whose?
Whose but Zobeide's,
The lady of my heart, like me
A True Believer, and like me
An outcast leagues and leagues beyond the pale! . . .

Or, sailing to the Isles
Of Khaledan, I spied one evenfall
A black blotch in the sunset; and it grew
Swiftly . . . and grew. Tearing their beards,
The sailors wept and prayed; but the grave ship,
Deep-laden with spiceries and pearls, went mad,
Wrenched the long tiller out of the steersman's hand,
And, turning broadside on,
As the most iron would, was haled and sucked
Nearer, and nearer yet;
And, all awash, with horrible lurching leaps
Rushed at that Portent, casting a shadow now
That swallowed sea and sky; and then
Anchors and nails and bolts
Flew screaming out of her, and with clang on clang,
A noise of fifty stithies, caught at the sides
Of the Magnetic Mountain; and she lay,
A broken bundle of firewood, strown piecemeal
About the waters; and her crew
Passed shrieking, one by one; and I was left
To drown. All the long night I swam;
But in the morning, lo! a smiling coast
Tufted with date-trees, meadowlike,
Skirted with shelving sands; and a great wave
Cast me ashore; and I was saved alive.

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But, giving thanks to God, I dried my clothes,
And, faring inland, in a desert place
I stumbled on an iron ring—
The fellow of fifty built into the Quays:
When, scenting a trap-door,
I dug, and dug; until my scimitar
Stuck into wood. O then,
The flight of smooth-hewn, easygoing stairs
Sunk in the naked rock! The cool, clean vault,
So neat with niche on niche it might have been
Our beer-cellar but for the rows
Of brazen urns (like monstrous chemist's jars)
Full to the wide, squat throats
With gold-dust but atop
A layer of pickled-walnut-looking things
I knew for olives! And far, O far away,
The Princess of China languished! Far away
Was marriage, with a Vizier and a Chief
Of Eunuchs and the privilege
Of going out at night
To play—unkenned, majestical, secure—
Where the old, brown, friendly river shaped
Like Tigris shore for shore! Haply a Ghoul
Sat in the churchyard under a frightened moon,
A thighbone in his clutch, and glared
At supper with a Lady: she who took
Her rice with tweezers grain by grain.
Or you might stumble, there by the iron gates
(Of the Pump Room) underneath the limes
Upon Bedreddin in his shirt and drawers,
Just as the civil Genie laid him down.
For those red-curtained panes,
Whence a tame cornet tenored it throatily
Of beer-pots and spittoons and new long pipes
Might turn a caravansery's, and therein
You found Noureddin Ali loftily drunk,
And that Fair Persian, bathed in tears,
You'd not have given away
For all the diamonds in the Vale Perilous
You had that dark and disleaved afternoon
Escaped on a roc's claw,
Disguised like Sindbad—but in Christmas beef!
And all the blissful while
The schoolboy satchel at your hip
Was such a bulse of gems as should amaze
Gray-whiskered chapmen drawn
From over Caspian: yea, the Chief Jewellers
Of Tartary and the bazaars,
Seething with traffic, of enormous Ind.— — —

Thus cried, thus called aloud, to the child heart
The magian East: thus the child eyes
Spelled out the wizard message, by the light
Of the sober workaday hours
They saw, week in week out, pass, and still pass
In the fair Minster City folded kind
In ancient Severn's arm,

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Amongst her water-meadows and her docks
Whose floating populace of ships—
Galliots and luggers, light-heeled brigantines,
Bluff barques and rake-hell fore-and-afters—brought
To her very doorsteps and geraniums
The scents of the World's End, the calls
That may not be gainsaid to rise and ride
Like fire on some high errand of the race,
The irresistible appeals
For comradeship that sound
Steadily from the irresistible sea.
Thus the East laughed and whispered, and the tale,
Telling itself anew
In terms of living laboring life,
Took on the colors, busked it in the wear,
Of life that lived and labored: and Romance,
The Angel-Playmate, raining down
His golden influences
On all I saw, and all I dreamed and did,
Walked with me arm and arm,
Or left me, as bediademed with straws
And bits of glass, to gladden at my heart
Who had the gift to seek and feel and find
His fiery-hearted presence everywhere.
Even as dear Hesper, bringer of all good things,
Sends the same silver dews
Of happiness down her dim, delighted skies
On some poor collier-hamlet—(mound on mound
Of sifted squalor; here a soot-throated stalk
Sullenly smoking over a row
Of flat-faced hovels; black in the gritty air
A web of rails and wheels and beams; with strings
Of hurtling, tipping trams)—
As on the amorous nightingales
And roses of Shiraz or the walls and towers
Of Samarcand—the Ineffable—whence you espy
The splendor of Ginnistan's embattled spears
Like listed summer lightnings.
Samarcand!
That name of names! That star-vaned belvedere
Builded against the Chambers of the South!
That outpost on the Infinite!
And, behold!
Questing therefrom, you knew not what wild tide
Might overtake you: for one fringe,
One suburb, is stablished on firm earth; but one
Floats, founded vague
In lubberlands delectable—isles of palm
And lotus, fortunate mains, far-shimmering seas,
The promise of wistful hills—
The shining, shifting Sovranties of Dream.

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LEISURE.

By Agnes Repplier.

"Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick?"

A VISITOR strolling through the noble woods of Ferney complimented Voltaire on the splendid growth of his trees. "Ay," replied the great wit, half in scorn and half, perhaps, in envy, "they have nothing else to do;" and walked on, deigning no further word of approbation.

Has it been more than a hundred years since this distinctly modern sentiment was uttered—more than a hundred years since the spreading chestnut boughs bent kindly over the lean, strenuous, caustic, disappointed man of genius who always had so much to do, and who found in the doing of it a mingled bliss and bitterness that scorched him like fever-pain? How is it, that while Dr. Johnson's sledge-hammer repartees sound like the sonorous echoes of a past age, Voltaire's remarks always appear to have been spoken the day before yesterday? They are the kind of witticisms which we do not say for ourselves, simply because we are not witty; but they illustrate with biting accuracy the spirit of restlessness, of disquiet, of intellectual vanity and keen contention which is the brand of our vehement and over-zealous generation.

"The Gospel of Work"—that is the phrase woven insistently into every homily, every appeal made to the conscience or the intelligence of a people who are now straining their youthful energy to its utmost speed. "Blessed be Drudgery!"—that is the text deliberately chosen for a discourse which has enjoyed such amazing popularity that sixty thousand printed copies have been found all inadequate to supply the ravenous demand. Readers of Dickens—if anyone has the time to read Dickens nowadays—may remember Miss Monflather's inspired amendment of that familiar poem concerning the Busy Bee:

> "In work, work, work. In work alway,
> Let my first years be past."

And when our first years *are* past, the same programme is considered adequate and satisfactory to the end. "A whole lifetime of horrid industry"—to quote Mr. Bagehot's uninspired words—this is the prize dangled alluringly before our tired eyes; and if we are disposed to look askance upon the booty, then vanity is subtly pricked to give zest to faltering resolution. "Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not;" they would be laggards in the field if our faults did not sometimes spur them into action. It is the pæan of self-glorification that wells up perpetually from press and pulpit, from public orators, and from what is courteously called literature, that keeps our courage screwed to the sticking place, and veils the occasional bareness of the result with a charitable vesture of self-delusion.

Work is good. No one seriously doubts this truth. Adam may have doubted it when he first took spade in hand, and Eve when she scoured her first pots and kettles; but in the course of a few thousand years we have learned to know and value this honest, troublesome, faithful, and extremely exacting friend. But work is not the only good thing in the world; it is not a fetich to be adored; neither is it to be judged, like a sum in addition, by its outward and immediate results. The god of labor does not abide exclusively in the rolling-mill, the law courts, or the cornfield. He has a twin-sister whose name is leisure, and in her society he lingers now and then to the lasting gain of both.

Sainte-Beuve, writing of Mme de Sévigné and her time, says that we, "with our habits of positive occupa-

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tion, can scarcely form a just conception of that life of leisure and chit-chat." "Conversations were infinite," admits Mme de Sévigné herself, recalling the long summer afternoons when she and her guests walked in the charming woods of Les Rochers until the shadows of twilight fell. The whole duty of life seemed to be concentrated in the pleasant task of entertaining your friends when they were with you, or writing them admirable letters when they were absent. Occasionally there came, even to this tranquil and finely poised French woman, a haunting consciousness that there might be other and harder work for human hands to do. "Nothing is accomplished day by day," she writes, doubtfully; "and life is made up of days, and we grow old and die." This troubled her a little, when she was all the while doing work that was to last for generations, work that was to give pleasure to men and women whose great-grandfathers were then unborn. Not that we have the time now to read Mme de Sévigné! Why, there are big volumes of these delightful letters, and who can afford to read big volumes of anything, merely for the sake of the enjoyment to be extracted therefrom? It was all very well for Sainte-Beuve to say "Lisons tout Mme de Sévigné," when the question arose how should some long idle days in a country-house be profitably employed. It was all very well for Sainte-Beuve to plead, with touching confidence in the intellectual pastimes of his contemporaries, "Let us treat Mme de Sévigné as we treat Clarissa Harlowe, when we have a fortnight of leisure and rainy weather in the country." A fortnight of leisure and rainy weather in the country! The words would be antiquated even for Dr. Johnson. Rain may fall or rain may cease, but leisure comes not so lightly to our calling. Nay, Sainte-Beuve's wistful amazement at the polished and cultivated inactivity, which alone could produce such a correspondence as Mme de Sévigné's, is not greater than our wistful amazement at the critic's conception of possible idleness in bad weather. In one respect at least we follow his good counsel. We do treat Mme de Sévigné precisely as we treat Clarissa Harlowe; that is, we leave them both severely alone, as being utterly beyond the reach of what we are pleased to call our time.

And what of the leisure of Montaigne, who, taking his life in his two hands, disposed of it as he thought fit, with no restless self-accusations on the score of indolence. In the world and of the world, yet always able to meet and greet the happy solitude of Gascony; toiling with no thought of toil, but rather "to entertaine my spirit as he best pleased," this man wrought out of time a coin which passes current over the reading world. And what of Horace, who enjoyed an industrious idleness, the bare description of which sets our hearts aching with desire! "The picture which Horace draws of himself in his country home," says an envious English critic, "affords us a delightful glimpse of such literary leisure as is only possible in the golden days of good Haroun-Al-Raschid. Horace goes to bed and gets up when he likes; there is no one to drag him down to the law courts the first thing in the morning, to remind him of an important engagement with his brother scribes, to solicit his interest with Mæcenas, or to tease him about public affairs and the latest news from abroad. He can bury himself in his Greek authors, or ramble through the woody glens which lie at the foot of Mount Ustica, without a thought of business, or a feeling that he ought to be otherwise engaged." "Swim smoothly in the stream of thy nature, and live but one man," counsels Sir Thomas Browne; and it may be this gentle current will bear us as bravely through life as if we buffeted our strength away in the restless ocean of endeavor.

Leisure has a value of its own. It is not a mere handmaid of labor; it is something we should know how to cultivate, to use, and to enjoy. It has a distinct and honorable place wherever nations are released from the pressure of their first rude needs, their first homely toil, and rise to happier levels of grace and intellectual repose. "Civilization in its final outcome," says the keen young author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," "is heavily in the debt of leisure; and the success of any

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society worth considering is to be estimated largely by the use to which its *fortunati* put their spare moments." Here is a sentiment so relentlessly true that nobody wants to believe it. We prefer uttering agreeable platitudes concerning the blessedness of drudgery, and the iniquity of eating bread earned by another's hands. Yet the creation of an artistic and intellectual atmosphere in which workers can work, the expansion of a noble sympathy with all that is finest and most beautiful, the jealous guardianship of whatever makes the glory and distinction of a nation; this is achievement enough for the *fortunati* of any land, and this is the debt they owe. It can hardly be denied that the lack of scholarship—of classical scholarship especially—at our universities is due primarily to the labor-worship which is the prevalent superstition of our day, and which, like all superstitions, has gradually degraded its god into an idol, and lost sight of the higher powers and attributes beyond. The student who is pleased to think a knowledge of German "more useful" than a knowledge of Greek; the parent who deliberately declares that his boys have "no time to waste" over Homer; the man who closes the doors of his mind to everything that does not bear directly on mathematics, or chemistry, or engineering, or whatever he calls "work;" all these plead in excuse the exigencies of life, the absolute and imperative necessity of labor.

It would appear then, that we have no *fortunati*, that we are not yet rich enough to afford the greatest of all luxuries—leisure to cultivate and enjoy "the best that has been known and thought in the world." This is a pity, because there seems to be money in plenty for so many less valuable things. The yearly taxes of the United States sound to innocent ears like the fabled wealth of the Orient; the yearly expenditures of the people are no rigid scale; yet we are too poor to harbor the priceless literature of the past because it is not a paying investment, because it will not put bread in our mouths, or clothes on our shivering nakedness. "Poverty is a most odious calling," sighed Burton many years ago, and we have good cause to echo his lament. Until we are able to believe, with that enthusiastic Greek scholar, Mr. Butcher, that "intellectual training is an end in itself, and not a mere preparation for a trade or a profession;" until we begin to understand that there is a leisure which does not mean an easy sauntering through life, but a special form of activity, employing all our faculties, and training us to the adequate reception of whatever is most valuable in literature and art; until we learn to estimate the fruits of self-culture at their proper worth, we are still far from reaping the harvest of three centuries of toil and struggle; we are still as remote as ever from the serenity of intellectual accomplishment.

There is a strange pleasure in work wedded to leisure, in work which has grown beautiful because its rude necessities are softened and humanized by sentiment and the subtle grace of association. A little paragraph from the journal of Eugénie de Guérin illustrates with charming simplicity the gilding of common toil by the delicate touch of a cultivated and sympathetic intelligence.

"A day spent in spreading out a large wash leaves little to say, and yet it is rather pretty, too, to lay the white linen on the grass, or to see it float on lines. One may fancy one's self Homer's Nausicaa, or one of those biblical princesses who washed their brothers' tunics. We have a basin at Moulinasse that you have never seen, sufficiently large and full to the brim of water. It embellishes the hollow, and attracts the birds who like a cool place to sing in."

In the same spirit, Maurice de Guérin confesses frankly the pleasure he takes in gathering fagots for the winter fire, "that little task of the woodcutter which brings us close to nature," and which was also a favorite occupation of M. de Lamennais. The fagot gathering, indeed, can hardly be said to have assumed the proportions of real toil; it was rather a pastime where play was thinly disguised by a pretty semblance of drudgery. "Idleness," admits M. de Guérin, "*but idleness full of thought, and alive to every impression.*" Eugénie's labors, however, had other aspects, and bore different fruit. There is nothing intrinsically charming in

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stitching seams, hanging out clothes, or scorching one's fingers at a kitchen fire; yet every page in the journal of this nobly born French girl reveals to us the nearness of work, work made sacred by the prompt fulfilment of visible duties, and—what is more rare—made beautiful by that distinction of mind which was the result of alternating hours of finely cultivated leisure. Any ordinary and estimable young woman might have spread her wash upon the grass with honest pride at the whiteness of her linen; but it needed the solitude of Le Cayla, the few books, well read and well worth reading, the life of patriarchal simplicity, and the habit of sustained and delicate thought, to awaken in the worker's mind the graceful association of ideas, the pretty picture of Nausicaa and her maidens cleansing their finely woven webs by the shores of the sounding sea.

For it is self-culture that warms the chilly earth wherein no good seed can mature; it is self-culture that distinguishes between the work which has inherent and lasting value, and the work which represents conscientious activity and no more. And for the training of one's self, leisure is requisite; leisure and that rare modesty which turns a man's thoughts back to his own shortcomings and requirements, and extinguishes in him the burning desire to enlighten his fellow-beings. "We might make ourselves spiritual by detaching ourselves from action, and become perfect by the rejection of energy," says Mr. Oscar Wilde, who delights in scandalizing his patient readers, and who lapses unconsciously into something resembling animation over the wrongs inflicted by the solemn preceptors of mankind. The notion that it is worth while to learn a thing, only if you intend to impart it to others, is wide-spread and very popular in our midst. I have myself heard an excellent and anxious aunt say to her young niece, then working hard at college, "But, my dear, why do you give so much of your time to Greek? You don't expect to teach it, do you?"—as if there were no other use to be gained, no other pleasure to be won from that noble language, in which lies hidden the hoarded treasure of centuries. To study Greek in order to read and enjoy it, and thereby make life better worth the living, is a possibility that seldom enters the practical modern mind.

Yet this restless desire to give out information, like alms, is at best a questionable bounty; this determination to share one's wisdom with one's unwilling fellow-creatures, is a noble impulse provocative of general discontent. When Southey, writing to James Murray about a dialogue which he proposes to publish in the *Quarterly*, says, with characteristic complacency: "I have very little doubt that it will excite considerable attention, and lead many persons into a wholesome train of thoughts," we feel at once how absolutely familiar is the sentiment, and how absolutely hopeless is literature approached in this spirit. The same principle, working under different conditions to-day, entangles us in a network of lectures, which have become the chosen field for every educational novelty, and the diversion of the mentally unemployed.

Charles Lamb has recorded distinctly his veneration for the old-fashioned school-master who taught his Greek and Latin in leisurely fashion day after day, with no thought wasted upon more superficial or practical acquirements, and who "came to his task as to a sport." He has made equally plain his aversion for the new-fangled pedagogue—new in his time at least—who "cannot relish a beggar or a gypsy" without seeking to collect or to impart some statistical information on the subject. A gentleman of this calibre, his fellow-traveller in a coach, once asked him if he had ever made "any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London?" and the magnitude of the question so overwhelmed Lamb that he could not even stammer out a confession of his ignorance. "To go preach to the first passer-by, to become tutor to the ignorance of the first thing I meet, is a task I abhor," observes Montaigne, who must certainly have been the most acceptable companion of his day.

Dr. Johnson, too, had scant sympathy with insistent and arrogant industry. He could work hard enough when cir-

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cumstances demanded it; but he "always felt an inclination to do nothing," and not infrequently gratified his desires. "No man, sir, is obliged to do as much as he can. A man should have part of his life to himself," was the good doctor's soundly heterodox view advanced upon many occasions. He hated to hear people boast of their assiduity, and nipped such vain pretensions in the bud with frosty scorn. When he and Boswell journeyed together in the Harwich stage-coach, a "fat, elderly gentlewoman," who had been talking freely of her own affairs, wound up by saying that she never permitted any of her children to be for a moment idle. "I wish, madam," said Dr. Johnson, testily, "that you would educate me too, for I have been an idle fellow all my life." "I am sure, sir," protested the woman, with dismayed politeness, "you have not been idle." "Madam," was the retort, "it is true! And that gentleman there"—pointing to poor young Boswell—"has been idle also. He was idle in Edinburgh. His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued to be idle. He came to London, where he has been very idle. And now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever."

That there was a background of truth in these spirited assertions we have every reason to be grateful. Dr. Johnson's value to-day does not depend on the number of essays, or reviews, or dedications he wrote in a year—some years he wrote nothing—but on his own sturdy and splendid personality; "the real primate, the soul's teacher of all England," says Carlyle; a great embodiment of uncompromising goodness and sense. Every generation needs such a man, not to compile dictionaries, but to preserve the balance of sanity, and few generations are blest enough to possess him. As for Boswell, he might have toiled in the law-courts until he was gray, without benefiting or amusing anybody. It was in the nights he spent drinking port-wine at the Mitre, and in the days he spent trotting, like a terrier, at his master's heels, that the seed was sown which was to give the world a masterpiece of literature, the most delightful biography that has ever enriched mankind. It is to leisure that we owe the "Life of Johnson," and a heavy debt we must, in all integrity, acknowledge it to be.

Mr. Shortreed said truly of Sir Walter Scott, that he was "making himself in the busy, idle pleasures of his youth;" in those long rambles by hill and dale, those whimsical adventures in farm-houses, those merry, purposeless journeys in which the eager lad tasted the flavor of life. At home such unauthorized amusements were regarded with emphatic disapprobation. "I greatly doubt, sir," said his father to him one day, "that you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrape gut!" and one half pities the grave clerk to the Signet whose own life had been so decorously dull, and who regarded with affectionate solicitude his lovable and incomprehensible son. In later years Sir Walter recognized keenly that his wasted school hours entailed on him a lasting loss, a loss he was determined his sons should never know. It is to be forever regretted that "the most Homeric of modern men could not read Homer." But every day he stole from the town to give to the country, every hour he stole from law to give to literature, every minute he stole from work to give to pleasure, counted in the end as gain. For it is in his pleasures that a man really lives, it is from his leisure that he constructs the true fabric of self. Perhaps Charles Lamb's fellow-clerks thought that because his days were spent at a desk in the East India House, his life was spent there too. His life was far remote from that routine of labor; built up of golden moments of respite, enriched with joys, chastened by sorrows, vivified by impulses that had no filiation with his daily toil. "For the time that a man may call his own," he writes to Wordsworth, "that is his life." The Lamb who worked in the India House, and who had "no skill in figures," has passed away, and is to-day but a shadow and a name. The Lamb of the "Essays" and the "Letters" lives for us now, and adds each year his generous share to the innocent gayety of the world. This is the Lamb who said, "Riches are chiefly good because they give us time," and who sighed for a little son that he might christen him Nothing-to-do, and permit him to do nothing.

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MUSICAL SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES AND THEIR REPRESENTATION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

By George P. Upton.

HE musical societies of the United States, as they exist to-day, clearly are the outcome of the reaction, in the early part of the present century, against what is known as the Billings school of church music—a school characterized by its antiquated treatment and excessive fuguing. Upon this point all American historians of music are agreed. The reform was begun, or rather the way was prepared for it, by Professor Hubbard, of Dartmouth College, under whose auspices the Dartmouth Handel Society was organized, though this institution long ago ceased to have any active connection with music. The Stoughton (Mass.) Musical Society antedated it in birth, having been organized in 1786, but it was not until after 1800 that it made its influence felt as a reinforcement to the Dartmouth Society. In one respect it was more fortunate than its New Hampshire companion. It is still in existence, in its 107th year, but long since ceased to exert any influence upon musical progress. It is kept alive by local pride, and though overshadowed by the great Handel and Haydn Society in the neighboring city of Boston, its members undoubtedly plume themselves on the fact that they belong to the oldest society in the United States, and still have their "hot turkey supper with nothing stronger than tea or coffee" at the annual meeting, as did the charter members just after the Revolution, when Squire Elijah Dunbar, of Canton, led them through the mazes of the oratorio choruses.

The next society in order of time was the Massachusetts Musical, founded in 1806, the immediate predecessor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. The latter organization, which still flourishes under the administration of its veteran leader, Carl Zerrahn, with its splendidly trained chorus of over 400 voices, has done a great and lasting work in the advancement of musical culture, not alone in New England, but throughout the United States. It was organized in 1815, and bears the same relations to the "modern Athens" that the Philharmonic does to New York, though it antedates the latter by twenty-seven years. It first made the American public acquainted with the great oratorios. It has commanded the services of many eminent conductors and enlisted the talent of nearly every prominent solo artist during the past three-quarters of a century, and it has never lowered its high standard of performance. Mr. Zerrahn was elected its conductor in 1854, and this post of honor he still holds. During the thirty-nine years of his administration the society has continuously flourished, while its conductor has achieved national fame and, what is better still, has secured the living esteem of two generations of singers. Its great triennial festivals have done a mighty work in musical education, and it keeps alive the taste for the higher music by its annual performances of the "Messiah" on Christmas-day, and Bach's "Matthew Passion Music" on Good Friday. The veteran Handel and Haydn still retains its place at the head of the choral societies of the United States, rich in musical memories and associations, powerful in influence, and far-reaching in results.

To the group of older choral societies which have played an important part in elevating the standard of musical culture and directing its progress, belong two other New England societies—the Oratorio Society of Salem, Mass., and the Haydn Society of Portland, Me. The quaint and prim old city of Salem did not lose its music with its commerce. Essex County, indeed, has been proud of its musical achievements from time immemorial. It fought Puritan "pennyroyal" and

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the fugued psalmody as zealously as it fought witchcraft. It has had a long succession of musical societies, beginning early in the present century. At one time Salem was the home of three of the most accomplished of American musical scholars—Dr. J. F. Tuckerman, William Breed, who added to his musical acquirements an intimate knowledge of philosophy, and General H. K. Oliver, the composer of "Federal Street" and other well-known "psalm-tunes." To the last is largely due the organization of the Oratorio Society, which at times has numbered as many as five hundred singers in its ranks, while to Mr. Zerrahn, who has been its conductor since it was organized in 1868, is due its marked musical success. Its projectors left no doubt of their purpose or of the man of their choice, for the original call states its object to be "the study of music under Carl Zerrahn." The society is now in its twenty-fifth season and is still studying music under Mr. Zerrahn, zealously and enthusiastically, and the people of Salem are quite as proud

Carl Zerrahn.

of their Oratorio Society as they are of their House of the Seven Gables, or of their few remaining dame-stores. The Haydn Society of Portland was born a year later than the Salem Society. The whole musical life of that beautiful city is summed up in the Haydn and its favorite conductor, Hermann Kotzschmar, who has been at its head since it was organized. Under his competent direction the Haydn has achieved the reputation of being one of the best singing societies in the United States, and more than once has taken part on prominent public occasions, where it has never failed to make a decided impression with its admirable performances. One of its most successful achievements was its bringing forward for the first time

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Professor Paine's oratorio of "St. Peter," in 1873. The veteran conductor, one of the truest of musicians, has been the central figure not only of the society but of the musical life of Portland all these years, and is still as active and enthusiastic as when he came there, forty-four years ago, fresh from his Prussian studies. His fellow-citizens have honored him in many ways, and have erected Kotzschmar Hall as his memorial, but his most enduring monument is his noble work for music and the results his society has achieved.

The last of the group of older singing societies which have made a strong impression upon musical culture is the

Joseph Mosenthal.

Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York, which confessedly stands at the head of all organizations of its kind in the United States. It was founded in 1866, and for nearly thirty years has been without a rival as a male-voice club. Its extraordinary success is largely due to its conductor, Mr. Joseph Mosenthal, though a full measure of credit should also be conceded to the loyalty of its members, who have followed their leader as unquestioningly as an army does its general. Few men are so admirably and completely equipped for the responsible position of conductor as Mr. Mosenthal. He stands high among instrumental performers as an organist, pianist, and violinist, and, before he assumed the duties of conductor, was associated with Theodore Thomas, William Mason, and others in that series of chamber concerts which did so much to elevate the public taste and inspire a love for the higher music. The club was organized in 1866 from a little coterie of gentlemen who had studied and sung together privately, out of a love of music for music's sake; but Mr. Mosenthal did not take charge until a year later. Under his administration it at once took first position as a male-voice club, and it still retains it.

The Festival Associations are an important factor in the musical progress of the country. They are usually composed of an aggregation of musical societies, so that their constituency covers a wider area than the mere membership of the individual society. As their expenses are guaranteed, their resources in solo talent and accompaniment are correspondingly greater. Again, the extent of their equipment enables them to give the higher works under skilled conductors, and with vocal and instrumental emphasis commensurate with the great scale upon which they are laid out. They represent the ripened fruit of long and patient study. In their origin they are the direct outcome of the old "conventions," such as those conducted for so many years by such pioneers in musical education as Lowell Mason, Woodbury, Dyer, Bradbury,

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Palmer, Perkins, Dr. George F. Root, and others, which bore the same relation to popular musical education that the lyceums of the same period did to popular information. Festivals have not been uncommon since the days when the late P. S. Gilmore set the pace with his anvils, artillery, church-bells, foreign bands, huge unwieldy chorus, and "bouquets of artists" in the Boston Coliseum — a conglomeration which was more harmful than beneficial in its effects. New York, Chicago, and other prominent cities have had isolated festivals of a very high order, and the triennial festivals of the Handel and Haydn Society have left a lasting impression upon the progress of music in New England. There are, however, but four regularly organized festival associations, two in New England and two in the West—the Worcester County and Hampden County in Massachusetts, and those at Indianapolis and Cincinnati. The annual festivals of the Worcester County Musical Association — Carl Zerrahn, conductor—are notable events in the musical history of New England. Its scheme includes large choral and symphonic works for all its concerts, and calls upon the leading artists of the country for its solo work. It has been in existence since 1857, and its library of 16,000 volumes attests the extent and variety of its work. Worcester, indeed, takes just pride in being the only city in the world that gives an annual musical festival, for it has not failed in this respect for thirty-five years. The three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester in England, hold a festival each year, but never twice in the same city, consecutive years. Norwich, Birmingham, and Leeds are famous also for their festivals, but they are not annual, nor are those given in the German cities. In this respect Worcester is the musical centre of New England. The Hampden County Association is young in years, but it has already aroused decided musical enthusiasm in western Massachusetts, and its festivals begin to have something like a national reputation. It was incorporated in 1887, and gave its first festival the following year, since which time it has given them annually under the leadership of the young, progressive, and thoroughly equipped conductor, Mr. George W. Chadwick, of Boston, who is also known as a rising composer, and made his mark in the programme of the World's Fair dedication ceremonies of 1892. It is his ambition to have, not a large chorus, but one of moderate numbers, which shall be of marked singing capacity, of sufficient breadth for oratorio work, and yet elastic enough to produce modern music with agreeable results.

B. J. Lang.

In the West the biennial festivals of the Cincinnati Festival Association, conducted by Theodore Thomas since 1873, with extraordinary success, do not

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suffer by comparison with those in Worcester and Boston. They have had a marked effect in stimulating the progress of music in all directions. They led to the building of the beautiful Music Hall and the organization of the College of Music in that city. They have aroused musical enthusiasm all over the West, have given rise to the organization of many societies, and have quickened musical activity in other cities. In a word, their powerful influence upon the musical progress of the West cannot be over-estimated. The fourth association in the group, that at Indianapolis, is the direct outcome of the Cincinnati festivals, since they stimulated the Hoosiers to do a similarly great work for Indiana. It was organized in 1889, but young as it is, its annual festivals will compare favorably with those of the older associations. Its conductor is Mr. F. X. Arens, who, though born in Germany, has been in this country since his ninth year, and adds to the native German love and knowledge of music the business habits and public spirit of an American. The hopeful outlook for the Indianapolis Association is its local pride and enthusiasm. The directors are gentlemen engaged in the largest business enterprises of the city, and the commercial idea is as far removed as possible from their purpose. All the solo singers of the city sing in the chorus, and the members are mostly ladies and gentlemen who sing for "the love of the thing." There is every reason for the belief that its festivals will be permanent events, and that in a short time the association will occupy a correspondingly prominent position to that of its near neighbor of Cincinnati.

Theodore Thomas.

No sketch of the musical societies of the United States would be complete without reference to the important part the Germans have played in their organi-

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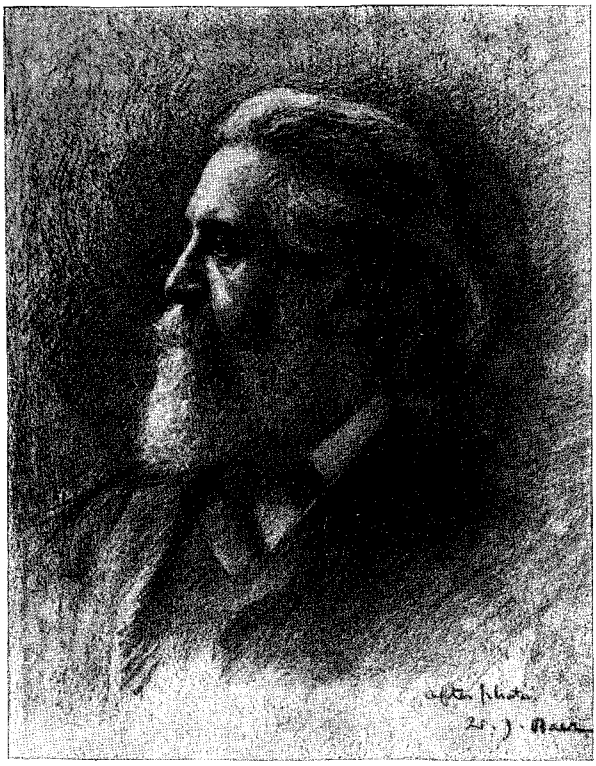
zation, the powerful influence they have exerted, and the activity and enthusiasm they have displayed in advancing the century the musical habit and life of their own land, they have, on the other, most powerfully influenced the musical



Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

cause of music in their adopted country, both in private and in public. The value of their services in these directions can hardly be over-estimated. Music is the one thing always near to the German's heart. It is his by tradition and by the strong forces of heredity. It is largely the atmosphere in which he lives, and he has never failed to bring it with him from the Fatherland, whatever else he may have left behind. Wherever Germans gather together, whether in the older Eastern cities or on the Western prairies, the Sängerbund, with its song and untranslatable Gemüthlichkeit, is among the first of their national institutions to be organized; and though it is essentially Teutonic it never conflicts with the duties of American citizenship. While thus, on the one hand, the German-Americans have preserved for nearly a culture of ours. They form the overwhelming majority of military band and orchestral players in the United States. Their own singing societies are found in every city of any size, and even American societies number many Germans in their ranks. Their music constitutes the principal part of every programme. Their instrumental artists, notably violinists and pianists, are the principal interpreters of the higher music. To their conductors the American public largely owes whatever of musical taste and culture it possesses. It has been acquired under the tuition of such eminent leaders as Anschütz, Eisfeld, Bergmann, Thomas, Mosenthal, Zerrahn, Kotzschmar, Henschel, Gericke, Damrosch, Seidl, Van der Stucken, Balatka, Singer, and many others. Amid many discouragements they have always remained true to the highest ideals.

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Prominent in this Germanic influence upon the national musical culture are the Deutscher Liederkranz and Arion Society, of New York, the most flourishing organizations of that nationality in America. Next to the Philharmonic Society, the Deutscher Liederkranz is the veteran musical society of any importance in the city. It was organized in 1847 for a purpose which is succinctly stated in the preamble to its by-laws: "Pflege der Musik, speciell des Männer- und gemischten Chor-Gesanges; Förderung der Geselligkeit und der Liebe zur Kunst, sowie Pflege deutscher Sitten und deutscher Sprache." It has always been true to these purposes. It is essentially German, both musically and socially. Its official language is German. It preserves the traditions, associations, and memories of the Fatherland, and yet its membership is loyally American in every duty and responsibility of citizenship. The same is true of the Arion Society, which in some respects is even more German than the parent society, for the Arion is an offshoot of the Deutscher Liederkranz. As so often happens in the case of German societies when they get to be large and flourishing, a dissension arose in 1854 which resulted in the secession of several members and the organization of the Arion, which has grown to be so strong that it has a fine home of its own, and has recently made a triumphant tour through Germany.

The secession, however, did not injure the Deutscher Liederkranz. In its earlier years it had many vicissitudes, but it is now one of the most flourishing societies in the United States, and under the competent leadership of Heinrich Zöllner has a total membership of over 1,500, of which 124 are active (singers). The Arion has had a long array of eminent leaders, among them, in consecutive order, Meyerhofer, Carl Bergmann, Carl Anschütz, Dr. F. L. Ritter, late director of music at Vassar, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and Frank van der Stucken, who still holds that position. Both these German societies have frequently sung in other cities; and more than once they have lent their strong help and influence in the early days of German opera, as in 1859, when the Arion furnished the chorus work for the first production of "Tannhäuser" in the United States, and again in 1867, when it sang in Weber's romantic "Der Freyschütz."

The strongest of the German societies in the West is the Germania Männerchor, of Chicago. It was founded in 1865 by Mr. Otto Lob, out of a temporary male chorus selected to sing at the obsequies of President Lincoln. After a year of peaceful relations a secession of some of its members took place, as in the case of the Deutscher Liederkranz of New York, resulting in the formation of a new society, the Concordia, of which Mr. Lob became conductor. Mr. Hans Balatka filled his place and remained conductor until 1871, when he also withdrew to become the leader of another new society. After the Great Fire, however, animosities having burned out, the Concordia secessionists returned to their first love, and since that time the Germania has steadily flourished until it has become the most influential and successful of all the Western German singing societies. It has an elegant club-house in the North Division of the city, where, as in the homes of the two New York German societies, the old Teutonic customs are observed and the memory of the Fatherland is kept alive.

These three societies may be classed as the representative organizations of their kind in the United States, and this without prejudice to the numerous other German singing societies; for the Männergesang is a German characteristic, and the national and state Sängerfests which summon thousands of enthusiastic German singers to their periodical musical gatherings, as well as to the sociality of the Commerz, have come to be recognized as a prominent factor in the progress of musical culture in every part of the country.

Though the average life of musical societies is short, owing partly to those unfortunate dissensions which are apt to arise where harmony naturally should be expected, and partly to the caprices of the public or the changing moods of fashion, there is nevertheless a steady movement forward. During the period from 1850 to 1870 numerous societies died from one or the other of these

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causes, but during the past twenty years their places have been supplied by other organizations. One goes and another comes, and just now, under the fresh impulse given to them by the great scheme of choral music at the World's Fair, the societies organized since 1870 are in an unusually flourishing condition. Among these societies in New England are the Cecilia (mixed chorus on some occasions), and Apollo Club (male chorus), of Boston, both conducted by Mr. B. J. Lang, whose term of musical service in that city has been well-nigh commensurate with that of the veteran Zerrahn, with whom also he has been closely associated in the service of the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Lang has been the conductor of the Apollo from its start, twenty-two years ago, and has made its influence felt as far west as Chicago, for the well-known Apollo Club of the latter city was modelled upon the lines of its namesake in Boston. It has also done signal service for American composers, to whose works it has devoted special consideration. The other representative societies of New England are the Hosmer Hall Choral Society, of Hartford, Conn., and the Arion, of Providence, R. I., both of which are in flourishing condition. The latter is especially noticeable as being the final successful outcome of many attempts to organize a choral society in that city, and to Mr. Jules Jordan belongs the credit.

The Oratorio Society, conducted by Mr. Walter Damrosch, stands at the head of the New York societies which have been organized since 1870. Although oratorios have declined in public favor, with the single exception of the "Messiah," which is still the "stock piece" for the Christmas festivity, the Oratorio Society has held its ground firmly since 1873, performing the standard oratorios with the assistance of the Symphony Society, with which it has always been closely affiliated, and giving a festival in 1881 which was one of the notable musical events in this country. Upon the death of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, its founder, the direction passed into the hands of his son, Walter, whose administration has been continuously

Dudley Buck.

prosperous. The opening of the new Carnegie Music Hall has given it a permanent home, and under its present auspices there does not seem to be any sufficient reason why it should not continue to be the representative of the oratorio until the fickle public once more returns to its former love for this highest and noblest of all forms of choral music. The Musurgia (male chorus) and the Rubinstein (female chorus) also hold a high place among the New York societies. The former, organized by Mr. William R. Chapman, has recently elected Mr. Frank Damrosch its conductor, while Mr. Chapman leads the Rubinstein, a somewhat unique organization and the best of its class in the country. He conducts also the Apollo Club, the Metropolitan Musical Society, and several other societies in

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other localities of the State. Across the river the leading vocal society of Brooklyn is the Apollo Club, conducted

Anton Seidl.

by the veteran leader and well-known organist, teacher, and composer, Dudley Buck, whose church music has made him famous in this country and whose secular music, especially his cantatas, has given him not only an American but a European reputation. The club is now in its fifteenth season and can boast a longer life than any other choral association in Brooklyn. It is an evidence of its remarkable success that during this period no director or member ever has been called upon for an assessment to cover a deficiency. Mr. Buck has been its conductor from the beginning, and it need hardly be said that it has risen to a high position among similar clubs in this country, both by its excellent singing and by the high character of its programmes, for Mr. Buck has not been content with limiting the club to pretty and easy part songs, which are always tempting by their jingle and catching quality, but has given special consideration to male voice English compositions of large proportions as well as to some of his own choice works, which are now to be found in the repertory of every male voice club in the country making any pretensions to more than ordinary programmes and performances. Mr. Buck, indeed, has made a deep and strong impression upon the musical art of this country, not only by his enrichment of its church music, which he was largely instrumental in rescuing from its "pennyroyal" conditions, but by his own dramatic compositions.

In Orange, N. J., in Albany, as well as in New York City, where he conducts the Orpheus Society, Mr. Arthur Mees is doing substantial service for music by the high standard which he maintains, and similarly good work is done for Buffalo by Mr. Mischka, the leader of the Vocal Society, and the German society, the Liedertafel.

Philadelphia's musical reputation is largely upheld by two musical societies, the Orpheus Club, led by Michael Cross, a conductor well known for his musical attainments and his thorough and earnest work, and the Mendelssohn Club, led by Mr. W. W. Gilchrist, who has been connected with many musical societies during the past eighteen years, and has also achieved considerable reputation as a composer. The experiences of societies in Philadelphia, as a rule, have been neither joyous nor enduring. Their average life has been almost as brief as that of the infant's whose surprise was so tersely recorded on the gravestone; but the Orpheus and the Mendelssohn have proved exceptions to the rule, as the former is now in its twenty-first and the latter in its eighteenth year, and both appear to rest upon a substantial basis. Mr. Gilchrist is also the leader of the Tuesday Club, of Wilmington, Del., and the Germantown (Pa.) Choral Society. The musical entertainment of Pittsburg is supplied by the Mozart Club, James P. McCollum, conductor, who, after the

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customary period of storm and stress, has had the satisfaction of seeing his society firmly established and doing good work. The musical interests of Baltimore centre almost exclusively in the concerts given at the Conservatory of Music, connected with the Peabody Institute, under the auspices of Mr. Asgar Hamerik, whose Scandinavian compositions have made his name well known, and in those of the Oratorio Society, conducted by Mr. Fritz Fincke, who is also a member of the Musical Faculty of the Institute. The generous endowment of this institution has placed unusual advantages in Mr. Hamerik's hands, which he has utilized with such rare intelligence and business sagacity that few conservatories of its kind have had a more powerful influence upon the musical culture of the South.

The musical growth of the great West has almost been accomplished since 1870, or within the period I have been hastily sketching. But during that time it has been making rapid strides, and the colossal World's Fair scheme of music, as outlined by Mr. Thomas and his assistants, Mr. W. L. Tomlins, choral director, and Mr. George H. Wilson, Secretary of the Bureau of Music, is destined to greatly accelerate its pace and to exert an influence upon the musical culture of the whole country the far-reaching results of which cannot now be estimated. The great "White City" at Jackson Park will be the centre of national musical activity during 1893, for within its limits will assemble, at various times during the year, nearly every society alluded to in this paper. In addition to the Eastern societies already mentioned, and the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Festival Associations, Ohio will send the Apollo Club, of Cincinnati, and the Cleveland Vocal Society. Michigan will be represented by the Detroit Musical Society and the Choral Union, of Ann Arbor, both under the leadership of Mr. Albert A. Stanley. The latter society has a governing body of its own, but is ultimately under the control of the Musical Society of the University of Michigan, whose aim is to furnish instruction in all branches of music to the students, and at the same time to further a thoughtful appreciation of the art by lectures, choral concerts, and the performances of eminent artists as well as of the leading orchestras of the country. The Students' Chorus numbers two hundred and eighty-five, and no part of the University curriculum is welcomed with more enthusiasm than that over which Mr. Stanley presides. Wisconsin will send its pet society, the Arion, of Milwaukee, under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Weld, who succeeds to the position formerly held by Mr. Tomlins, the present leader of the Apollo Club in Chicago, and under whose direction the Arion has lost none of the prestige which it gained under the former's advanced methods and rigid discipline. Minnesota will be represented by the St. Paul and Minneapolis Choral Associations, both under the leadership of Mr. Samuel A. Baldwin; and Missouri by the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society, Joseph Otten, conductor, an organization which is somewhat unique, as it gives both choral and symphony concerts, four of each kind, during a season. Far-away San Francisco will send its Loring Club, a flourishing male voice society, led by Mr. David W. Loring, formerly of the Apollo Club of Boston.

In the musical progress of the West Chicago now stands foremost, and its strongest impelling force is the Apollo Club, which for more than twenty years has been its principal factor in the cause of musical education, and through the agency of some of its innovations has made its influence felt in a national sense. Its career marks the renaissance of music in that city. The great conflagration of 1871 wiped out everyone of its musical societies, and drove nearly every musician away to seek a living elsewhere, for it was naturally assumed that music would have no opportunity in the partially destroyed city until its material resources were replaced. But it did not have to wait as long as was anticipated. Within a year from that disastrous time the Apollo Club rose like a phœnix. It was originally a männerchor under the direction of Mr. A. W. Dohn, a strict disciplinarian and one of the best equipped musical scholars in the West. He resigned his position in 1875,

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and Mr. W. L. Tomlins, its present conductor, was called to the place. Under his administration it was changed to a mixed chorus and greatly extended its area of action as well as its success. It marked the beginning of a new impulse in music, which was destined to blossom in an unexpected manner, to exert an astonishing influence upon the progress of music in the city, and to give the club a national reputation under the leadership of Mr. Tomlins, who not only has special aptitude in training voices and developing tone, but is a musical enthusiast. The club has reached a degree of excellence which challenges superiority in the country. Its ordinary membership is five hundred, but as it will be the nucleus of the choral work at the Fair the chorus has been increased to twelve hundred. One of its grandest achievements from the point of view of social economy is the scheme of wage-workers' concerts, which has given the toiling masses an opportunity to hear high-class concerts at a price easily within their means — the programmes and solo artists being the same as those enjoyed by the associate members. Though the success of this scheme to attract the wage-workers was doubted by some of the friends of the club, there has been no uncertainty about it on the part of the beneficiaries themselves. Were the great Auditorium twice its present size it would fail to accommodate all the working people who make application for tickets.

The scheme so successfully inaugurated by the Apollo Club has also been put in operation in Boston and New York with excellent results, a fact which suggests new possibilities for music in its application to some of the problems of the labor question.

Akin to this club in its influence, though operating in other directions, is the Amateur Musical Club, an organization of ladies which had its source in the weekly meeting together of four ladies several years ago to read piano quartettes. Gradually others came in, and thus a regular society of players and singers was formed which now numbers two hundred active members and gives twenty concerts each season. Out of it also has grown the Juvenile Amateur Club, composed of young girls not yet sufficiently advanced to qualify them for membership in the parent organization. The one is a stepping-stone to the other. Mrs. James S. Gibbs is its President, and Mrs. Theodore Thomas, one of its active spirits, is at the head of a movement to secure a fitting representation of amateur clubs of women in the World's Fair, and to encourage women, not alone singers and players, but composers as well, by the offers of premiums for excellence.

As the great scheme of music at the Fair, indeed, is destined to be the most notable event in the musical records of this country, the table on the opposite page, setting forth the statistics of the various leading societies which have been invited to take part in it (and the most of which have accepted) will prove particularly interesting at the present time.

Having thus hastily sketched the conditions, progress, and influence of the older musical organizations, the German societies, the festival associations, and the representative choral societies which have been founded during the last twenty years, it remains to consider the principal instrumental organizations of the country upon which all of the others so largely depend for their success. The orchestra is the sure foundation of all musical culture, and the essential factor in its development. It is not saying too much to claim that no city can take a commanding place in music, and exert a wide-spread influence upon the progress of the art, until it has its own orchestra, homogeneous in its organization, drilled and disciplined under its own leader, and placed beyond the possibility of doing other than its legitimate work. If this result can be obtained in no other way than by subsidy—individual or otherwise—then it is fortunate that thus far the leading orchestras of this country have commended themselves to the generosity of public-spirited guarantors, who have been willing to take the risk of loss rather than be deprived of the great benefit and educating influences of a first-class band under competent leadership.

By virtue of its age, its long array of

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VOCAL SOCIETIES.

Name.	Founded.	Society.	Numbers.	Conductor.
Oratorio Society	1871	New York.	500	Walter Damrosch.
Deutscher Liederkranz	1847	New York.	124	Heinrich Zöllner.
Arion	1854	New York.	155	Frank van der Stucken.
Mendelssohn Glee Club	1866	New York.	49	Joseph Mosenthal.
Musurgia	1884	New York.	60	Frank Damrosch.
Rubinstein Club	1888	New York.	75	William R. Chapman.
Apollo Club	1892	New York.	40	William R. Chapman.
Metropolitan Musical Society	1889	New York.	300	William R. Chapman.
Apollo Club	1877	Brooklyn, N. Y.	74	Dudley Buck.
Handel and Haydn Society	1815	Boston, Mass.	410	Carl Zerrahn.
Oratorio Society	1868	Salem, Mass.	250	Carl Zerrahn.
Worcester County Musical Association	1866	Worcester, Mass.	500	Carl Zerrahn.
Apollo Club	1871	Boston, Mass.	65	Benjamin J. Lang.
Cecilia	1877	Boston, Mass.	175	Benjamin J. Lang.
Hampden County Musical Association	1887	Springfield, Mass.	192	G. W. Chadwick.
Haydn Society	1869	Portland, Me.	125	Hermann Kotzschmar.
Arion	1880	Providence, R. I.	400	Jules Jordan.
Orpheus	1886	New York.	40	Arthur Mees.
Musical Association	1891	Albany, N. Y.	250	Arthur Mees.
Vocal Society	1886	Buffalo, N. Y.	131	Joseph Mischka.
Liedertafel	1848	Buffalo, N. Y.	50	Joseph Mischka.
Orpheus Club	1872	Philadelphia, Pa.	50	Michael Cross.
Mendelssohn Club	1875	Philadelphia, Pa.	75	W. W. Gilchrist.
Mozart Club	1878	Pittsburg, Pa.	150	James P. McCollum.
Oratorio Society	1880	Baltimore, Md.	250	Fritz Fincke.
Apollo Club	1872	Chicago, Ill.	500	W. L. Tomlins.
Germania Männerchor	1865	Chicago, Ill.	50	Henry G. Schoenefeld.
Festival Association	1873	Cincinnati, O.	700	Theodore Thomas.
Apollo Club	1883	Cincinnati, O.	60	B. W. Foley.
Vocal Society	1872	Cleveland, O.	153	Alfred Arthur.
Festival Association	1889	Indianapolis, Ind.	624	F. X. Arens.
Choral Union	1878	Ann Arbor, Mich.	285	Albert A. Stanley.
Musical Society	1867	Detroit, Mich.	193	Albert A. Stanley.
Arion Club	1876	Milwaukee, Wis.	500	Arthur Weld.
Choral Association	1889	St. Paul, Minn.	170	Samuel V. Baldwin.
Choral Association	1890	Minneapolis, Minn.	130	Samuel V. Baldwin.
Choral Symphony Society	1880	St. Louis, Mo.	250	Joseph Otten.
Loring Club	1876	San Francisco, Cal.	60	D. W. Loring.

INSTRUMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Philharmonic Society	1842	New York.	100	Anton Seidl.
Symphony Society	1877	New York.	98	Walter Damrosch.
Symphony Orchestra	1881	Boston, Mass.	75	Arthur Nikisch.
Mendelssohn Quintette Club	1849	Boston, Mass.	5	Thomas Ryan.
Peabody Orchestra	1862	Baltimore, Md.	85	Asgar Hamerik.
Chicago Orchestra	1891	Chicago, Ill.	100	Theodore Thomas.
Symphony Orchestra	1880	St. Louis, Mo.	75	Joseph Otten.

distinguished conductors, its unswerving loyalty to the higher music, and its commanding influence as a popular educator, directly and indirectly, the New York Philharmonic Society holds the first place among American instrumental organizations. Founded in 1842, it has now turned the corner of its first half-century, and during that long period it has uninterruptedly given concerts of the best music performed by professional musicians, to audiences which, like those of the Leipsic Gewandhaus, have come to regard their orchestra and its performances as theirs by right and descent. It exerts an ever-increasing influence from the standards of the highest art-forms, untouched by fashion or popular caprice, which have been the bane of so many societies, and unaffected by necessary changes of administration. In this respect, indeed, it seems to bear a charmed life. Its actual membership (which constitutes the orchestra and manages the affairs of the society) has always been of a high character. Even in its earliest years it had such musicians in its ranks as Alfred Boucher, William Vincent Wallace, Dr. Edward Hodges, Allan Dodworth, Anthony Reiff, D. G. Etienne, H. C. Timm, George Loder, and others, and from those days to the present it has commanded the best talent. During the fifty years of its existence it has steadily advanced in all directions. Its programmes represent the higher music, both in its classical and modern forms. In the earlier ones the society was loyal to the works of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and other composers of their period; in its later, it has done efficient

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service to the cause of music by the introduction of the works of Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, and of the composers of the modern romantic school. The keynote of its high artistic purpose was struck when at its very first concert, in 1842, it performed Beethoven's immortal Fifth Symphony. Its aim was high, its purpose serious, and through all its seasons, some of which in times past were unpropitious, it has steadily maintained its purpose and kept its upward aim. It has had a brilliant array of conductors, including U. C. Hill, H. C. Timm, George Loder, A. Boucher, D. G. Etienne, William Alpers, Louis Wiegers, Theodore Eisfeld, Max Maretzek, Carl Bergmann, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, Theodore Thomas, Adolph Neuendorf, and Anton Seidl. To Carl Bergmann and his successor, Theodore Thomas, are principally due the remarkable prosperity of the society, and the great success it has had as a musical educator. Mr. Seidl, young, active, ambitious, and scholarly, a thoroughly grounded musician, and a conductor of conspicuous executive ability, now has charge of its fortunes, and it is evident they are in good hands. Under his efficient administration the veteran Philharmonic keeps the prestige it secured under Bergmann and Thomas, and still holds its high position among the great musical societies of the world.

The second instrumental organization of importance in New York City is the Symphony Society. Like the Oratorio Society in the same city, it is the outcome of Dr. Leopold Damrosch's personal effort and inspiration. It was organized by him in 1877, out of the abundant musical material in New York, and thus has not in any way conflicted with older organizations. He remained its conductor until his death in 1885, the succession passing to his son, Walter Damrosch. As he is also conductor of the Oratorio Society, there have always been close and sympathetic relations between the two, and many of the former's most brilliant achievements have been made possible by this harmonious co-operation. The numerical strength of the Symphony Society is ninety-eight. During the past year its concerts were transferred to the new music hall erected by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is also president of the Society, and the orchestra was endowed with a guarantee fund of $50,000 per annum, which relieved it of every element of apprehension as to its financial status, and left it free to devote itself to its work. The fame of the Society is not confined to New York, for it has given over one hundred and fifty concerts in various cities of the United States and Canada, and has easily placed itself in the front rank of orchestral organizations.

A third great instrumental organization, which deserves to rank among the musical educators of the country, is the Boston Orchestra, the legitimate successor of the Harvard Musical Association. The latter was organized in 1865, largely through the personal efforts of the veteran musical journalist, John S. Dwight, and was conducted by Carl Zerrahn until 1886, when its concerts were discontinued, owing largely to the dangerous competition of the Thomas orchestra on the one hand, and on the other to the appearance of the Boston Orchestra in the field, which was organized in 1881 under the personal guarantee of the wealthy connoisseur, Mr. Henry L. Higginson. It numbered at the outset sixty-seven musicians, and its first conductor was Mr. George Henschel, who prior to that time had been better known as a song-singer and pianist of exceptional ability. He remained as conductor until 1884. He was an ardent devotee of Beethoven. His concerts began with "The Dedication of the House," and each season closed with the Ninth Symphony. All the nine symphonies were played during his administration, but his work was not confined to Beethoven, for the classical and modern composers had a fair representation on his programmes, and he gave considerable attention to American compositions. Notwithstanding his ability he did not succeed, however, and in 1884 Mr. Higginson brought Mr. Wilhelm Gericke from Vienna to take his place. Gericke was a rigid disciplinarian, a musical purist, and a devotee of two more B's than Henschel, namely, Bach and Brahms. He made several changes in the personnel of the orchestra, and introduced reforms which un-

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questionably heightened its excellence; but meanwhile he was not currying favor with the people. He made his programmes extremely severe, and rigidly excluded popular music from them, besides unnecessarily antagonizing American composers; and as the outcome of it all he fell a victim to the populace, intellectual and orthodox in taste as it claims to be. As the result of his policy, however, when the new leader, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, came, he found an orchestra already drilled and disciplined, and abounding in excellent material. The new conductor is a Hungarian by birth, with all that nationality's characteristics of temperament, though at the conductor's desk he is seemingly as impassive as the sphinx. His greatest success has been won in his readings of the modern school rather than of the classic, and while unquestionably there are some who may regret the absence of the intellectual interpretations of the Gericke *régime*, still the work of the orchestra has been more popular since Mr. Nikisch took the bâton.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston cannot be classed with the orchestral organizations, but its claims as an educator of the public taste should not be disregarded on that account. For forty-four years it has kept its place upon the concert stage, and largely by the indomitable energy and enthusiasm of one man, Mr. Thomas Ryan, the clarinet and viola player of the organization. Players have come and gone, many of them great artists, but Mr. Ryan has remained at his post throughout the entire period, the one fixed, reliable fact in that little world of change, and so long as he lives it is likely the club will be known to concert-goers. It gave its first concert in Boston in 1849, the original members being August Fries, first violin; Francis Riha, second; Thomas Ryan, viola and clarinet; Edward Lehman, viola and flute; and Wulf Fries, violoncello. Since that time it has included many eminent players in its membership. Among its first violins have been such artists as Jacobsohn, Listemann, Dannreuther, Hamm, Allen, Schultze, Schnitzler, Thiele, Hille, Heimendahl, Ohliger, and Marcosson, its present concertmeister; and among its cellists Fries, Hennig, Giese, Hekking, and others. During the first twenty years of its existence it played exclusively in New England, but since then it has appeared all over the United States as well as in Canada, the Sandwich Islands, and Australia. Its standard always has been a high one, and in its quiet way it has done good service in the cause of popular musical education.

The last of the instrumental organizations in this group to be considered is the Chicago Orchestra, which is not alone doing solid service for music in that city, but has come to have a national position as the nucleus of the World's Fair musical scheme. Prior to the great fire Chicago had a regularly organized orchestra, conducted by Mr. Hans Balatka, which gave many seasons of philharmonic concerts, but from 1871 to 1891, though there were several so-called bands in the city, there was not a permanent, homogeneous association which could be called the Chicago Orchestra, in the sense of the Boston Orchestra or the Philharmonic of New York. In the latter year, however, an orchestral association was formed "for the purpose of maintaining a permanent orchestra of the highest character, resident in Chicago, and giving orchestral and other musical performances of the first class." There was but one man to whom the association looked as the leader of the new orchestra, Mr. Theodore Thomas. He had given summer-night concerts for many years with remarkable success. He was very much attached to Chicago, and Chicago was equally devoted to him. His relations with New York were such that they could be severed without difficulty. One of the most beautiful audience rooms in the country was ready to his hands, in which even a large festival orchestra would not be out of place, so far as effects were concerned. Better than all, he was given *carte blanche* in selecting his players, and he was made absolute master so far as the music was concerned, and relieved of all business responsibilities. Its financial status was assumed by the guarantee of fifty-one wealthy citizens for a period of three years. With such unusual inducements

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as these, Mr. Thomas was not long in coming to a decision. He recruited an orchestra from Chicago, New York, and Europe, with Mr. Max Bendix as concert-meister, which already has given two seasons of concerts of a high order, and has made its influence felt all over the West. But one season more remains under the terms of the guaranty. To permanently establish the orchestra, a body of five hundred associate members has been created, whose annual subscription will take the place of the guaranty after its expiration in 1894. Following the policy adopted by the Apollo Club, the association has inaugurated a season of concerts for the wage-workers, which promise to greatly extend the influence of music and to secure educational results of the highest importance. No more inspiring spectacle, from a musical point of view, can be imagined than that of four or five thousand working men and women listening to the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven at the first concert, with every indication of enthusiastic delight. It is the testimony of the conductor himself that, while he may have had audiences more capable of judging the performance, he has never had one more attentive in following the music, or exhibiting a keener desire to appreciate and understand it, than these hard-working men and women. It is believed these educational results will be all the more extended during this year, as the orchestra will be employed every day during the World's Fair period, in association with vocal societies and other organizations, in giving concerts at popular prices which will specially appeal not only to those musically inclined, but to the great body of wage-workers.

The writer has thus sketched the conditions, progress, and influence of the representative societies of the United States, necessarily *currente calamo*. In looking over the whole ground, and considering the astonishing results that have been secured already when appeals have been made to the new *clientèle* of music recruited from the ranks of the toilers, it has seemed to him that here is the most promising field for musical effort, and that, if it be properly cultivated, musical education can be much more widely extended than it is at present. Much as we may boast of our musical achievements, it still remains true that our orchestras, to be permanent, have to be subsidized, and that the average life of our choral societies is comparatively short, owing to the changeful moods of the public. It is doubtful whether a body of singers standing before their friends and associates in formal function, merely for a stated public performance, can achieve anything more than amateur results. Whatever the care of the study, the performance always will miss the inner essential something which stirs the heart and thrills the listener. Would it not be well, then, for our musical societies to reach out and secure this new constituency of fresh and pliant material, which in every case thus far has responded with enthusiasm? Most certainly such concerts will induce a more responsible feeling toward the listeners. They may prove the entering wedge to others in which the wage-workers themselves will make the music, and where they themselves will experience in their too barren lives the uplifting influences of inner contact with the ideal, the orderly, and the celestial —all of which music is. The matter is one of more than ordinary importance. The subdivisions of labor which are continually increasing tend to make the workingman's life more monotonous. The shortening of hours is likely to give him more leisure. How shall a portion of that leisure be occupied? Why should not music, with its elevating influences, assert its rights to it? Why should not the musical society be a humanitarian practice-ground in which the great goal of effort is brotherhood, sympathy, and mutual helpfulness? And what better time can there be in which to consider these new relations of music than in the musical congresses of the World's Fair? Is it not time to make the musical society something more than a mere entertainer? In the words of a quaint old writer of the last century: "A society founded on principles like these can hardly fail of proving an inexhaustible fund of benefit and entertainment. Here the student in the

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musical faculty will find the means of forming his style after the most perfect models. Here the timid and modest performer may acquire that degree of firmness and confidence which is necessary for displaying his excellencies in public. Here the ingenuous youth who prefers the innocent pleasures of music to riot and intemperance, may taste of that mirth which draws no repentance after it; and hither may those repair to whom the labors of a day must necessarily endear the elegant delights of a musical evening."

AN AMATEUR GAMBLE.

By Anna Fuller.

THE mining boom was on, and Springtown, that famous Colorado health-resort and paradise of idlers, was wide awake to the situation. The few rods of sidewalk which might fairly be called "the street," was thronged all day with eager speculators. Everybody was "in it," from the pillars of society down to the slenderest reed of an errand boy who could scrape together ten dollars for a ten-cent stock. As a natural consequence real estate was, for the moment, as flat as a poor joke, and people who had put their money into town "additions" were beginning to think seriously of planting potatoes where they had once dreamed of rearing marketable dwelling-houses.

Hillerton, the oldest real-estate man in town, was one of the few among the fraternity who had not branched out into stock brokerage. For that reason an air of leisure pervaded his office and men liked to gather there and discuss the prospects of Lame Gulch. Lame Gulch, as everybody knows, is the new Colorado mining-camp, which is destined eventually to make gold a drug in the market. The camp is just on the other side of the Peak, easily accessible to any Springtown man who is not afraid of roughing it. And to do them justice, there proved to be scarcely an invalid or a college-graduate among them all who did not make his way up there, and take his first taste of hardship like a man.

Hillerton used to sit behind the balustrade which divided his sanctum from the main office, and listen with an astute expression, and just the glimmer of a smile, to the talk of the incipient millionaires, who bragged with such ease and fluency of this or that Bonanza. When all declared with one accord that "if Lame Gulch panned out as it was dead sure to do, Springtown would be the biggest *little* town in all creation," Hillerton's smile became slightly accentuated, but a wintry chill of incredulity had a neutralizing effect upon it. As the excitement increased, and his fellow-townsmen manifested a willingness to mortgage every inch of wood and plaster in their possession, Hillerton merely became, if possible, more stringent in the matter of securities.

"We might as well take a mortgage on the town, and done with it," he remarked to his confidential clerk one Saturday evening. "We shall own it all in six months, anyhow!"

Peckham, the confidential clerk, shrugged his shoulders, and said he "guessed it was about so."

Hillerton's confidential clerk usually assented to the dictum of his principal. It saved trouble and hurt nobody. Not that Lewis Peckham was without opinions of his own; but he took no special interest in them, and rarely put himself to the trouble of defending them.

The young man's countenance had never been an expressive one, and during the three years he had spent in Hillerton's employ, his face had lost what little mobility it had ever possessed. He was a pale, hollow-chested individual, with a bulging forehead, curiously marked eyebrows, and a prominent and sensitive nose. A gentleman,

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too, as anybody could see, but a gentleman of a singularly unsocial disposition. He looked ten years older than he was—an advantage which Hillerton recognized. His grave, unencouraging manner had a restraining effect upon too exacting tenants; while his actual youthfulness gave Hillerton the advantage over him of thirty years' seniority. Altogether Hillerton placed a high value upon his confidential clerk, and it was with a very genuine good-will that he followed up the last recorded observation, by saying, carelessly:

"I hope you've kept out of the thing yourself, Peckham."

"Oh, yes!" Peckham answered, in a tone of indifference, copied after Hillerton's own.

Peckham spoke the truth, as it happened, but he would probably have made the same answer whether it had been true or not. He was of the opinion that he was not accountable to Hillerton nor to anyone else in the disposition he might make of his legitimate earnings. In fact, it was largely owing to Hillerton's inquiry and the hint of resentment it excited, that Peckham put a hundred dollars into the Yankee Doodle Mining and Milling Co. that very day. To be sure, he acted on a "straight tip," but straight tips were as thick as huckleberries in Springtown, and this was the first time he had availed himself of one.

It would be difficult to imagine why Peckham should not have thoroughly liked Hillerton; difficult, that is, to anyone not aware of the unusual criterion by which he measured his fellowmen. He was himself conscious that he had ceased to "take any stock" in his employer, since the day on which he had discovered that that excellent man of business did not know the Ninth Symphony from Hail Columbia.

Against Fate, on the other hand, Peckham had several grudges. He was inconveniently poor, he was ill, and he was in exile. With so many hard feelings to cherish against his two immediate superiors—namely, Hillerton and Fate—it is no wonder that Peckham had the reputation of being of a morose disposition.

He was perhaps the most solitary man in Springtown. Not only did he live in lodgings, and pick up his meals at cheap restaurants; he had wilfully denied himself the compensations which club life offers. Living, too, in a singularly hospitable community, he never put himself in the way of receiving invitations, and he consequently was allowed to do without them. He did not keep a horse; he thought a lodging-house no place for dogs, and he entertained serious thoughts of shooting his landlady's cat. He had always refrained from burdening himself with correspondents, and would have thought it a nuisance to write to his own brother, if so be he had had such a relative to bless himself with.

Lewis Peckham did not complain of his lot in detail, and he never made the least effort to better it. There was only one thing he really wanted, and that thing he could not have. He wanted to be "something big" in the way of a musician. Not merely to be master of this or that instrument; certainly not to teach reluctant young people their scales and arpeggios. What he had intended to become was a great composer—a composer of symphonies and operas—the First Great American Composer, spelled, be it observed, with capital letters. He was not destined to the disillusionment of direct failure, which in all human probability would have been his. Fate spared him that, by visiting him in the beginning of his career with an attack of pneumonia which sent him fleeing for his life to the sunshine and high air of the Rocky Mountain region. Peckham was always rather ashamed of having fled for his life, which, as he repeatedly assured himself, was by no means worth the purchase. Yet with him as with most men, even when thwarted in what they believe to be a great ambition, the instinct of life is as imperative as that of hunger. And Lewis Peckham found himself wooing health at the cost of music, and earning his living as prosaically as any mere breadwinner of them all.

The "straight tip" on the Yankee Doodle proved to be an exception among its kind. The Y. D. which he had bought at ten cents, ran up in a week to twenty-five cents. Peckham sold out just be-

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fore it dropped back, and then he put his profits into the "Libby Carew."

It happened that about that time he read in the local paper that the great Leitmann Orchestra would close its season with a concert in Chicago on May 16th. This concert Peckham was determined to hear, if it "took a lung." Hence the prudence which led him to reserve his original hundred dollars; a prudence which would otherwise have deprived the speculation of half its savor. The Libby Carew was as yet a mere "hole in the ground," but if he did not have the excitement of making money, it might prove equally stirring to lose it. Besides that, Hillerton's tone was getting more and more lofty on the subject of stock gambling, and the idea of acting contrary to such unquestioned sagacity had more relish than most ideas possessed.

Meanwhile the excitement grew. Lame Gulch was "panning out" with startling results. One after another the Springtown men went up to investigate matters for themselves, and the most sceptical came back a convert. The railroad folks began to talk of building a branch "in." Eastern capitalists pricked up their ears and sent out experts.

One morning the last of February, half-a-dozen men, among them a couple who had just come down from the camp, stood about Hillerton's office or sat on the railing of the sanctum, giving rough but graphic accounts of the sights to be seen at Lame Gulch. The company was not a typical Western crowd. The men were nearly all well dressed and exhibited evidences of good breeding. The refinement of the tenderfoot was still discernible, and excepting for the riding boots which they wore and the silk hats and derbys which they did not wear, and for an air of cheerful alertness which prevailed among them, one might have taken them for a group of Eastern club men. The reason of this was not far to seek. Most of them were, in fact, Eastern club men, who had sought Springtown as a health-resort, and had discovered, to their surprise, that it was about the pleasantest place they had yet "struck."

Peckham sat somewhat apart from the others on his high revolving stool, sometimes listening, without a sign of interest in his face, sometimes twirling his stool around and sitting with his back to the company, apparently immersed in figures.

Allery Jones, the Springtown wag, had once remarked that Peckham's back was more expressive than his face. On this occasion he nudged Dicky Simmons, with a view to reminding him of the fact; but Dicky, a handsome youth with a sanguine light in his blue eyes, was intent on what Harry de Luce was saying.

"Tell you what!" cried de Luce, who had only recently discovered that there were other interests in life besides the three P's, polo, poker, and pigeon-shooting. "Tell you what, those fellows up there are a rustling lot. Take the Cosmopolitan Hotel now! They're getting things down to a fine point in that tavern. There was a man put up there night before last, one of those rich-as-thunder New York capitalists. You could see it by the hang of his coat-tails. He came sniffing round on his own hook, as those cautious cusses do. Well, Rumsey gave him one of his crack rooms—panes of glass in the window, imitation mahogany chamber-set, pitcher of water on the wash-stand, all complete. Do you suppose that was good enough for old Money-Bags? Not by a jug-full. He owned the earth, he'd have you to know, and he wasn't going to put up with anything short of the Murray Hill! Nothing suited. There wasn't any paper on the walls, there wasn't any carpet on the floor, there wasn't any window-shade, and I'll be blowed if the old chap didn't object to finding the water frozen solid in the pitcher. He came down to the bar roaring-mad, and said he wouldn't stand it; he'd rather camp out and done with it; if they couldn't give him a better room than that, he'd be out of this quicker'n he came in! Well, fellers! You never saw anything half so sweet as that old halibut Rumsey. If the gentleman would just step in to supper and have a little patience, he thought he'd find everything to his satisfaction. And by the living Jingo, boys! when old Money-Bags went up to

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his room in the middle of the evening, I'm blessed if there wasn't a paper on the wall, an ingrain carpet on the floor, and a red-hot stove over in the corner! Same room, too! Like to have seen the old boy when the grand transformation scene burst upon his astonished optics! Guess he thought Lame Gulch could give New York City points!"

"Did the old cove seem likely to put any money in?" asked a man with high cheek-bones who had the worried look of a person who has given a mortgage on his peace of mind.

"Yes, he bought up some claims dirt cheap, and they say he's going to form a company."

"That's the talk," cried the sanguine Dicky.

"Speaking of picking up claims dirt cheap," began a new orator, an ex-ranchman, who was soon to make the discovery that there was as much money to be lost in mines as in cattle, if a fellow only had the knack; "I saw a tidy little deal when I was up at the camp last week. We were sitting round in the bar-room of the Cosmopolitan, trying to keep warm. I guess it was the only place in Lame Gulch that night where the thermometer was above zero. There was a lot of drinking going on, and the men that were playing were playing high. I wasn't in it myself. I was pleasantly occupied with feeling warm after having fooled round the Libby Carew all day. I got interested in a man standing outside, who kept looking in at the window and going off again. The light struck the face in a queer sort of way, and I guess there was something wrong about the window-pane. They don't do much business in the way of plate-glass at Lame Gulch. Anyhow, I couldn't seem to get a fair sight of anything but the man's eyes, and they looked like the eyes of a hungry wolf."

"Ever meet a hungry wolf, Phil?"

"Scores of 'em. You're one yourself, Jim, when you look at the stock boards. Well! The fellow came and went like an angel visitant, and after awhile I got tired of watching for him and found myself admiring the vocabulary of the boys as they got excited. Gad! It's a liberal education to listen to that sort of a crowd. The worst you can do yourself sounds like a Sunday-school address by comparison. Suddenly the door opened and in walked the man with the eyes. He hadn't any overcoat on and his feet and legs were tied up in gunny sacks. His teeth were chattering and his face looked like a blue print! He shuffled up to Rumsey, who was sipping a cocktail behind the bar, and says he:

"Evenin', pard; I want a drink."

"All right, stranger. Just show us the color of your money."

"Ain't got any money," says he, "but I've got a claim over 'long side of the Yankee Doodle, and I'm ready to swap a half interest in it for all the liquor I can drink between now and morning." There was a kind of a desperate look about the man that meant business. Rumsey stepped out among the boys and got a pointer or two on that claim, and they made the deal."

There was a pause in the narrative, to allow the listeners to take in the situation, and then the speaker went on: "It was a sight to see that chap pour the stuff down his throat. He was drinking, off and on, pretty much all night. Didn't come to till late the next afternoon. Rumsey was so pleased with the deal next morning, that he let the fellow lie behind the stove all day and sleep it off. Not sure but that he gave him a drink of water when he woke up, and water's high at Lame Gulch."

"Kind of a shame, I call it, to let him do it. Wasn't there anybody to stand treat?" It was Dicky, the lad of the sanguine countenance that spoke.

"Wonder what the claim was worth?" said the man with a mortgage on him.

"Wonder how he felt next morning?" queried another.

"Felt like an infernal donkey!" Hillerton declared, flinging away a cigar-stump and taking his legs down from the desk.

Then Peckham turned himself round to face the crowd, and said, in a tone of quiet conviction:

"The man was all right. If you only want anything bad enough, no price is too high to pay for it."

This was a sentiment which everyone

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was bound to respect—everyone, at least, excepting Hillerton.

"Sounds very well, Peckham," he said, "but it won't hold water."

The most surprising thing about Peckham's little speculations was that they all succeeded. It made the other men rather mad because he didn't care more.

"But that's always the way," Freddy Dillingham remarked, with an air of profound philosophy. "It's the fellers that don't care a darn that have all the luck."

When Peckham sold out of the Libby Carew, he doubled his money, and the moment he touched the "Trailing Arbutus," up she went. By the first of May he found himself the possessor of nearly three thousand dollars' worth of "stuff" distributed among several ventures. Of course, he was credited with five times as much, and the other men began to think that if he did not set up a dogcart pretty soon, or at least a yellow buckboard, they should have their opinion of him. If the truth must be known, Peckham would not have given a nickle for a dozen dogcarts. It was all very well to make a little money. It was the first time he had discovered a taste for anything in the nature of a game, and the higher the stakes came to be, the more worth while it seemed. Nevertheless, his mind, in those days of early May, when he was steadily rising in the esteem of his associates, was very little occupied with the calculation of his profits.

He had long since arranged with Hillerton to take part of his vacation the middle of May, and the anticipation of that concert was more inspiring to him than all the gold-mines in Colorado. As the time drew near, a consuming thirst took possession of him, and not a gambler of them all was the prey to a more feverish impatience than he. He tormented himself with thoughts of every possible disaster which might come to thwart him at the last minute. Visions of a railroad accident which should result in the wholesale destruction of the entire orchestra, haunted his mind. Another great fire might wipe Chicago out of existence. The one thing which his imagination failed to conceive, was the possibility that he, Lewis Peckham, might be deterred from hearing the concert when once it should take place. In the interim he made repeated calculations of the number of hours that must be lived through before May 16th. Hillerton came across a half sheet of paper covered with such calculations, and was somewhat puzzled by the prominence of the figure 24. An odd price to pay for a mining stock. He was afraid it was the "Adeline-Maria," a notorious swindle. Well, Peckham might as well get his lesson at the hands of the faithless Adeline-Maria as by any other means. He was bound to come to grief sooner or later, but that was no business of Hillerton's.

On May 7th, Hillerton came down with pleurisy and Peckham suddenly found himself at the head of affairs. Hillerton had no partner; no one but Peckham could take his place. And in Peckham's moral constitution was a substratum of unshakable fidelity upon which the astute Hillerton had built. Cursing his own unimpeachable sense of duty, Peckham could see but one straw of hope to clutch at. It might be a light case.

He went directly to the doctor's office, and with a feverish anxiety apparent in his voice and bearing, he asked how long Hillerton was likely to be laid up.

"Curious," thought the doctor during that carefully calculated pause which your experienced practitioner so well knows the value of. "Curious how fond folks get of James Hillerton. The fellow looks as though his own brother were at death's door."

"I think there is nothing serious to apprehend," he answered, soothingly. "Hillerton has a good constitution. I've no doubt he will be about again by the end of the month."

Peckham went white to the lips.

"I suppose that's the best you can promise," he said.

"Yes, but I can promise that safely."

The confidential clerk went back to the office filled with a profound loathing of life.

"If liquor wasn't so nasty I'd take to drink," he said to himself as he sat down at Hillerton's desk and set to work.

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The next day was Sunday, and Peckham was at something of a loss what to do with it. He hated the sight of his room. The odor of the straw matting and the pattern of the wall-paper were inextricably associated with those anticipations which he had been rudely cheated out of. To escape such associations he took an electric car to the Bluffs, those rock-bound islands in the prairie sea which lie a couple of miles to the east of the town. There was only one other passenger besides himself, a man with a gun, who softly whistled a popular air, very much out of tune. Peckham came perilously near kicking the offender, but, happily, the fellow got out just in time, and went strolling across the open with the gun over his shoulder. Once he stooped to pick a flower which he stuck in his buttonhole. Queer, thought Peckham, that a man should go picking flowers and whistling out of tune! There were the mountains, too. Some people made a great deal of them—great, stupid masses of dumb earth! He remembered he had thought them fine himself the other day when there were shadows on them. But to-day! How the sun glared on their ugly reddish sides! And what was it that had gone wrong anyhow? He could not seem to remember, and on the whole he did not wish to.

Now Lewis Peckham was neither losing his mind, nor had he been drowning his sorrows in the conventional dram. The simple fact of the matter was that he had not slept fifteen minutes consecutively all night long, and his brain was not likely to clear up until he had given it a chance to recuperate. By the time he had left the car and climbed the castellated side of Pine Bluff he was still miserably unhappy, but he had altogether lost track of the cause of his unhappiness. He strayed aimlessly along the grassy top of the Bluff, away from the road, and down a slight incline, into a sheltered hollow. At the foot of a strange, salmon-colored column of rock was a little group of budding scrub-oaks. Peckham crawled in among them, and in about thirty seconds he was fast asleep. There he lay for hours. A blue jay, chattering in a pine-tree near at hand, made no impression upon his sleep-deadened ear; a pair of ground squirrels scuttled in and out among the scrub-oaks, peering shyly at the motionless intruder, and squeaked faintly to one another, with vivacious action of nose and tail. They were, perhaps, discussing the availability of a certain inviting coat-pocket for purposes of domestic architecture. An occasional rumble of wheels on the road, a dozen rods away, startled the birds and squirrels, but Peckham slept tranquilly on, and dreamed that the Leitmann Orchestra was playing in the Springtown Opera House, and that he, by reason of his being an early Christian martyr, was forced to roast at the stake just out of hearing of the music.

It was well on in the afternoon when he came to himself, to find his boots scorched almost to a crisp in the sun which had been pouring upon them. He pulled himself out from among the scrub-oaks, and got his feet out of the sun. Then he looked at his watch; and after that he looked at the view.

The view was well worth looking at in the mellow afternoon light. Peckham gazed across the shimmering gold of the plain, to the mountains, which stood hushed into a palpitating blue; the Peak alone, white and ethereal, floating above the foot hills in the sun. Peckham was impressed in spite of himself. It made him think of a weird, mystical strain of music that had sometimes haunted his brain and yet which he had never been able to seize and capture. As he gazed on the soaring, mystical Peak, he remembered his dream, and slowly, but very surely, he perceived that a purpose was forming in his mind, almost without the connivance of his will. He got upon his feet and laughed aloud. A sudden youthful intoxication of delight welled up within him and rang forth in that laugh. Life, for the first time in three years, seemed to him like a glorious thing; an irresistible, a soul-stirring purpose had taken possession of him, and he knew that no obstacle could stand against it.

He started for the town almost on a run, scorning the prosaic cars which harbored passengers who whistled out

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of tune. He struck directly across the intercepting plain, and though he soon had to slacken his pace, his wingéd thoughts went on before him, and he took no note of the distance.

That evening Peckham sent off a telegram of one hundred and eleven words to Heinrich Leitmann, of the Leitmann Orchestra, and Monday afternoon the following answer came:

"Full Leitmann Orchestra can engage for Springtown, evening of 19th. Terms, five thousand dollars, expenses included. Answer before 13th. Buffalo, N. Y.

(Signed) "H. LEITMANN."

And now Lewis Peckham came out a full-fledged speculator. He sold out of four mines and bought into six; he changed his ventures three times in twenty-four hours, each time on a slight rise. He haunted the stock-brokers' offices, watching out for "pointers;" he button-holed every third man on the street; he drank in every hint that was dropped in his hearing. On Tuesday afternoon he "cleaned up" his capital and found himself in possession of three thousand five hundred dollars.

"Peckham's going it hard," men said at the club. "He must be awfully bitten."

All day Wednesday he could not muster courage to put his money into anything, though stocks were booming on every hand. And yet on Wednesday, as on Monday and on Tuesday, he did his office work and superintended that of his subordinates methodically and exactly. That substratum of character which the long-headed Hillerton had built upon, held firm.

On Wednesday evening Peckham stood, wild eyed and haggard, in the light of Estabrook's drug-store and scanned the faces of the foot passengers. Early in the evening Elliot Chittenden came along with a grip-sack in his hand, just down from Lame Gulch. Peckham fell upon him like a footpad, whispering hoarsely:

"For God's sake give me a pointer."

"Jove!" said Chittenden, afterward. "I thought it was a hold up, sure as trumps."

At the moment, however, he maintained his composure and only said:

"The smelter returns from the Boa Constrictor are down to-day. Two hundred and seventeen dollars to the ton. I've got all the stuff I can carry, so I don't mind letting you in. The papers will have it to-morrow, though they're doing their best to keep it back."

Into the Boa Constrictor, Peckham plunged the next morning, for all he was worth. His money brought him ten thousand shares. The morning papers did not have it, and all that day the Boa Constrictor lay torpid as any other snake in cold weather. Peckham's face had taken on the tense, wild look of the gambler. He left the office half a dozen times during the day to look at the stock-boards. He had a hundred minds about taking his money out and putting it into something else. But nothing else promised anything definite, and he held on.

The evening papers gave the smelter returns, precisely as Chittenden had stated them. Now would the public "catch on" quick enough, or would they take ten days to do what they could just as well come to on the spot?

At nine o'clock the next morning, Peckham was on the street lying in wait for an early broker. It was not until half-past nine that they began to arrive.

"Any bids for Boa Constrictor?" Peckham inquired of Macdugal, the first-comer.

"They were bidding forty cents at the Club last night, with no takers."

"Let me know if you get fifty cents bid."

"How much do you offer?"

"Ten thousand shares."

"Oh! see here, Peckham! I wouldn't sell out at such a price. The thing's sure to go to a dollar inside of thirty days."

"I don't care a damn where it goes in thirty days. I want the money to-day."

"Whew! Do you know anything better to put it into?"

"I know something *a million times better!*" cried Peckham, in a voice sharp with excitement.

"The fellow's clean daft," Macdugal

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remarked to his partner, a few minutes later.

"I should say so!" was the reply. "Queer, too, how suddenly it takes 'em. A week ago I should have said that was the coolest head of the lot. He didn't seem to care a chuck for the whole business. Wonder if he's gone off his base since Hillerton was laid up. Hope he isn't in for a swindle. He'd be just game for a sharper to-day."

At noon Peckham sold his ten thousand shares of B. C. for five thousand dollars. He could have got six thousand the next morning, but then, as he reflected, what good would it have done him? His first act after depositing the check received for his stock, was to send the following telegram:

"Leitmann Orchestra engaged for Springtown, May 19th. Five thousand dollars deposited in First National Bank. Particulars by letter."

Signed, LEWIS PECKHAM.

. . . . . .

It is not a usual thing for an impecunious young man to invest five thousand dollars in a single symphony concert, but there was one feature of the affair which was more unusual still, namely, the fact that the consummation of that same young man's hopes was complete. For two beatific hours on the evening of the memorable 19th of May, Lewis Peckham's cup was full. He sat among the people in the balcony, quiet and intent, taking no part in the applause, looking neither to the right nor to the left. But if he gave no outward sign, perhaps it was because his spirit was so far uplifted as to be out of touch with his body.

The money which he had expended in the gratification of what the uninitiated would call a whim, seemed to him the paltriest detail, quite unworthy of consideration. When he thought of it at all it was to recall the story of the gaunt customer who paid so handsomely for his whiskey, and to note the confirmation of his theory, that "if you only want anything bad enough no price is too high to pay for it."

And in still another particular Lewis Peckham's experience was unique. He never gambled again. He had a feeling that he had got all he was entitled to from the fickle goddess. When pressed to try his luck once more he would only say, with his old, indifferent shrug: "No, thanks. I've had my fling and now I've got through."

A NIGHT.

By M. L. van Vorst.

I.

I HEARD the wind in the trees
  And the stir of the leaves in the white birch tops—
Then sat alone with my past till dawn
  Crept over the edge of the leas
And a dull red line was drawn,
  In the East. There memory stops.

II.

We do not live our lives
  As the almanacs run—I lived that night
Three years in the past and three to be,
  As foam that the sea-wind drives
My thoughts sped on—three years and three
Marked by this lock of white.

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TROUT-FISHING IN THE TRAUN.

By Henry van Dyke.

THE peculiarity of trout-fishing in the Traun is that one catches principally grayling. But in this it resembles some other pursuits which are not without their charm for minds open to the pleasures of the unexpected—for example, reading George Borrow's "Bible in Spain" with a view to theological information, or going to the opening night at the Academy of Design with the intention of looking at pictures.

Moreover, there are really trout in the Traun, *rari nantes in gurgite;* and in some places more than in others; and all of high spirit though few of great size. Thus the angler has his favorite problem: Given an unknown stream and two kinds of fish, the one better than the other; to find the better kind, and determine the hour at which they will rise. This is sport.

As for the little river itself, it has so many beauties that one does not think of asking whether it has any faults. Constant fulness, and crystal clearness, and refreshing coolness of living water, pale green like the jewel that is called aqua marina, flowing over beds of clean sand and bars of polished gravel, and dropping in momentary foam from rocky ledges, between banks that are shaded by groves of fir and ash and poplar, or through dense thickets of alder and willow, or across meadows of smooth verdure sloping up to quaint old-world villages—all these are features of the ideal little river.

I have spoken of these personal qualities first, because a truly moral writer ought to make more of character than of position. A good river in a bad country would be more worthy of affection than a bad river in a good country. But the Traun has also the advantages of an excellent worldly position. For it rises all over the Salzkammergut, the summer hunting-ground of the Austrian Emperor, and flows through that most picturesque corner of his domain from end to end. Under the desolate cliffs of the Todtengebirge on the east, and below the shining ice-fields of the Dachstein on the south, and from the green alps around St. Wolfgang on the west, the translucent waters are gathered in little tarns, and shot through roaring brooks, and spread into lakes of wondrous beauty, and poured through growing streams, until at last they are all united just below the summer villa of his Kaiserly and Kingly Majesty, Francis Joseph, and flow away northward, through the rest of his game-preserve, into the Traunsee. It is an imperial playground, and such as I would consent to hunt the chamois in, if an inscrutable Providence had made me a kingly kaiser, or even a plain king or an unvarnished kaiser. But, failing this, I was perfectly content to spend a few idle days in fishing for trout and catching grayling, at such times and places as the law of the Austrian Empire allowed.

For it must be remembered that every stream in these over-civilized European countries belongs to somebody, by purchase or rent. And all the fish in the stream are supposed to belong to the person who owns or rents it. They do not know their master's voice, neither will they follow when he calls. But they are theoretically his. To this legal fiction the untutored American must conform. He must learn to clothe his natural desires in the raiment of lawful sanction, and take out some kind of a license before he follows his impulse to fish.

It was in the town of Aussee, at the junction of the two highest branches of the Traun, that this impulse came upon me, mildly irresistible. The full bloom of mid-July gayety in that ancient watering-place was dampened but not extinguished by two days of persistent and surprising showers. I had exhausted the possibilities of interest in the old Gothic church, and felt all that a man should feel in deciphering the

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mural tombstones of the families who were exiled for their faith in the Reformation. The throngs of merry Hebrews from Vienna and Buda-Pesth, amazingly arrayed as mountaineers and milk-maids, walking up and down the narrow streets under umbrellas, had Cleopatra's charm of an infinite variety; but custom staled it. The woodland paths, winding everywhere through the plantations of fir-trees and provided with appropriate names on wooden labels, and benches for rest and conversation at discreet intervals, were too moist for even the nymphs to take delight in them. The only creatures that suffered nothing by the rain were the two swift, limpid Trauns, racing through the woods, like eager and unabashed lovers, to meet in the middle of the village. They were as clear, as joyous, as musical as if the sun were shining. The very sight of their opalescent rapids and eddying pools was an invitation to that gentle sport which is said to have the merit of growing better as the weather grows worse.

I laid this fact before the landlord of the hotel of the Erzherzog Johann, as poetically as I could, but he assured me that it was of no consequence without an invitation from the gentleman to whom the streams belonged, and who had gone away for a week. The landlord was such a good-natured person and such an excellent sleeper, that it was impossible to believe that he could have even the smallest inaccuracy upon his conscience. So I bade him farewell and took my way four miles through the woods to the lake from which one of the streams flowed.

It was called the Gründlsee. As I do not know the origin of the name I cannot consistently make any moral or historical reflections upon it. But if it has never become famous, it ought to be, for the sake of a cosey and busy little inn, perched on a green hill beside the lake and overlooking the whole length of it, from the groups of toy villas at the foot to the heaps of real mountains at the head. This inn kept a thin but happy landlord, who provided me with a blue license to angle, for the inconsiderable sum of fifteen cents a day. This conferred the right of fishing not only in the Gründlsee, but also in the smaller tarn of Toplitz, a mile above it, and in the swift stream which united them. It all coincided with my desire as if by magic. A row of a couple of miles to the head of the lake, and a walk through the forest, brought me to the smaller pond; and as the afternoon sun was ploughing pale furrows through the showers, I waded out on a point of reeds and cast the artful fly in the shadow of the great cliffs of the Dead Mountains.

It was a fit scene for a lone fisherman. But four sociable tourists promptly appeared to act as spectators and critics. Fly-fishing usually strikes the German mind as an eccentricity which calls for criticism. After one of the tourists had suggestively narrated the tale of seven trout which he had caught in another lake, with worms, on the previous Sunday, they went away for a row (with salutations in which politeness but thinly veiled their pity), and left me still whipping the water in vain. Nor was the fortune of the day much better in the stream below. It was a long and wet wade for three fish too small to keep. I came out on the shore of the lake, where I had left the row-boat, with an empty bag and a feeling of damp discouragement.

There was still an hour or so of daylight, and a beautiful place to fish where the stream poured swirling out into the lake. A rise, and a large one, though rather slow, awakened my hopes. Another rise, evidently made by a heavy fish, made me certain that virtue was about to be rewarded. The third time the hook went home. I felt the solid weight of the fish against the spring of the rod, and that curious thrill which runs up the line and down the arm, changing, somehow or other, into a pleasurable sensation of excitement as it reaches the brain. But it was only for a moment; and then came that foolish, feeble shaking of the line from side to side which tells the angler that he has hooked a great, big, leather-mouthed chub—a fish which Izaak Walton says "The French esteem so mean as to call him Un Vilain." Was it for this that I had come to the country of Francis Joseph?

I took off the flies and put on one of

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The Main Street of Hallstatt.

those phantom minnows which have immortalized the name of a certain Mr. Brown. It swung on a long line as the boat passed back and forth across the current, once, twice, three times—and on the fourth circle there was a sharp strike. The rod bent almost double and the reel sang shrilly to the first rush of the fish. He ran; he doubled; he went to the bottom and sulked; he tried to go under the boat; he did all that a game fish can do, except leaping. After twenty minutes he was tired enough to be lifted gently into the boat by a hand slipped around his gills, and there he was, a *lachs-forelle* of three pounds' weight: small pointed head; silver sides mottled with dark spots; square powerful tail and large fins — a fish not unlike the land-locked salmon of the Saguenay, but more delicate.

Half an hour later he was lying on the grass in front of the inn. The waiters paused, with their hands full of dishes, to look at him; and the landlord called his guests, including my didactic tourists, to observe the superiority of the trout of the Gründlsee. The maids also came to look; and the buxom cook, with her spotless apron and bare arms akimbo, was drawn from her kitchen, and pledged her culinary honor that such a *pracht-kerl* should be served up in her very best style. The angler who is insensible to this sort of indirect flattery through his fish does not exist. Even the most indifferent of men thinks more favorably of people who know a good trout when they see it, and sits down to his supper with kindly feelings. Possibly he reflects, also, upon the incident as a hint of the average size of the fish in that neighborhood. He remembers that he may have been favored in

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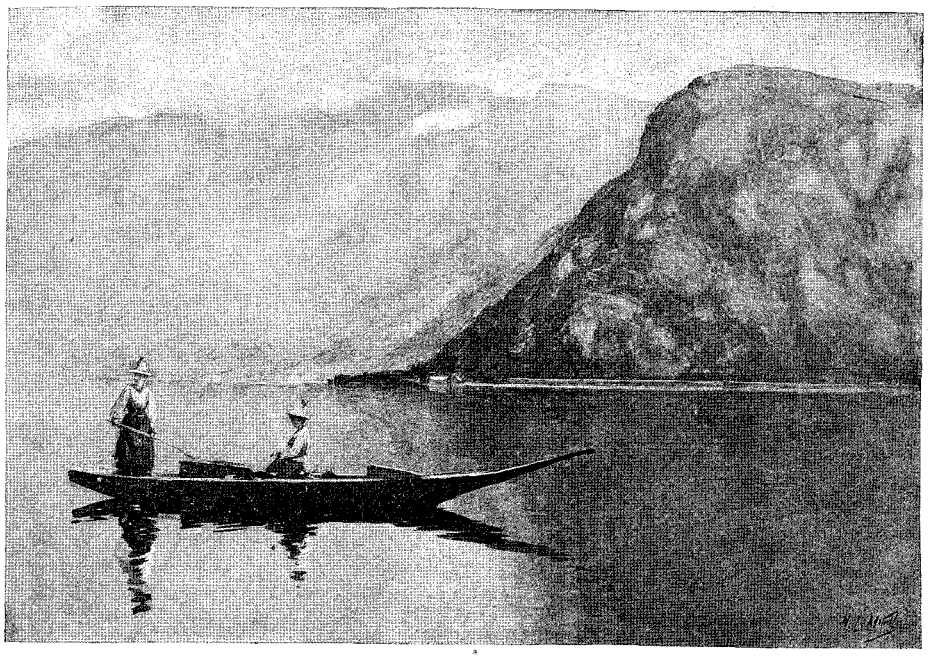
this case beyond his deserts by good fortune, and resolving not to put too heavy a strain upon it, considers the next



A Gondola on the Lake of Hallstatt.

place where it would be well for him to angle.

Hallstatt is about ten miles below Aussee. The Traun here expands into a lake, very dark and deep, shut in by steep and lofty mountains. The railway runs along the eastern shore. On the other side, a mile away, you see the old town, its white houses clinging to the cliff like lichens to the face of a rock. The guide-book calls it "a highly original situation." But this is one of the cases where a little less originality and a little more reasonableness might be desired, at least by the permanent inhabitants. A ledge under the shadow of a precipice makes a trying winter residence. The people of Hallstatt are not a blooming race: one sees many dwarfs and cripples among them. But to the summer traveller the place seems wonderfully picturesque. Most of the streets are flights of steps. The high-road has barely room to edge itself through among the old houses, between the window-gardens of bright flowers. On the hottest July day the afternoon is cool and shady. The gay, little skiffs and long, open gondolas are flitting continually along the lake, which is the principal avenue of the town.

The incongruous, but comfortable, modern hotel has a huge glass veranda, where you can eat your dinner and observe human nature in its transparent holiday disguises. I was much pleased and entertained by a family, or confederacy, of people attired as peasants—the men with feathered hats, green stockings, and bare knees—the women with bright skirts, bodices, and silk neckerchiefs—who were always in evidence, rowing gondolas with clumsy oars, meeting the steamboat at the wharf several times a day, and filling the miniature garden of the hotel with rustic greetings and early Salzkammergut attitudes. After much conjecture I learned that they were the family and friends of a newspaper editor from Vienna. They had the literary instinct for local color.

The fishing at Hallstatt is at Obertraun. There is a level stretch of land above the lake, where the river flows peaceably, and the fish have leisure

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to feed and grow. It is leased to a peasant who makes a business of supplying the hotels with fish. He was quite willing to give permission to an angler; and I engaged one of his sons, a capital young fellow whose natural capacities for good fellowship were only hampered by a most extraordinary German dialect, to row me across the lake, and carry the net and a small green barrel full of water to keep the fish alive, according to the custom of the country. The first day we had only four trout large enough to put into the barrel; the next day I think there were six; the third day I remember very well there were ten. They were pretty creatures, weighing from half a pound to a pound each, and colored as daintily as bits of French silk, in silver gray with faint pink spots.

There was plenty to do at Hallstatt in the mornings. An hour's walk from the town there was a fine waterfall three hundred feet high. On the side of the mountain above the lake was one of the salt-mines for which the region is celebrated. It has been worked for ages by many successive races, from the Celt downward. Perhaps even the men of the Stone Age knew of it, and came hither for seasoning to make the flesh of the cave-bear and the mammoth more palatable. Modern pilgrims are permitted to explore the long, wet, glittering galleries with a guide, and slide down the smooth wooden rollers which join the different levels of the mines. This pastime has the same fascination as sliding down the balusters; and it is said that even queens and princesses have been delighted with it. This is a touching proof of the fundamental simplicity and unity of our human nature.

But by far the best excursion from Hallstatt was an all-day trip to the Zwieselalp—a mountain which seems to have been especially created as a point of view. From the bare summit you look right into the face of the huge, snowy Dachstein with the wild lake of Gosau gleaming at its foot; and far away on the other side your vision ranges over a confusion of mountains, with all the white peaks of the Tyrol stretched along the horizon. Such a wide outlook as this helps the fisherman to enjoy the narrow beauties of his little rivers. No sport is at its best without interruption and contrast. To appreciate wading one ought to climb a little on odd days.

Ischl is about ten or twelve miles below Hallstatt, in the valley of the Traun. It is the fashionable summer-resort of Austria. I found it in the high tide of amusement. The shady esplanade along the river was crowded with "brave women and fair men" in gorgeous rai-

The Little River, Gosau.

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ment; the hotels were overflowing; and there were various kinds of music and entertainments at all hours of day and night. But all this did not seem to affect the fishing.

The landlord of the Königin Elizabeth, who is also the Burgomaster and a gentleman of varied accomplishments and no leisure, kindly furnished me with a fishing license in the shape of a large pink card. There were many rules printed upon it: "All fishes under nine inches must be gently restored to the water. No instrument of capture must be used except the angle in the hand. The card of legitimation must be produced and exhibited at the polite request of any of the keepers of the river." Thus duly authorized and instructed I sallied forth to seek my pastime according to the law.

The Summit of the Schafberg.

The easiest way in theory was to take the afternoon train up the river to one of the villages, and fish down a mile or two in the evening, returning by the eight o'clock train. But in practice the habits of the fish interfered seriously with the latter part of this plan.

On my first day I had spent several hours in the vain effort to catch something better than small grayling. The best time for the trout was just approaching as the broad light faded from the stream; already they were beginning to feed, when I looked up from the edge of a pool and saw the train rattling down the valley below me. Under the circumstances the only thing to do was to go on fishing. It was an even pool with steep banks, and the water ran through it very straight and swift, some four feet deep and thirty yards across. As the tail-fly reached the middle of the water a fine trout literally turned a somersault over it, but without touching it. At the next cast he was ready, taking it with a rush that carried him into the air with the fly in his mouth. He weighed three-quarters of a pound. The next one was equally eager in rising and sharp in playing, and the third might have been his twin-sister or brother. So, after casting for hours and taking nothing in the most beautiful pools, I landed three trout from one unlikely place in fifteen minutes. That was because the trout's supper-time had arrived. So had mine. I walked over to the rambling old inn at Goisern, sought the cook in the kitchen, and persuaded her, in spite of the lateness of the hour, to boil the largest of the fish for my supper, after which I rode peacefully back to Ischl by the eleven o'clock train.

For the future I resolved to give up the illusory idea of coming home by rail, and ordered a little one-horse carriage to meet me at some point on the high-road every evening at nine o'clock. In this way I managed to cover the whole stream, taking a lower part each day, from the lake of Hallstatt down to Ischl.

There was one part of the river, near Laufen, where the current was very strong and waterfally, broken by ledges of rock. Below these it rested in long, smooth reaches, much beloved by the grayling. There was no difficulty in getting two or three of them out of each run.

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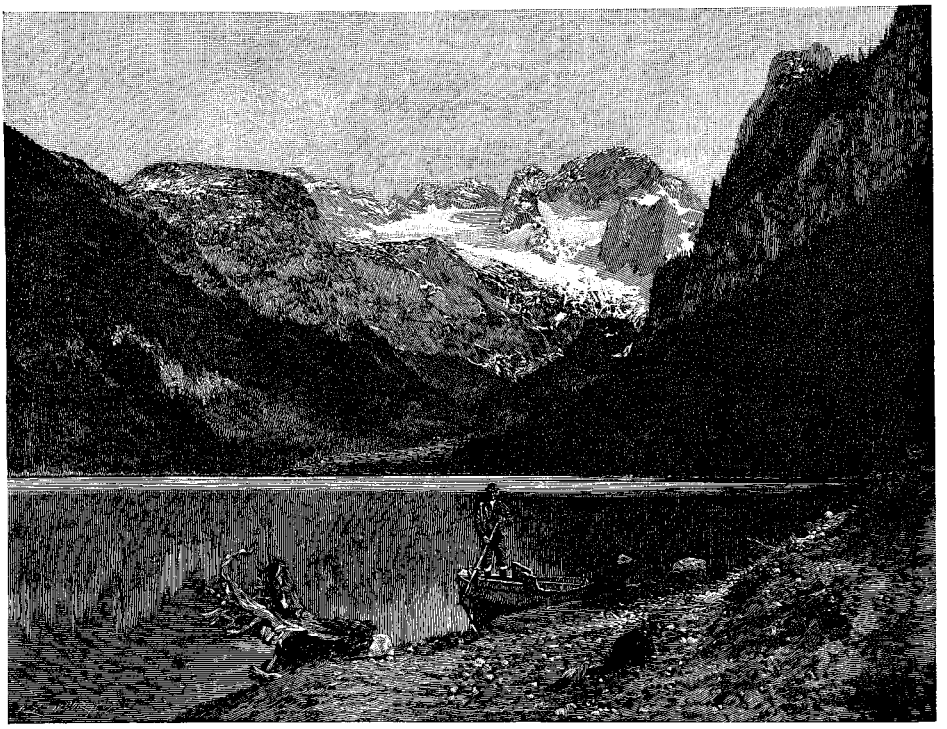

The Lake of Gosau with the Dachstein.

The grayling has a quaint beauty; his appearance is æsthetic, like a fish in a pre-Raphaelite picture. His color, in mid-summer, is a golden gray, darker on the back, and with a few black spots just behind his gills, like patches put on to bring out the pallor of his complexion. He smells of wild thyme when he first comes out of the water, wherefore St. Ambrose of Milan complimented him in courtly fashion: "*Quid specie tua gratius? Quid odore fragrantius? Quod mella fragrant, hoc tu tuo corpore spiras.*" But the chief glory of the grayling is the large iridescent fin on his back. You see it cutting the water as he swims near the surface; and when you have him on the bank it arches over him like a rainbow. His mouth is under his chin, and he takes the fly gently, by suction. He is, in fact, and to speak plainly, a kind of a sucker; but then he is a sucker idealized and refined, the flower of his family. Charles Cotton, the ingenious young friend of Walton, was all wrong in calling the grayling "one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world." He fights and leaps and whirls and brings his big fin to bear across the force of the current with a variety of tactics that would put his more aristocratic fellow-citizen the trout to the blush. Twelve of these pretty fellows, with a brace of good trout for the top, filled my big creel to the brim. And yet such is the inborn hypocrisy of the human heart, that I always pretended to myself to be disappointed because there were not more trout, and made light of the grayling as a thing of naught.

The pink fishing license did not seem to be of much use. Its exhibition was demanded only twice. Once a river-guardian who was walking down the stream with a Belgian Baron and encouraging him to continue fishing, climbed out to me on the end of a long embankment and with proper apologies begged to be favored with a view of my document. It turned out that his request was a favor to me, for it discovered the fact that I had left my fly-book, with the pink card in it, beside

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an old mill a quarter of a mile up the stream. Another time I was sitting beside the road trying to get out of a very long, wet, awkward pair of wading-stockings, an occupation which is unfavorable to tranquillity of mind, when a man came up to me in the dusk and accosted me with an absence of politeness which in German amounted to an insult.

"Have you been fishing?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Have you any right to fish?"

"What right have you to ask?"

"I am a keeper of the river. Where is your card?"

"It is in my pocket. But, pardon my curiosity, where is *your* card?"

This question appeared to paralyze him. He had probably never been asked for his card before. He went lumbering off in the darkness muttering, "My card? Unheard of! *My* card!"

The routine of angling at Ischl was varied by an excursion to St. Wolfgang and the Schafberg, an isolated moun-

St. Wolfgang's Lake.

tain on whose rocky horn an inn has been built. It stands up almost like a bird-house on a pole, and commands a superb prospect; northward, across the rolling plain and the Bavarian forest; southward, over a tumultuous land of peaks and precipices. There are many lovely lakes in sight; but the loveliest of all is that which takes its name from the old saint who wandered hither from the country of the "furious Franks" and built his peaceful hermitage on the Falkenstein. What good taste some of those old saints had!

There is a venerable church in the vil-

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lage, with pictures attributed to Michael Wohlgemuth, and a chapel which is said to mark the spot where St. Wolfgang, who had lost his axe far up the mountain, found it, like Longfellow's arrow, in an oak, and "still unbroke." The tree is gone, so it was impossible to verify the story. But the saint's well is there, in a pavilion, with a bronze image over it and a profitable inscription to the effect that the poorer pilgrims, "who have come unprovided with either money or wine, should be jolly well contented to find the water so fine." There is also a famous echo farther up the lake, which repeats six syllables with accuracy. It is a strange coincidence that there are just six syllables in the name of "der heilige Wolfgang." But when you translate it into English, the inspiration of the echo seems to be less exact. The sweetest thing about St. Wolfgang was the abundance of purple cyclamens, clothing the mountain meadows, and filling the air with delicate fragrance like the smell of lilacs around a New England farm-house in early June.

There was still one stretch of the river above Ischl left for the last evening's sport. I remember it so well: the long, deep place where the water ran beside an embankment of stone, and the big grayling poised on the edge of the shadow, rising and falling on the current as a kite rises and falls on the wind and balances back to the same position; the murmur of the stream and the hissing of the pebbles underfoot in the rapids as the swift water rolled them over and over; the odor of the fir-trees, and the streaks of warm air in quiet places, and the faint whiffs of wood-smoke wafted from the houses, and the brown flies dancing heavily up and down in the twilight; the last good pool, where the river was divided, the main part making a deep, narrow curve to the right, and the lesser part bubbling into it over a bed of stones with half-a-dozen tiny waterfalls, with a fine trout lying at the foot of each of them and rising merrily as the white fly passed over him—surely it was all very good, and a memory to be grateful for. And when the basket was full, it was pleasant to put off the heavy wading-shoes and the long rubber-stockings, and ride homeward in an open wagon through the fresh night air. That is as near to Sybaritic luxury as a man should care to come.

The lights in the cottages are twinkling like fire-flies, and there are small groups of people singing and laughing down the road. The honest fisherman reflects that this world is only a place of pilgrimage, but after all there is a good deal of cheer on the journey, if it is made with a contented heart. He wonders who the dwellers in the scattered houses may be, and weaves romances out of the shadows on the curtained windows. The lamps burning in the wayside shrines tell him stories of human love and patience and hope and divine forgiveness. Dream-pictures of life float before him, tender and luminous, filled with a vague, soft atmosphere in which the simplest outlines gain a strange significance. They are like some of Millet's paintings—"The Sower," or "The Sheepfold"—there is very little detail in them; but sometimes a little means so much.

Then the moon slips up into the sky from behind the eastern hills, and the fisherman begins to think of home, and of the foolish, fond old rhymes about those whom the moon sees far away, and the stars that have the power to fulfil wishes—as if the celestial bodies knew or cared anything about our small nerve-thrills which we call affection and desires! But if there were Someone above the moon and stars who did know and care, Someone who could see the places and the people that you and I would give so much to see, Someone who could do for them all of kindness that you and I fain would do, Someone able to keep our beloved in perfect peace and watch over the little children sleeping in their beds beyond the sea—what then? Why then, in the evening hour, one might have thoughts of home that would go across the ocean *via cœlum*, and be better than dreams, almost as good as prayers.

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A PAGAN'S PRAYER.

By Bliss Carman.

O Mother, I have loved thee without fear,
And looked upon the mystery of change,
Since first, a child, upon the closing year,
I saw the snowflakes fall and whispered, "Strange!"

Because in these pale border-lands of fate
Grief hath companioned me, I have not quailed;
And when love passed into the outer strait,
I have not faltered and thou hast not failed.

For I have lifted up my heart to thee,
And thou hast ever hearkened and drawn near,
And bowed thy shining face down over me,
Till I could hear thee as the hill-flowers hear.

And I have cried to thee in lonely need,
Being but a child of thine bereft and wrung,
Till all the rivers in the hills gave heed,
And the great hill-winds in thy holy tongue—

That ancient incommunicable speech
The April stars and autumn sunsets know—
Soothed me and calmed with solace beyond reach
Of human ken, mysterious and low.

Then in that day when the last snow shall come
And chill the fair round world within its fold,
Leave me not friendless in the gathering gloom,
But gird thine arms about me as of old.

With sleep once more in thy compassionate hands,
Croon me a murmur as of many rills
When I would rove the crimson valley lands
With all my vanished comrades of the hills.

When that great storm out of the dark shall drive,
And blur the sun, and bugle my release,
Let not thy weary earthling faint nor strive,
Faring beyond the tumult to thy peace.

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ASPECTS OF NATURE IN THE WEST INDIES.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

By W. K. Brooks.

A NATIVE of temperate regions never thinks of crabs as terrestrial animals, but one of the most novel and noteworthy features of tropical island life is the abundance of crabs everywhere on land, even to the tops of the mountains. A fig-tree near my door was covered with fruit, some of it nearly ripe, but every day when I visited it I found all the ripening fruit gone. One morning before daybreak I found the thieves at work—half a dozen big crabs up among the branches, making their way slowly and cautiously, but reaching every part of the tree, clinging by the sharp tips of their legs. Even the hermit-crabs, loaded down by their massive shells, climb trees with agility, and infest the houses like mice, and in the stillness of night the loud crash of a hermit-crab falling in a heavy shell from the pantry shelf to the floor often rouses the household. If you steal quietly into the bushes anywhere in the Bahamas and rest for a few minutes in the shade you soon hear the leaves rustling on all sides, as if snakes were crawling through them; but there are few snakes in the islands, and the noise is made by the hermit-crabs which have dropped to the ground and hidden at your approach. When everything is quiet they come and climb the bushes again, and they may be picked off the stems and branches by hundreds in beautiful sea-shells as varied as the collection of a conchologist.

The hermit-crabs are busy night and day, but most of the land-crabs of the tropics are nocturnal, or at least most active at night, and they are usually wary and timid in habit; on the alert at all times, and taking alarm and hiding when disturbed. They must have many enemies, for the empty sea-shells which have served as houses for hermit-crabs may be gathered in abundance many miles from the water; some of them are possibly shells which have been outgrown and abandoned, but most of them are the empty homes of murdered crabs. On a little coral island where I once spent several months a negro brought a basket filled with fine plump crabs. He assured us that they were a great delicacy, but our cook rejected them, with the assertion that she was sure we would not care for them. When questioned she gave no reason, except that white folks never ate them; but she seemed so sure that they would not suit us that we determined to wait for more knowledge, although our larder was nearly empty, as it always is in the tropics.

A few days later, passing the little cemetery just before dark, we found the ground tunnelled by great burrows like those of prairie-dogs, and one or two of these plump crabs on the mound of earth at the mouth of each burrow.

Land-crabs are by no means confined to oceanic islands, although they form one of the most characteristic features of island life. They are undoubtedly insular in their origin, although they have wandered from the islands to the shores of the continents.

They are interesting as an illustration of the way in which the land was originally populated by wanderers from the ocean. The remote ancestors of all terrestrial animals were marine, but at present the continents are well stocked, and every available place is so well filled, by thoroughly terrestrial forms, that a new-comer from the ocean cannot gain a footing. Long before its structure and habits become modified and adapted for a life on land, it is exterminated by competition with improved forms, or else destroyed by enemies which it has not yet learned to escape.

On an island the case is different. Most oceanic islands are modern geologically, and while plants and birds and

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insects have means for reaching and populating new lands, most of the common terrestrial mammals are unable to make a long sea-voyage by natural means, and the places which they fill in the continents are therefore vacant in oceanic islands, where they have been seized upon by the crabs, which have acquired habits much like those of our rats and squirrels.

They still retain enough of their old nature to carry them back to the water at the breeding season, and when the eggs hatch the young swim away like the young of ordinary crabs. They inherit a constitution which will lead them back on to the land when they have completed their larval life, although this lasts long enough for the ocean-currents to carry some of them away from time to time to lands far distant from their birthplace. Even if these lands be already stocked with terrestrial animals the crabs are able to hold their own, for they are not mere upstarts, but the children of parents whose ancestors have slowly learned the way to live on land in a country where the coast has been clear.

A recent emigrant from the ocean would have little chance on the shore of a continent, but an animal which has slowly found out the road to terrestrial life on an oceanic island transmits all its powers to its children, and if they are thrown on to a continent they are under no great disadvantage.

Our laboratory in Jamaica was on the side of a rocky limestone hill, honeycombed in all directions by cracks and fissures and large caves, all inhabited by big land-crabs, which came out every night, usually in pairs, to forage around our home. They would climb the steep stone terrace, and the high steps to our door, where they would stand peeping inquisitively through the crack of the door, and waiting and watching until the house was quiet. Whenever we looked up from our work in the evening we were sure to see at least one gentleman crab, and his wife beside him, standing on tiptoe and cocking their long stalked eyes, on the watch for a chance to slip in and explore the house. As soon as we were well settled at our work they would creep stealthily in and wander everywhere, although they were especially fond of climbing up the mosquito-nets to the canopies over our beds.

A crab hunt was the last event of our day, and it was not without excitement, for while the animals are generally peaceful and well behaved, they have big formidable claws, and they always fight when cornered. They cannot be driven out, for while they are timid and desirous to escape, they never go out of the door, but run sideways along the walls, tumbling over each other in their eagerness, until they reach a hiding-place behind our trunks or under the furniture, when they resist all attempts to dislodge them, clinging to everything within reach and waving their big claws in the most threatening way.

I soon learned that the way to clear the house is to sweep them with a broom into the middle of the floor before they have time to hide, and then, keeping them well away from the furniture and door-casings, to hurry them along until they are opposite the open door, and to shoot them out with a push which sends them over the steps and clear of everything, down the hill, for if they are simply pushed out they hang by the tips of their claws over the wall and out of sight, ready to come back as soon as the way is clear.

It seldom rains in this part of Jamaica, but we had one hard rain, and after it was over the crabs came out of their hiding-places and swarmed everywhere in innumerable multitudes. They came up our steps in armies, and they would climb over each other in their eagerness to look in at the door. At night, when I escorted my family home to our own quarters, after our dinner in the laboratory, I was forced to go ahead with a lantern to kick the crabs out of the path. I could not avoid stepping on some of them, and the injured ones were at once attacked and eaten by the others.

All the negroes from miles around came with bags, or carts, or boats, or donkeys to gather them for food; and we found them a most acceptable addition to our own somewhat monotonous bill of fare. In two days fully a thousand bushels were gathered on an area of

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a few acres around our laboratory without any perceptible decrease in the supply. The books speak of the sudden appearance of these crabs as a migration, and our neighbors stated that they were on the march over our hill to a harbor several miles away. As this did not seem true, we tried to settle the question by observations on individual crabs, but our studies brought us into conflict with the crab-gatherers, who caught most of them around our house.

We tried to prevent crab-catching on our premises, but while the Jamaican negro accepts his inferior position without protest, he is very tenacious of what he regards as his established rights, and there was such an indignation meeting that I was afraid we should be mobbed. I was forced to give way, but I satisfied myself that all the crabs had holes near by and knew the way home, and that there was no true migration; although it is well known that other species do migrate from the interior down to the sea-shore at the breeding season.

The crabs were generally in pairs, and I think the rain had excited their breeding instincts and made them restless. They were possessed by a most intense passion for climbing, and they climbed everywhere, apparently from pure inquisitiveness—up the trees, over the high stone wall on which our house stood, into the house, up the furniture, shelves, window-shutters, and stairs, and at night we heard them pattering over the corrugated iron roof.

On the night when the excitement was at its highest my students were awakened by a crash, and rushing out they found the veranda, which is so large and cool that we have made it our laboratory, in the possession of an army of crabs. Our reagent shelves were covered to the top, and the floor was covered with broken bottles of alcohol, corrosive sublimate, and acids. My students put on their shoes and kicked their way through the crabs, kicking them over the wall and down the steps, and after half an hour of hard work they cleared the house, but I was forced to hire a man to clear away the dead and wounded next day, and the destruction of our reagent was a serious loss.

The natives of Jamaica claim that their coffee is the best in the world, and that which grows on the sides of the high mountains is the best in Jamaica, for in high altitudes it acquires a rich flavor, which commands the highest prices in the English market. We are told, however, that the quintessence of all is the *rat coffee*, or the seeds from berries which have been gnawed by rats, for these animals are very fond of the aromatic pulp of the cherry-like fruit which incloses the seeds, and as their fastidious taste leads them to select the best, children are employed to gather among the bushes the berries which they have gnawed, and this coffee is set apart as the finest and most delicious of all.

Years ago rats were very abundant on the island, and they were so destructive in the sugar estates that the Government undertook to destroy them, and after many fruitless experiments with various rat-killing animals, finally found an efficient rat exterminator in the mungoos of India. Rats are scarce now, but they have too many resources and expedients to submit tamely, and in some parts of the island they have taken to the trees as a refuge, and have acquired something of the habits of squirrels. The mungoos, or, as its name is sometimes spelled, the moongus, is a small, prolific, and most aggressive mammal, with weasel-like habits, and something of the general appearance of a large rat. It is now found in abundance in all parts of the island, and in our walks and drives we often saw it running across the road like a cat. It is absolutely without fear, and its movements are so rapid that it does not hesitate to attack any animal, however large, and it is highly valued in India as a destroyer of all sorts of vermin.

In Jamaica it has not confined itself to the rats, for it has exterminated a number of interesting birds and reptiles, and the land fauna has become very scanty since its introduction. There were never any poisonous snakes in the island, but a few years ago several species of boas and other large snakes of great interest to naturalists were very common. Now they are almost gone, and we did not see or hear of a single specimen, although my party explored the whole island. The mungoos

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attacks and kills the full-grown snakes whenever it finds them, and it seeks out and devours their eggs. We had no opportunity to see it attack a snake, but it is a perfect picture of savage ferocity when it attacks a rat, although the battle is over in an instant. In India, where it is kept as a domestic animal on account of its value as a serpent-killer, it is said to attack the largest and most venomous snakes without hesitation, with such intense rage and eagerness for battle that the snake is overwhelmed by the audacity and unrelenting fury of its onset. All the poisonous snakes stand in awe of it, and even the cobra seeks to escape, but finding that no escape is possible, it erects its crest and makes futile efforts to strike its persecutor, but the mungoos darts about just out of reach, and seems to delight in dodging out of the way just in time. At each opportunity it darts in and bites the back of the snake's neck, repeating this until it is killed. A very similar species was so highly esteemed by the ancient Egyptians for its value in checking the increase of the crocodile that it was regarded as a sacred animal.

It is always impossible to foresee the effect of any interference with the economy of nature, and the influence of this relentless and aggressive savage has been felt by all the terrestrial animals of Jamaica.

There is no native carnivorous mammal, and in fact at the time of the discovery of the island the only terrestrial mammal, besides the Indian and his pet lap-dog, was the agouti, and the birds and reptiles had no experience or inherited instincts to aid them when they were suddenly confronted by an enemy which had been developed by the fierce competition of the densely populated continent of Asia. They were like peaceful islanders invaded by soldiers trained by long practice in the art of war. A few have learned to protect themselves, and the ground-dove now builds its nest on a great branching cactus, so thorny that even the mungoos cannot climb it, but many interesting species have been almost or quite destroyed.

In most of the West India islands bright little lizards are found everywhere, and they are so familiar and harmless that no prejudice against reptiles resists their attraction very long. After learning that they are great destroyers of flies, mosquitoes, and other insect pests, most visitors to the tropics soon become interested in them and find a great pleasure in watching them. They are usually so abundant on most of the islands that you can scarcely look up without seeing one or two species on the veranda, or the bushes, or rocks. The embryologist who wishes to study the development of reptiles can find their eggs in any desired quantity after he has learned where to look, but they are hidden with great care.

In one of the smaller Bahama islands the children brought to our laboratory a few little eggs about the size of peas. They proved to be the eggs of a small lizard which a member of the party wished to study, and as we had not been able to find any ourselves we proposed to buy all the children could bring at a half-penny each. Soon a steady procession of children set in, each with an egg, and even after we had bought up all the copper in the treasury of the island Sunday-school our stock of half-pence was exhausted, so we followed the children, as it was clear that they knew of an egg mine near by. Back of the huts on the beach were great piles of the empty shells of the beautiful pink-lipped conch, which is the chief food staple of the islanders. On these shell-heaps we found the children twisting the shells like reversed Archimedean screws and rolling the little eggs out of their hiding-places in the central whorls; and we afterward found all we needed for ourselves.

In the towns of Jamaica the little lizards are still pretty common, but they are comparatively scarce in the country, for the mungoos keeps them in check, as it does the insectiverous birds. The result is an excellent illustration of the interdependence of all forms of life, for the introduction of the mungoos to destroy the rats has brought about an evil still more serious, and the extermination of the insectivorous lizards and birds has given an opportunity for the injurious insects to multiply, and whole sections of the island which formerly produced choice beef and mutton have

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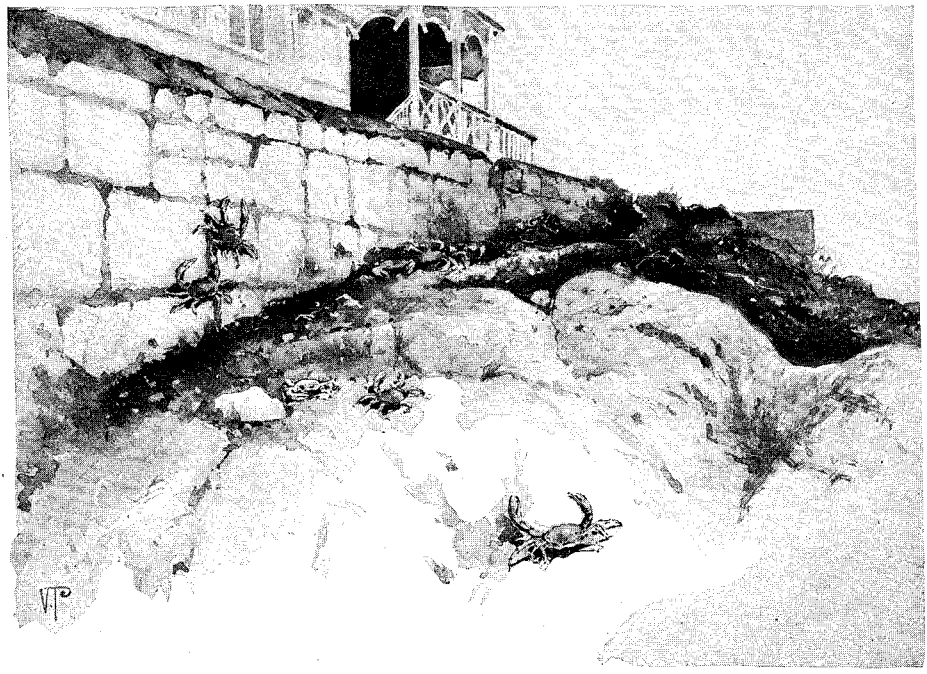

Jamaica Crabs Climbing a Wall.

become almost useless for grazing purposes, for the ticks now swarm in millions on the grass and worry the domestic animals into starvation.

They are a plague so serious that the Government has offered a large sum of money as a prize for the discovery of some way to destroy them.

Everywhere in the West Indies one sees on stone walls and trees and rocks, as well as in the houses, dark brown streaks, which look as if drops of paint or varnish had trickled down and then hardened, but on touching them they are found to be hollow ridges of an earthy substance which crumbles under a blow. These lines are the covered roads of the termites, or white ants, leading from their feeding grounds to their nests. These are not at all like the great conical nests of the African termites which the pictures in the school geography have made so familiar. The West Indian species builds in trees, and the brown nests, which are not often much larger than a flour barrel, look like great warty knots on the trunks. The white ants are very abundant, but as the nests and galleries are almost indestructible by rain, they last for years after they have been abandoned, and they are therefore much more common than the living colonies. The ants feed upon dry or decaying wood, and the absence of fallen tree-trunks or branches in the forests of the tropics is no doubt due in great part to their influence. The destruction to the wood-work of houses and furniture is all the greater, as they work in the dark, entering the wood at some hidden corner, and leaving the surface unbroken so that their presence is not suspected until the wood has been reduced to a surface layer so thin that when it breaks it collapses completely and crumbles like dust. The workers and soldiers are wingless, but when young the males and females have wings, and they leave the nest in great numbers at certain seasons to lay the foundation for new colonies.

I once rented as a laboratory a furnished house which had as part of its equipment what appeared to be a massive carved oak dinner-table.

While we were at dinner a swarm of these winged termites came out of the

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table and flew away, and we then found that the carving was only a film of varnish so thin that we could crush it to powder in our hands.

I once had the good fortune to witness the first attack on a piece of furniture. A member of my party was working with his microscope at a little table which touched the inner wall of our house at one corner, and as I was sitting down to look at something which he had asked me to examine under his microscope I saw an army of termite soldiers come out of a crack in the floor and form two parallel ranks facing each other, about a third of an inch apart, along a line which had clearly been laid down before, up the wall to the place where the table touched it. The soldiers stationed themselves with great regularity at equal intervals, and they took their positions like machines without any hesitation or confusion, and in far less time than it takes to tell it each one stood in his proper place as stiff and immovable as a stone statue.

Instantly a living stream of the blind workers flowed up between the lines of soldiers on to the lower surface of the top of the table, where we found other ranks of soldiers guiding the stream to three or four points where the attack on the table was to begin. The workers then began at once to gnaw away the wood and to build up walls of a dark brown substance on each side of the lines of march, which were then arched over and converted into dark passages. The soldiers kept their places for two days, changing guard at intervals, until all the paths were roofed in, but as fast as the tunnel was finished the soldier on duty at that point slipped in and disappeared, until on the second day only about a dozen were on duty along an unfinished half inch, and I watched them go in just before the last gap was closed. In a few days the lower side of the table-top was covered with dark passages, and we could hear the work going on inside the wood, although the proprietor of the table still kept up his embryological studies with the microscope on top.

Whenever daylight is let into one of the tubes by breaking a hole in it the stream of workers breaks and disappears, but in a few seconds the soldiers come out and mount guard, and the stream of workers flows on again, and the break is soon mended. In the dark the workers are able to carry on their labors alone, but they seem unable to accomplish anything in the light, or even to keep to the path without a guard of soldiers.

Among the interesting natural objects of tropical America the gigantic silk-cotton tree is one of the most prominent features in the landscape. It does not contain as many cubic feet of timber as the great California trees, but it is among the largest of living things, and its sturdy individuality is so impressive that even a half savage negro feels its grandeur, and it is said that in the old days of Jamaica the slaves never dared to cut down a cotton-tree until its pardon had been asked and its anger appeased by a plentiful libation of rum poured over its roots.

It is widely distributed, but is seldom seen to more advantage than on the grazing pens in the high valleys of Jamaica, where it is a most imposing giant when its smooth straight trunk is seen towering like a great lighthouse from some commanding hill, with its majestic crown of spreading branches outlined against the sky.

Every traveller describes it, but it is not easy to seize upon the exact source of the interest which it always excites, for this is not its size nor its beauty, nor anything in the tree itself, except the fact that it is one of the best examples of the essential difference between tropical vegetation and that of temperate regions. Everyone feels this difference and recognizes the existence of some characteristic peculiarity in the vegetable life of the tropics which give a distinctive tone to the whole, and I feel confident that this feature is the intensity of the struggle for existence and the obvious and impressive character of the devices and contrivances which enable the plants to escape their enemies or to defeat their competitors.

A trained botanist sees evidence of the same struggle among the plants of temperate regions, but its existence is not at all obvious to a superficial ob-

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server, and except for the destruction caused by untimely frost or hail, or by prolonged drought, our trees and plants at home seem to live out their days in peace.

They toil not, neither do they spin, and the productive power of the earth never seems overtaxed. In the tropics everything is different, and interest is continually excited by the discovery of new devices for enabling each plant to hold its own or to seize upon unoccupied ground.

The purpose of these adaptations is so definite and obvious that tropical botany is as lively and attractive as the study of the instincts and habits of animals, and a short stay among tropical forests and gardens makes of every visitor an enthusiastic botanist.

Every inch of ground is fought for, down to the edge of the water, and even into the ocean, and he who has the rare good luck in these days of steamships and seaports to make his first visit to the tropics, as I did, in a sailing vessel, and to row ashore from her moorings to an unsettled coast, will be impressed before he sets foot on shore by the absence of the belt of bare rock or sand which fringes the coast of temperate regions. The boat is among the bushes before it reaches land, and one must either find a path or cut a way to the shore through the impenetrable thicket. The intensity of the contest for every inch of standing room is shown by the diversity of the forests, for no one tree predominates, and one sees nothing like our own chestnut woods, or oak, or maple, or birch forests. Each tree is different from its neighbors, and big trees are often found in most singular places. It is not unusual to find roots which have penetrated cracks in the roof of a cave, hanging like ropes to the floor, where they penetrate the ground and gather nourishment for the big trunk on the hill-side thirty or forty feet above, while ferns and climbing vines grow inside the caves in dim twilight.

The fight between the plants is so fierce and incessant that no species has much chance, unless it has some specialty, some peculiar adaptation, some distinctive habit of life, some contrivance for distributing its seeds in new places, some poisonous property, or something which sets it apart in a place of its own.

Of all this which gives to tropical vegetation its peculiar interest, the silk

Sweeping Out the Crabs.

cotton-tree is one of the most conspicuous and intelligible illustrations.

Its true home is in dense forests of tall trees, where it holds its own against all its competitors for standing room by the simple expedient of pushing up into the empty air above, to spread out its mighty crown of branches and delicate glossy dark green leaves in the clear sky.

It is like an animal in the definite purpose of its habits, and like an animal, too, in its method of development, for it has a metamorphosis, and it passes through a series of well-marked stages of development on its way to maturity. A young tree is usually only a big tree in miniature, and the element which gives to zoology its greatest interest—the re-

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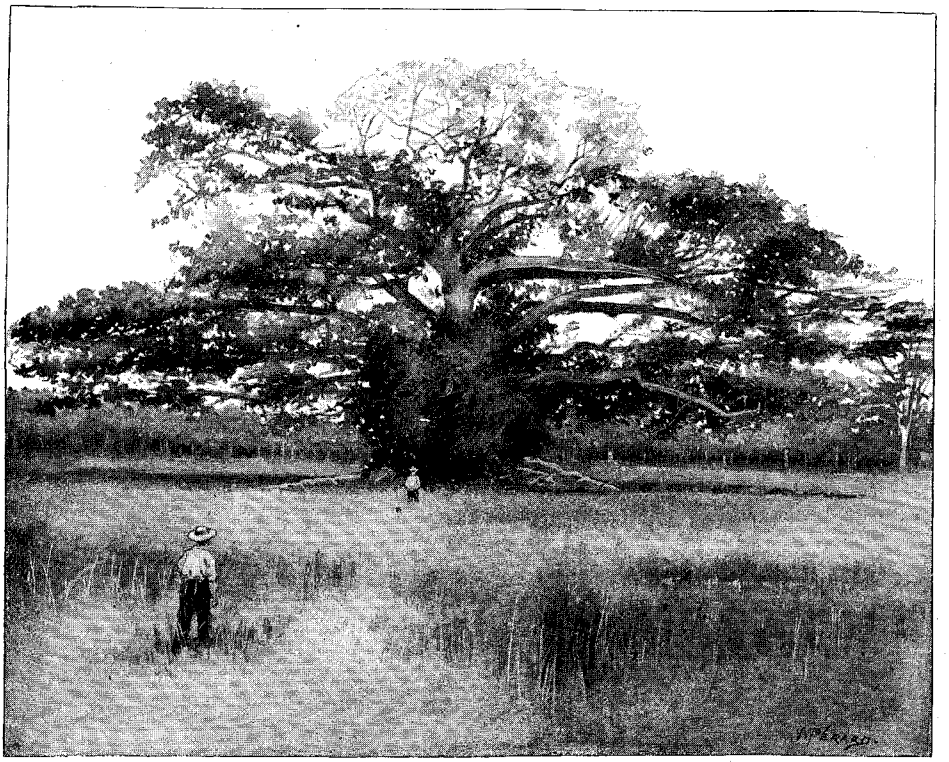
capitulation by the individual animal during its development to maturity of a series of ancestral stages in the evolution of the race—is lacking in the sister science. But the young silk-cotton tree is quite different from the old one, and it passes through a series of stages which may possibly show the way in which its peculiar structure has been gradually acquired.



Silk-cotton Tree in Jamaica—low-branched form.

Its seeds, as light as thistle-down, may float on the wind for hundreds of miles, and when its great pods burst the whole country is whitened. Seedlings are found everywhere, and small trees are abundant and much like ordinary trees in appearance, except that the trunk and branches are covered by a thorny armor of sharp spines. As it grows older these disappear, first from the trunk and later from the branches, after they have served their purpose of protecting the young tree. They seem to be a better defence against animal enemies than against vegetable parasites, and yet the tree does seem to be protected, either by the spines or by some property in its bark, from the mosses and creepers and epiphytic plants which cover the trunks of other trees, for these are seldom found on the trunk of the young silk-cotton, which is beautifully clean and white. When struck it rings like an iron pipe, for while the surface is very dense and hard, the central portion is soft and pulpy: a disposition of the woody substance which secures great strength, while permitting rapid growth. When the tree is some four or five feet in diameter wooden brackets begin to grow out from the trunk into the right angles under the branches, which thus become strongly braced as they begin to spread. At the same time the trunk becomes ventricose near the ground, and soon great buttresses arise in the angles between the trunk and the roots, which run close to the surface of the ground for a very great distance. We found that we

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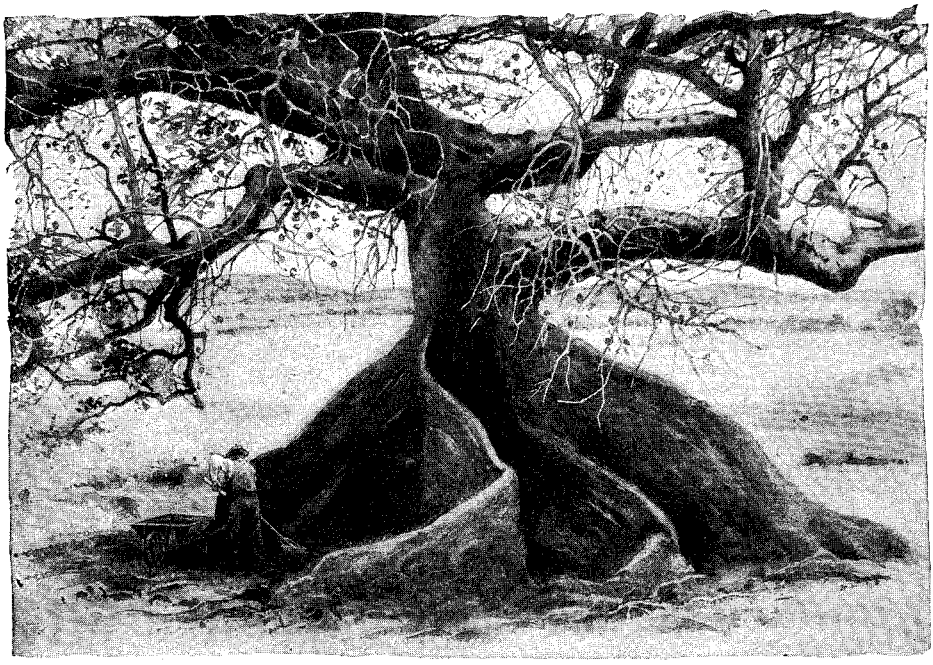
could trace them for two hundred and fifty feet from the trunk of a tree of medium size before they penetrated to the deeper soil.

It is said that the Spanish conquerors stabled their horses between the buttresses, and the author of "Tom Cringle's Log" tells how he was taken as a prisoner to a guard-house with a rude veranda of bamboos and palm-leaves between two of the immense spurs of a mighty cotton-tree that stretched many yards from the parent stem.



Silk-cotton Tree in Bloom.

Above these buttresses the trunk is smooth and cylindrical, and in well-grown specimens is some ten or twelve feet in diameter and eighty or a hundred feet high. The glossy green leaves are deciduous, for it is one of the few tropical trees which have a bare season, but the cycle runs through eighteen months instead of twelve, and it is fixed by conditions of nutrition rather than the change of seasons. Just before it flowers the branches are bare, but after the fruit has set the new leaves burst forth, like the opening buds of our springtime, and nourish the great pods until they have swelled to their full size. Then the leaves fall and the tropical sun beats down upon the pods until they are fully ripe, when they suddenly burst all over the tree and swell into great snowy bundles of cotton.

That these changes are independent of the change of seasons is shown by the fact that one great branch may become established in a cycle of its own, and may be green while the rest of the tree is bare or covered with great yellow flowers.

Specimens vary in shape, and solitary trees in open meadows often branch near the ground, but in a well-grown typical tree the trunk runs straight up, without branches, like a massive cylindrical tower, well above the heads of all ordinary trees or even the tallest palms. At the top it carries a crown of branches stretching out horizontally to an incredible distance. There is always room at the top, and one tree which I measured covered a circle sixty-one yards in diameter, or about half an acre in area.

The silk-cotton is free from the crowding which has caused the upward tendency of the greater branches of all ordinary trees, and although each one of its

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main branches is as big as a good-sized oak, they all run straight out at right angles to the trunk. Their enormous size and weight demand a peculiar arrangement of the material, so they have become soft and light internally, while the surface is tough and firm. Practically they are tubes, like the steel spars of a man-of-war. Even this is not enough, and they rest on brackets where they join the great columnar trunk. The spreading crown is exposed to all the force of the hurricane, and while the trunk may be too strong to snap, it might be uprooted were it not for the mighty spread of its snake-like roots, which run out so far that the diameter of the tree at the surface of the ground is some three or four times its height. No wind can upset such a tree, but with the great leverage of the long trunk it might snap just above the ground if it were not braced and guarded by the great buttresses. Every part of the tree helps to fit it for its peculiar habit, and once established it would seem to be pretty safe, but competition is so fierce that the silk-cotton is seldom able to live out its life and to die of old age. The thorns on the young tree and the smooth surface of the old one afford a good defence against attack from below, and few climbing plants or creepers try to ascend it; but it is vulnerable above, and a host of plants has become adapted for reaching and clinging to its branches. The invisible spores of ferns and the microscopic seeds of orchids float in the air and settle down upon the broad level backs of the branches like dust, and growing and dying there generation after generation build up a thick bed of rich fine soil, which becomes converted into an aërial garden which would drive an orchid-fancier wild with envy and delight a botanist with its rich beauty.

Those familiar with cultivated orchids will be able to form some picture of the top of a silk-cotton tree if they are told that great plants of *Schomburgia* stand in rows along the tops of the branches, sending their grand spikes of blossoms straight up to a height of five or six feet. *Epidendrum fragrans* and *epidendrum cochleatum* also grow on the upper surface, and in such abundance that enough to load a hay-wagon might be forked off from a single tree. Along the sides of the branches hang the long narrow leaves and beautiful green and white flowers of *Brassivola cordata*, while spikes two or three yards long, each one carrying hundreds of the brilliant orange flowers of *Oncidium luridum*, hang pendent below the branches. Top and sides and bottom are covered by a drapery of ferns in endless variety, and as seeds are carried by the birds great thickets of bromeliads and climbing arums spring up, and ropes of *Cereus triangularis* hang like great cables in loops covered with magnificent white blossoms.

Beautiful and interesting as it is, no one except a naturalist would care to explore the top of a silk-cotton tree, for it swarms with ants, and wasps, and spiders, and scorpions, and biting and stinging things innumerable; but a party of botanists and zoologists might live and work there, and find abundant supplies for their laboratory without leaving the tree-top.

We found in Jamaica one little animal so interesting that it deserves a word or two to point out its position in a long chain of adaptations.

The silk-cotton tree has become adapted for a life in the clear sky above the forest. The wild pineapple has become adapted for life on its branches, and it has learned to store up in the axils of its trough-shaped leaves all the rain it can catch, and to hold it in store for the dry season. This water is a happy hunting-ground for naturalists, and in it, with many other interesting things, we found a remarkable tree-frog, with a most wonderful adaptation for life in the sky far from ponds or ditches. The presence of a tree-frog on the tree-top is a matter of course, but this one lays its eggs in the water of the wild pines, and instead of hatching into tadpoles, after the manner of frogs, they hatch into little frogs. While in the egg they have a tadpole's tail, but as this is no longer needed for swimming it has been put to a new use as an embryonic breathing organ.

We also found in the wild pines a little crab, which in course of ages has wandered up from the ocean to this strange new home.

Sooner or later an evil fate comes to

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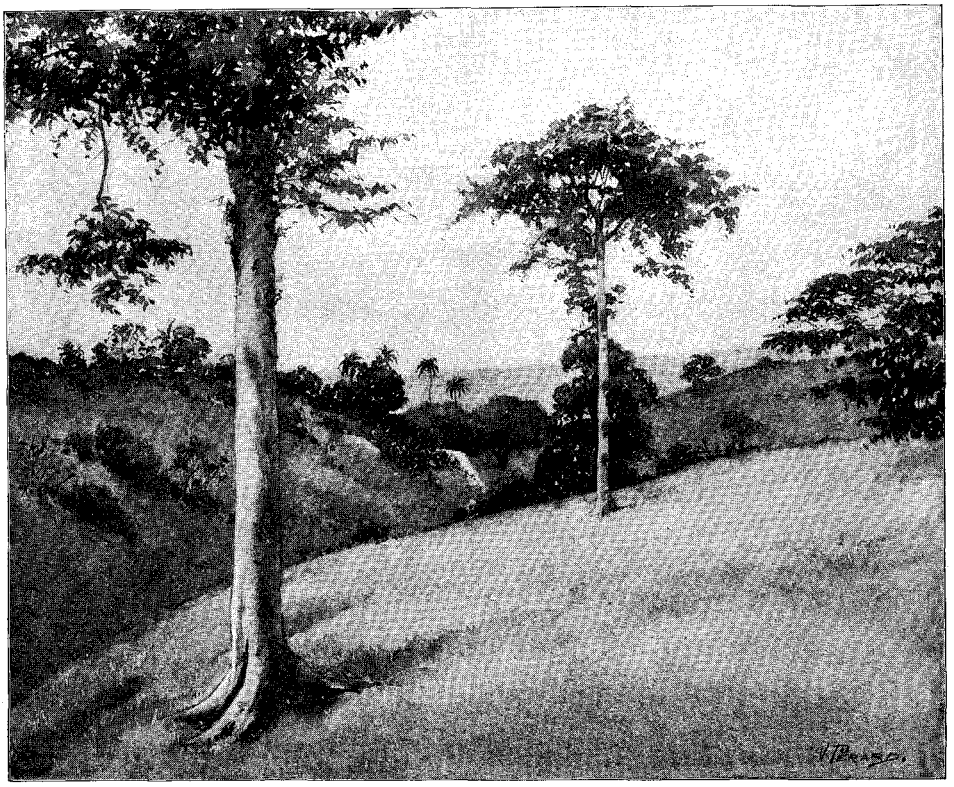

Silk-cotton Tree—tall form.

the silk-cotton tree in the shape of some ungrateful bird, which carries up a wild fig to eat among its hospitable branches and carelessly lets fall a seed or two. A little fig-seed seems a small matter to such a mighty tree, but it is the beginning of the end, and it finally lays in ruins the giant which has withstood the hurricanes for centuries.

The history of the parasitic fig-tree is another striking example of the lively and interesting character of the habits of tropical plants, for it is as obviously adapted as any animal for making its place in the world.

After it has grown for a while in the soil on the branch it drops a root which goes straight down, like a fish-line, perhaps for a hundred feet or more, until it strikes the ground, and gathers strength for another effort. Soon a tangle of roots of all sizes hangs like a net around the trunk, and as these grow they twine and twist until the tree is firmly locked in a knotted coil, from which there is no escape. It is as helpless as a rabbit in the folds of an anaconda, and it is slowly but surely strangled and killed. At last its top is snapped off from the rotting trunk and falls in a shapeless ugly ruin, while a great fig-tree grows where the silk-cotton tree had stood.

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THE COPPERHEAD.

By Harold Frederic.

I.

IT was on the night of my thirteenth birthday, I know, that the old farm-house was burned over our heads. By that reckoning I must have been six or seven when I went to live with Farmer Beech, because at the time he testified I had been with him half my life.

Abner Beech had often been supervisor for his town, and could have gone to the Assembly, it was said, had he chosen. He was a stalwart, thick-shouldered, big man, with shaggy dark eyebrows shading stern hazel eyes, and with a long, straight nose, and a broad, firmly shut mouth. His expansive upper lip was blue from many years of shaving; all the rest was bushing beard, mounting high upon the cheeks and rolling downward in iron-gray billows over his breast. That shaven upper lip, which still may be found among the farmers of the old blood in our district was, I dare say, a survival from the time of the Puritan protest against the mustaches of the Cavaliers. If Abner Beech, in the latter days, had been told that this shaving on Wednesday and Saturday nights was a New England rite, I feel sure he would never have touched razor again.

He was a well-to-do man in the earlier time—a tremendous worker, a "good provider," a citizen of weight and substance in the community. In all large matters the neighborhood looked to him to take the lead. He was the first farmer roundabout to set a mowing-machine to work in his meadows, and to put up lightning-rods on his buildings. At one period he was, too, the chief pillar in the church, but that was before the episode of the lightning-rods. Our little Union meeting-house was supplied in those days by an irregular procession of itinerant preachers, who came when the spirit moved and spoke with that entire frankness which is induced by knowledge that the night is to be spent somewhere else. One of these strolling ministers regarded all attempts to protect property from lightning as an insolent defiance of the Divine Will, and said so very pointedly in the pulpit, and the congregation sat still and listened and grinned. Farmer Beech never forgave them.

There came in good time other causes for ill-feeling. It is beyond the power of my memory to pick out and arrange in proper sequence the events which, in the final result, separated Abner Beech from his fellows. My own recollections go with distinctness back to the reception of the news that Virginia had hanged John Brown; in a vaguer way they cover the two or three preceding years. Very likely Farmer Beech had begun to fall out of touch with his neighbors even before that.

The circumstances of my adoption into his household—an orphan without

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relations or other friends—were not of the sort to serve this narrative. I was taken in to be raised as a farm-hand, and was no more expected to be grateful than as if I had been a young steer purchased to toil in the yoke. No suggestion was ever made that I had incurred any debt of obligation to the Beeches. In a little community where everyone worked as a matter of course till there was no more work to do, and all shared alike the simple food, the tired, heavy sleep, and the infrequent spells of recreation, no one talked or thought of benefits conferred or received. My rights in the house and about the place were neither less nor more than those of Jeff Beech, the farmer's only son.

In the course of time I came, indeed, to be a more sympathetic unit in the household, so to speak, than poor Jeff himself. But that was only because he had been drawn off after strange gods.

At all times—even when nothing else good was said of him—Abner Beech was spoken of by the people of the district as a "great hand for reading." His pre-eminence in this matter remained unquestioned to the end. No other farmer for miles owned half the number of books which he had on the shelves above his writing-desk. Still less was there anyone roundabout who could for a moment stand up with him in a discussion involving book-learning in general. This at first secured for him the respect of the whole countryside, and men were proud to be agreed with by such a scholar. But when affairs changed, this, oddly enough, became a formidable popular grievance against Abner Beech. They said then that his opinions were worthless because he got them from printed books, instead of from his heart.

What these opinions were may in some measure be guessed from the titles of the farmer's books. Perhaps there were some thirty of them behind the glass doors of the old mahogany bookcase. With one or two agricultural or veterinary exceptions, they related exclusively to American history and politics. There were, I recall, the first two volumes of Bancroft, and Lossing's "Lives of the Signers," and "Field-Books" of the two wars with England; Thomas H. Benton's "Thirty Years' View;" the four green-black volumes of Hammond's "Political History of the State of New York;" campaign lives of Lewis Cass and Franklin Pierce, and larger biographies of Jefferson and Jackson, and, most imposing of all, a whole long row of big calf-bound volumes of the *Congressional Globe*, which carried the minutiæ of politics at Washington back into the forties.

These books constituted the entire literary side of my boyish education. I have only the faintest and haziest recollections of what happened when I went during the winter months to the school-house at the Four Corners. But I can recall the very form of the type in the farmer's books. Every one of those quaint, austere, and beardless faces, framed in high collars and stocks and waving hair—the Marcys, Calhouns, DeWitt Clintons, and Silas Wrights of the daguerreotype and Sartain's primitive graver—gives back to me now the lineaments of an old-time friend.

Whenever I could with decency escape from playing checkers with Jeff, and had no harness to grease or other indoor jobs, I spent the winter evenings in poring over some one of these books—generally with Abner Beech at the opposite side of the table immersed in another. On some rare occasion one of the hired men would take down a volume and look through it—the farmer watching him covertly the while to see that he did not wet his big thumbs to turn over the leaves—but for the most part we two had the books to ourselves. The others would sit about till bedtime, amusing themselves as best they could, the women-folk knitting or mending, the men cracking butternuts, or dallying with cider and apples and fried-cakes, as they talked over the work and gossip of the district and tempted the scorching impulses of the stove-hearth with their stockinged feet.

This tacit separation of the farmer and myself from the rest of the household in the course of time begat confidences between us. He grew, from brief and casual beginnings, into a habit of speaking to me about the things we read. As it became apparent, year by

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year, that young Jeff was never going to read anything at all, Abner Beech more and more distinguished me with conversational favor. It cannot be said that the favoritism showed itself in other directions. I had to work as hard as ever, and got no more play-time than before. The master's eye was everywhere as keen, alert, and unsparing as if I had not known even my alphabet. But when there were breathing spells, we talked together—or rather he talked and I listened—as if we were folk quite apart from the rest.

Two fixed ideas thus arose in my boyish mind, and dominated all my little notions of the world. One was that Alexander Hamilton and John Marshall were among the most infamous characters in history. The other was that every true American ought to hold himself in daily readiness to fight with England. I gave a great deal of thought to both these matters. I had early convictions, too, I remember, with regard to Daniel Webster, who had been very bad, and then all at once became a very good man. For some obscure reason I always connected him in my imagination with Zaccheus up a tree, and clung to the queer association of images long after I learned that the Marshfield statesman had been physically a large man.

Gradually the old blood-feud with the Britisher became obscured by fresher antagonisms, and there sprouted up a crop of new sons of Belial who deserved to be hated more even than had Hamilton and Marshall. With me the two stages of indignation glided into one another so imperceptibly that I can now hardly distinguish between them. What I do recall is that the farmer came in time to neglect the hereditary enemy, England, and to seem to have quite forgotten our own historic foes to liberty, so enraged was he over the modern Abolitionists. He told me about them as we paced up the seed rows together in the spring, as we drove homeward on the hay-load in the cool of the summer evening, as we shovelled out a path for the women to the pumps in the farm-yard through December snows. It took me a long time to even approximately grasp the wickedness of these new men, who desired to establish negro sovereignty in the Republic, and to compel each white girl to marry a black man.

The fact that I had never seen any negro "close to," and had indeed only caught passing glimpses of one or more of the colored race on the streets of our nearest big town, added, no doubt, to the mystified alarm with which I contemplated these monstrous proposals. When finally an old darky on his travels did stroll our way, and I beheld him, incredibly ragged, dirty, and light-hearted, shuffling through "Jump Jim Crow" down at the Four Corners, for the ribald delectation of the village loafers, the revelation fairly made me shudder. I marvelled that the others could laugh, with this unspeakable fate hanging over their silly heads.

At first the Abolitionists were to me a remote and intangible class, who lived and wrought their evil deeds in distant places—chiefly New England way. I rarely heard mention of any names of persons among them. They seemed to be an impersonal mass, like a herd of buffaloes or a swarm of hornets. The first individuality in their ranks which attracted my attention, I remember, was that of Theodore Parker. The farmer one day brought home with him from town a pamphlet composed of anti-slavery sermons or addresses by this person. In the evening he read it, or as far into it as his temper would permit, beating the table with his huge fist from time to time, and snorting with wrathful amazement. At last he sprang to his feet, marched over to the wood-stove, kicked the door open with his boot, and thrust the offending print into the blaze. It is vivid in my memory still—the way the red flame-light flared over his big burly front, and sparkled on his beard, and made his face to shine like that of Moses.

But soon I learned that there were Abolitionists everywhere — Abolitionists right here in our own little farmland township of northern New York! The impression which this discovery made upon me was not unlike that produced on Robinson Crusoe by the immortal footprint. I could think of nothing else. Great events, which really cov-

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ered a space of years, came and went as in a bunch together, while I was still pondering upon this. John Brown was hanged, Lincoln was elected, Sumter was fired on, the first regiment was raised and despatched from our rustic end of Dearborn County—and all the time it seems now as if my mind was concentrated upon the amazing fact that some of our neighbors were Abolitionists.

There was a certain dreamlike trickiness of transformation in it all. At first there was only one Abolitionist, old "Jee" Hagadorn. Then, somehow, there came to be a number of them—and then, all at once, lo! everybody was an Abolitionist—that is to say, everybody but Abner Beech. The more general and enthusiastic the conversion of the others became, the more resolutely and doggedly he dug his heels into the ground, and braced his broad shoulders, and pulled in the opposite direction. The skies darkened, the wind rose, the storm of angry popular feeling burst swooping over the country-side, but Beech only stiffened his back and never budged an inch.

At some early stage of this great change, we ceased going to church at all. The pulpit of our rustic meeting-house had become a platform from which the farmer found himself denounced with hopeless regularity on every recurring Sabbath, and that, too, without any chance whatever of talking back. This in itself was hardly to be borne. But when others, mere laymen of the church, took up the theme, and began in class-meetings and the Sunday-school to talk about Antichrist and the Beast with Ten Horns and Seven Heads, in obvious connection with Southern sympathizers, it became frankly insufferable. The farmer did not give in without a fierce resistance. He collected all the texts he could find in the Bible, such as "Servants obey your masters," "Cursed be Canaan," and the like, and hurled them vehemently, with strong, deep voice, and sternly glowing eyes, full at their heads. But the others had many more texts—we learned afterwards that old "Jee" Hagadorn enjoyed the unfair advantage of a Cruden's Concordance—and their tongues were as forty to one, so we left off going to church altogether.

Not long after this, I should think, came the miserable affair of the cheese-factory.

The idea of doing all the dairy work of a neighborhood under a common roof, which originated not many miles from us, was now nearly ten years old. In those days it was regarded as having in it possibilities of vastly greater things than mere cheese-making. Its success among us had stirred up in men's minds big sanguine notions of co-operation as the answer to all American farm problems—as the gateway through which we were to march into the rural millennium. These high hopes one recalls now with a smile and a sigh. Farmers' wives continued to break down and die under the strain, or to be drafted off to the lunatic asylums; the farmers kept on hanging themselves in their barns, or flying westward before the locust-like cloud of mortgages; the boys and girls turned their steps townward in an ever-increasing host. The millennium never came at all.

But at that time—in the late fifties and early sixties—the cheese-factory was the centre of an impressive constellation of dreams and roseate promises. Its managers were the very elect of the district; their disfavor was more to be dreaded than any condemnation of a town-meeting; their chief officers were even more important personages than the supervisor and assessor.

Abner Beech had literally been the founder of our cheese-factory. I fancy he gave the very land on which it was built, and where you will see it still, under the willows by the upper-creek bridge. He sent to it in those days the milk of the biggest herd owned by any farmer for miles around, reaching at seasons nearly one hundred cows. His voice, too, outweighed all others in its co-operative councils.

But when our church-going community had reached the conclusion that a man couldn't be a Christian and hold such views on the slave question as Beech held, it was only a very short step to the conviction that such a man would water his milk. In some parts of the world the theft of a horse is the

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most heinous of conceivable crimes; other sections exalt to this pinnacle of sacredness in property a sheep or a pheasant or a woman. Among our dairymen the thing of special sanctity was milk. A man in our neighborhood might almost better be accused of forgery or bigamy outright, than to fall under the dreadful suspicion of putting water into his cans.

Whether it was mere stupid prejudice or malignant invention I know not—who started the story was never to be learned—but of a sudden everybody seemed to have heard that Abner Beech's milk had been refused at the cheese-factory. This was not true, any more than it was true that there could possibly have been warrant for such a proceeding. But what did happen was that the cheese-maker took elaborate pains each morning to test our cans with such primitive appliances as preceded the lactometer, and sniffed suspiciously as he entered our figures in a separate book, and behaved generally so that our hired man knocked him head over heels into one of his whey vats. Then the managers complained to the farmer. He went down to meet them, boiling over with rage. There was an evil spirit in the air, and bitter words were exchanged. The outcome was that Abner Beech renounced the co-operative curds of his earlier manhood, so to speak, sold part of his cattle at a heavy loss, and began making butter at home with the milk of the remainder.

Then we became pariahs in good earnest.

II.

The farmer came in from the fields somewhat earlier than usual on this August afternoon. He walked, I remember, with a heavy step and bowed head, and, when he had come into the shade on the porch and taken off his hat, looked about him with a wearied air. The great heat, with its motionless atmosphere and sultry closeness, had well-nigh wilted everybody. But one could see that Abner was suffering more than the rest, and from something beyond the enervation of dog-days.

He sank weightily into the arm-chair by the desk, and stretched out his legs with a querulous note in his accustomed grunt of relief. On the moment Mrs. Beech came in from the kitchen, with the big china wash-bowl filled with cold water, and the towel and clean socks over her arm, and knelt before her husband. She proceeded to pull off his big, dust-baked boots and the woollen foot-gear, put his feet into the bowl, bathe and dry them, and draw on the fresh covering, all without a word.

The ceremony was one I had watched many hundreds of times. Mrs. Beech was a tall, dark, silent woman, whom I could well believe to have been handsome in her youth. She belonged to one of the old Mohawk-Dutch families, and when some of her sisters came to visit at the farm I noted that they too were all dusky as squaws, with jet-black shiny curls and eyes like the midnight hawk. I used always to be afraid of them on this account, but I dare say they were in reality most kindly women. Mrs. Beech herself represented to my boyish eyes the ideal of a saturnine and masterful queen. She performed great quantities of work with no apparent effort—as if she had merely willed it to be done. Her household was governed with a cold impassive exactitude; there were never any hitches, or even high words. The hired-girls, of course, called her "M'rye," as the rest of us mostly did, but they rarely carried familiarity further, and as a rule respected her dislike for much talk. During all the years I spent under her roof I was never clear in my mind as to whether she liked me or not. Her own son, even, passed his boyhood in much the same state of dubiety.

But to her husband, Abner Beech, she was always most affectionately docile and humble. Her snapping black eyes followed him about and rested on him with an almost canine fidelity of liking. She spoke to him habitually in a voice quite different from that which others heard addressed to them. This, indeed, was measurably true of us all. By instinct the whole household deferred in tone and manner to our big, bearded chief, as if he were an Arab sheik ruling over us in a tent on the desert.

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The word "patriarch" still seems best to describe him, and his attitude toward us and the world in general, as I recall him sitting there in the half-darkened living-room, with his wife bending over his feet in true Oriental submission.

"Do you know where Jeff is?" the farmer suddenly asked, without turning his head to where I sat braiding a whip-lash, but indicating by the volume of voice that his query was put to me.

"He went off about two o'clock," I replied, "with his fish-pole. They say they are biting like everything down in the creek."

"Well, you keep to work and they won't bite you," said Abner Beech. This was a very old joke with him, and usually the opportunity of using it once more tended to lighten his mood. Now, though mere force of habit led him to repeat the pleasantry, he had no pleasure in it. He sat with his head bent, and his huge hairy hands spread listlessly on the chair-arms.

Mrs. Beech finished her task, and rose, lifting the bowl from the floor. She paused, and looked wistfully into her husband's face.

"You ain't a bit well, Abner!" she said.

"Well as I'm likely ever to be again," he made answer, gloomily.

"Has any more of 'em been sayin' or doin' anything?" the wife asked, with diffident hesitation.

The farmer spoke with more animation. "D'ye suppose I care a picayune what *they* say or do?" he demanded. "Not I! But when a man's own kith and kin turn agin him, into the bargain—" he left the sentence unfinished, and shook his head to indicate the impossibility of such a situation.

"Has Jeff—then—" Mrs. Beech began to ask.

"Yes—Jeff!" thundered the farmer, striking his fist on the arm of the chair. "Yes—by the Eternal!—Jeff!"

When Abner Beech swore by the Eternal we knew that things were pretty bad. His wife put the bowl down on a chair, and seated herself in another. "What's Jeff been doin'?" she asked.

"Why, where d'ye suppose he was last night, 'n' the night before that? Where d'ye suppose he is this minute? They ain't no mistake about it, Lee Watkins saw 'em with his own eyes, and ta'nted me with it. He's down by the red bridge—that's where he is—hangin' round that Hagadorn gal!"

Mrs. Beech looked properly aghast at the intelligence. Even to me it was apparent that the unhappy Jeff might better have been employed in committing any other crime under the sun. It was only to be expected that his mother would be horrified.

"I never could abide that Lee Watkins," was what she said.

The farmer did not comment on the relevancy of this. "Yes," he went on, "the daughter of mine enemy, the child of that whining, backbiting old scoundrel who's been eating his way into me like a deer-tick for years—the whelp that I owe every mean and miserable thing that's ever happened to me—yes, of all living human creatures, by the Eternal! it's *his* daughter that that blamed fool of a Jeff must take a shine to, and hang around after!"

"He'll come of age the fourteenth of next month," remarked the mother, tentatively.

"Yes—and march up and vote the Woolly-head ticket. I suppose that's what'll come next!" said the farmer, bitterly. "It only needed that!"

"And it was you who got her the job of teachin' the school, too," put in Mrs. Beech.

"That's nothing to do with it," Abner continued. "I ain't blamin' her—that is, on her own account. She's a good enough gal so far's I know. But everything and everybody under that tumble-down Hagadorn roof ought to be pizen to any son of mine! *That's* what I say! And I tell you this, mother"—the farmer rose, and spread his broad chest, towering over the seated woman as he spoke—"I tell you this; if he ain't got pride enough to keep him away from that house—away from that gal—then he can keep away from *this* house—away from me!"

The wife looked up at him mutely, then bowed her head in tacit consent.

"He brings it on himself!" Abner cried, with clenched fists, beginning to

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pace up and down the room. "Who's the one man I've reason to curse with my dying breath? Who began the infernal Abolition cackle here? Who drove me out of the church? Who started that outrageous lie about the milk at the factory, and chased me out of that, too? Who's been a layin' for years behind every stump and every bush, waitin' for the chance to stab me in the back, an' ruin my business, an' set my neighbors agin me, an' land me an' mine in the poorhouse or the lock-up? You know as well as I do—'Jee' Hagadorn! If I'd wrung his scrawny little neck for him the first time I ever laid eyes on him, it 'd 'a' been money in my pocket and years added onto my life. And then my son—*my* son! must go taggin' around—oh-h!"

He ended with an inarticulate growl of impatience and wrath.

"Mebbe, if you spoke to the boy—" Mrs. Beech began.

"Yes, I'll speak to him!" the farmer burst forth, with grim emphasis. "I'll speak to him so't he'll hear!" He turned abruptly to me. "Here, boy," he said, "you go down the creek-road an' look for Jeff. If he ain't loafin' round the school-house he'll be in the neighborhood of Hagadorn's. You tell him I say for him to get back here as quick as he can. You needn't tell him what it's about. Pick up your feet, now!"

As luck would have it, I had scarcely got out to the road before I heard the loose-spoked wheels of the local butcher's wagon rattling behind me down the hill. Looking round, I saw through the accompanying puffs of dust that young "Ni" Hagadorn was driving, and that he was alone. I stopped and waited for him to come up, questioning my mind whether it would be fair to beg a lift from him, when the purpose of my journey was so hostile to his family. Even after he had halted, and I had climbed up to the seat beside him, this consciousness of treachery disturbed me.

But no one thought long of being serious with "Ni." He was along in the teens somewhere, not large for his years but extremely wiry and muscular, and the funniest boy any of us ever knew of. How the son of such a sad-faced, gloomy, old licensed exhorter as "Jee" Hagadorn could be such a running spring of jokes and odd sayings and general deviltry as "Ni," passed all our understandings. His very face made you laugh, with its wilderness of freckles, its snub nose, and the comical curl to its mouth. He must have been a profitable investment to the butcher who hired him to drive about the country. The farmers' wives all came out to laugh and chat with him, and under the influence of his good spirits they went on buying the toughest steaks and bull-beef flanks, at more than city prices, year after year. But anybody who thought "Ni" was soft because he was full of fun made a great mistake.

"I see you ain't doin' much ditchin' this year," "Ni" remarked, glancing over our fields as he started up the horse. "I should think you'd be tickled to death."

Well, in one sense I was glad. There used to be no other such back-aching work in all the year as that picking up of stones to fill into the trenches which the hired men began digging as soon as the hay and grain were in. But on the other hand, I knew that the present idleness meant—as everything else now seemed to mean—that the Beech farm was going to the dogs.

"No," I made rueful answer. "Our land don't need drainin' any more. It's dry as a powder-horn now."

Ni clucked knowingly at the old horse. "Guess it's Abner that can't stand much more drainin'," he said. "They say he's looking all round for a mortgage, and can't raise one."

"No such thing!" I replied. "His health's poorly this summer, that's all. And Jeff—he don't seem to take hold, somehow, like he used to."

My companion laughed outright. "Mustn't call him Jeff any more," he remarked, with a grin. "He was telling us down at the house that he was going to have people call him Tom after this. He can't stand answerin' to the same name as Jeff Davis," he says.

"I suppose you folks put him up to that," I made bold to comment, indignantly.

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The suggestion did not annoy "Ni." "Mebbe so," he said. "You know Dad lots a good deal on names. He's downright mortified that I don't get up and kill people because my name's Benaiah. 'Why,' he keeps on saying to me, 'Here you are, Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, as it was in Holy Writ, and instid of preparin' to make ready to go out and fall on the enemies of righteousness, like your namesake did, all you do is read dime novels and cut up monkey-shines generally, for all the world as if you'd been named Pete or Steve or William Henry.' That's what he gives me pretty nearly every day."

I was familiar enough with the quaint mysticism which the old Abolitionist cooper wove around the Scriptural names of himself and his son. We understood that these two appellations had alternated among his ancestors as well, and I had often heard him read from Samuel and Kings and Chronicles about them, his stiff red hair standing upright, and the blue veins swelling on his narrow temples with proud excitement. But that, of course, was in the old days, before the trouble came, and when I still went to church. To hear it all now again seemed to give me a novel impression of wild fanaticism in "Jee" Hagadorn.

His son was chuckling on his seat over something he had just remembered. "Last time," he began, gurgling with laughter—"last time he went for me because I wasn't measurin' up to his idee of what a Benaiah ought to be like, I up an' said to him, 'Look a-here now, people who live in glass houses mustn't heave rocks. If I'm Benaiah, you're Jehoiada. Well, it says in the Bible that Jehoiada made a covenant. Do you make cove-nants? Not a bit of it! all you make is butter firkins, with now an' then an odd pork barrel."

"What did he say to that?" I asked, as my companion's merriment abated.

"Well, I come away just then; I seemed to have business outside," replied "Ni," still grinning.

We had reached the Corners now, and my companion obligingly drew up to let me get down. He called out some merry quip or other as he drove off, framed in a haze of golden dust against the sinking sun, and I stood looking after him with the pleasantest thoughts my mind had known for days. It was almost a shock to remember that he was one of the abhorrent and hated Hagadorns.

And his sister, too. It was not at all easy to keep one's loathing up to the proper pitch where so nice a girl as Esther Hagadorn was its object. She was years and years my senior—she was even older than "Ni"—and had been my teacher for the past two winters. She had never spoken to me save across that yawning gulf which separates little barefooted urchins from tall young women, with long dresses and their hair done up in a net, and I could hardly be said to know her at all. Yet now, perversely enough, I could think of nothing but her manifest superiority to all the farm-girls round about. She had been to a school in some remote city, where she had relations. Her hands were fabulously white, and even on the hottest of days her dresses rustled pleasantly with starched primness. People talked about her singing at church as something remarkable; to my mind, the real music was when she just spoke to you, even if it was no more than "Good-morning, Jimmy!"

I clambered up on the window-sill of the school-house, to make sure there was no one inside, and then set off down the creek-road toward the red or lower bridge. Milking-time was about over, and one or two teams passed me on the way to the cheese-factory, the handles of the cans rattling as they went, and the low sun throwing huge shadows of drivers and horses sprawling eastward over the stubble-field. I cut across lots to avoid the cheese-factory itself, with some vague feeling that it was not a fitting spectacle for anyone who lived on the Beech farm.

A few moments brought me to the bank of the wandering stream below the factory, but so near that I could hear the creaking of the chain drawing up the cans over the tackle, or as we called it, the "teekle." The willows under which I walked stretched without a break from the clump by the factory bridge. And now, lo and behold! be-

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neath still other of these willows, farther down the stream, whom should I see strolling together but my schoolteacher and the delinquent Jeff!

Young Beech bore still the fish-pole I had seen him take from our shed some hours earlier, but the line twisted round it was very white and dry. He was extremely close to the girl, and kept his head bent down over her as they sauntered along the meadow-path. They seemed not to be talking, but just idly drifting forward like the deep slow water beside them. I had never realized before how tall Jeff was. Though the school-ma'am always seemed to me of an exceeding stature, here was Jeff rounding his shoulders and inclining his neck in order to look under her broad-brimmed Leghorn hat.

There could be no imaginable excuse for my not overtaking them. Instinct prompted me to start up a whistling tune as I advanced—a casual and indolently unobtrusive tune—at sound of which Jeff straightened himself, and gave his companion a little more room on the path. In a moment or two he stopped, and looked intently over the bank into the water, as if he hoped it might turn out to be a likely place for fish. And the school ma'am, too, after a few aimless steps, halted to help him look.

"Abner wants you to come right straight home!" was the form in which my message delivered itself when I had come close up to them.

They both shifted their gaze from the sluggish stream below to me upon the instant. Then Esther Hagadorn looked away, but Jeff—good, big, honest Jeff, who had been like a fond elder brother to me since I could remember—knitted his brows and regarded me with something like a scowl.

"Did pa send you to say that?" he demanded, holding my eye with a glance of such stern inquiry that I could only nod my head in confusion.

"An' he knew that you'd find me here, did he?"

"He said either at the school-house or around here somewhere," I admitted, weakly.

"An' there ain't nothin' the matter at the farm? He don't want me for nothin' special?" pursued Jeff, still looking me through and through.

"He didn't say," I made hesitating answer, but for the life of me, I could not keep from throwing a tell-tale look in the direction of his companion in the blue gingham dress.

A wink could not have told Jeff more. He gave a little bitter laugh, and stared above my head at the willow-plumes for a minute's meditation. Then he tossed his fish-pole over to me and laughed again.

"Keep that for yourself, if you want it," he said, in a voice not quite his own, but robustly enough. "I sha'n't need it any more. Tell pa I ain't a-comin'!"

"Oh, Tom!" Esther broke in, anxiously, "would you do that?"

He held up his hand with a quiet, masterful gesture, as if she were the pupil and he the teacher, "Tell him," he went on, the tone falling now strong and true, "tell him and ma that I'm goin' to Tecumseh to-night to enlist. If they're willin' to say good-by, they can let me know there, and I'll manage to slip back for the day. If they ain't willin'—why, they—they needn't send word; that's all."

Esther had come up to him, and held his arm now in hers.

"You're wrong to leave them like that!" she pleaded, earnestly, but Jeff shook his head.

"You don't know him!" was all he said.

In another minute I had shaken hands with Jeff, and had started on my homeward way, with his parting "Good-by, youngster!" benumbing my ears. When, after a while, I turned to look back, they were still standing where I had left them, gazing over the bank into the water.

Then, as I trudged onward once more, I began to quake at the thought of how Farmer Beech would take the news.

(To be continued.)

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THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM.

By Oscar Craig.

POVERTY and pauperism are words which should not be used as equivalents, or even as synonyms. The terms stand for things or thoughts which in some respects are antitheses. An individual may be both a poor person and a pauper; but the majority of the poor, when not demoralized by unwise interference or neglect, are neither purposely nor actually in the attitude of pauperism, which is that of dependence on public or private charity in the form of either indoor or out-relief; while a large minority, if not a major part, of paupers misrepresent or suppress either infrequently their accumulations of property, or more often their ability to work, which is their capital, and so pass as poor persons only by their false pretences or concealments.

Another distinction must be made. The productive classes should not be identified with even "the poor." The worker who toils continuously and effectually, such as the parish priest or minister of the gospel or teacher in the rural district, the farmer, the artisan, or the humble laborer, may be in destitute circumstances, or in distress of desire to supply the higher wants of his family with the small means at his command; but such workers make the world rich in spiritual worth and material wealth, and accumulate the potential forces, moral and physical, which, being liberated from time to time, lead to the progress of the world. They are, in such points, differentiated from the simply indigent or worthy poor, who, though patient, enduring suffering uncomplainingly, striving to avoid the dependence of pauperism, and if defeated renewing the struggle for an honest living, are handicapped in the race by some incumbrance or inefficiency, proceeding from incomplete correspondence with their environment, or imperfect organism, or defective energy or vitality; and who (while deserving the favors of the strong to "help them to help themselves," and perhaps more the favorites of heaven than many who succeed better in the struggle for existence on earth) are nevertheless not energetic factors in industrial activities or in the performance of duties to society.

A distinct set remains to be mentioned, viz.: the opulent who are not rich by the results of their own industry for the moral or material ends of society, and who, neglecting their social obligations, suffer atrophy of virile and moral powers, and, like paupers, live on the world's surplus without adding to it or giving any fair equivalent for their maintenance.

These four categories may thus be arranged in two divisions: first, *the poor* and *working classes*, both of which are entitled to our respect for different sorts of praiseworthy qualities; and, second—*the idle rich* and *the pauper*, neither of which is worthy of our praise. Eliminating from consideration the affluent who lead useless lives, as of no account, we have the remaining unprofitable class of the second division contrasted with the two estimable classes of the first division.

Observing these distinctions, it is obvious that any principle or policy which leads toward the prevention of pauperism, conduces *pro tanto* to the protection of both the poor and the producing classes. To defend the workers, as members of the social organism most entitled to honor, is to shield them from unjust taxes levied to support persons who are able but unwilling to work, or to maintain in comfort and comparative luxury, to a degree relatively higher than the average families of tax-payers can enjoy, even those who are willing but unable to work. To preserve the poor from injury is to guard not merely their physical welfare but also their moral well-being, and to ward off the forces that break down their manhood and thus tend to disintegrate society.

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To *prevent pauperism* is to go before the processes which lead to it, and to anticipate the causes which, if not counteracted, tend by successive steps to make the productive and independent worker lapse into indigence, and the indigent to descend into dependence. Preventive measures are therefore better than any and all means that are merely repressive or remedial.

The work of prevention is so imperfect in most communities, while the processes for the propagation of pauperism are so successful in many countries of Europe, that there is imposed on public authorities in the United States, the duty of exclusion or expulsion of all emigrants who may be infected with this vice or disease. This proscriptive duty devolves on charity administration in the State of New York more than elsewhere in America, for the reason that its territory includes the principal port of entry, and therefore naturally retains the worst elements, while most of the able-bodied and the right-minded pass into the interior States, where they become worthy and valuable citizens of the Republic.

It may be suggested that the return of such immigrants, who have effected a landing by eluding the agencies of the Federal Government, does not go to the true end of the prevention of this disease, or even its reduction or relief in the world at large. But this view is not so broad as at first sight it seems to be, in subordinating patriotism to philanthropy; and is not so comprehensive as that which justifies the necessary means for the preservation of the social organisms and life of America, with their potential advantages and benefits to the whole world. *There is no room for doubt that immigration, if unrestricted, would soon change from what now is mostly good, to that which would be mainly bad, if not in actual ratio of numbers, at least in real proportion of power.*

It is difficult for Americans, in their magnanimity, to realize or fully believe, however realistic may be the story, that government and other agencies in Europe have deliberately and successfully conducted their diseased, filthy, vicious, and criminal dregs of society, by ocean steamers as sewers, into cesspools made of the ports and towns of the United States. But such is the fact established by evidence convincing and cumulative. The State Board of Charities of New York has promoted federal legislation for the correction of these evils, and State legislation for the return of alien paupers who may escape the national authorities, and of other unsettled paupers, to their homes in other States and foreign countries. The work of executing these State laws having been committed to this Board, its reports to the Legislature show that its enforcement of these legal remedies, by humane methods, has relieved the financial resources of New York from the useless expenditure of over twenty-five millions of dollars for maintenance, and has secured its social and moral economies from great disorders and disturbances, and has saved the life of its people from much contagion of vice and disease. The State Boards of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are credited with similar efforts and results.

The public system of out-relief, as organized and administered in many places, is a prolific propagator of pauperism. Until our departments and bureaus of local, as well as State and national, governments shall be regulated by a reformed civil service divorced from partisan politics, the dispensation of alms in money or food or other things, by public officials, to recipients in their homes, will continue to be a source of corruption. The taint affects the body politic directly, as does all venality in public life. The fraud upon the service is, however, of no account, in comparison with the wrong done in converting whole families and circles of people, who are actually or potentially self-supporting, into the most shameless mendicants and dependents. The offspring of households so "helped" soon become helpless parasites upon the public.

Organized charity, administered by voluntary societies, is the remedy for such evils. The first association of this sort in the United States was formed in the year 1877, in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. Similar societies now exist in Philadelphia, Boston, Brook-

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lyn, and about one hundred other American cities, the forms and plans of which differ in certain respects, some of them more than others resembling the pioneer organization of London, but the best of them providing no financial aid except through outside agencies or in emergencies.

The Charity Organization Society of the City of New York, formed January 26, 1882, is destined to do a great work in the metropolis. Its "New York Charities Directory" contains over four hundred pages of valuable notes of more than three hundred benevolent and more than five hundred congregational agencies, omitting only those which are reported adversely by the State Board of Charities, or otherwise known to be unworthy; and its tender of services has been accepted by nearly all the religious and relief associations.

The popular apprehension should embrace one prominent fact, found from general statistics, viz.: that public indoor relief is not increased by diminishing public out-relief, which shows that cases requiring out-relief are supplied by private societies or persons, and that other cases applying for it do not, when refused, come upon the public in any way, the exceptions, if any, proving the rule governing each class of cases. It is to be remembered always that the good ministry of charity (though by the older maxims confined in theory to the relief of only the industrious or the virtuous) is, by the better precepts and practices under modern methods, extended to the worthy and the unworthy, by moral measures as well as material means adapted to reach each individual case, for the preservation or restoration of the person directly involved, and the consequent protection of society. This is the work of charity organization. It is to be understood also that the aim to organize the powers for good against the organized forces of evil, in communities where the citizens have not time to investigate or to co-operate in works of mercy, does not relieve the constituent or the corresponding members of charity organization from the duty or deprive them of the blessedness of beneficence. The design is to inform the conscience of benevolent people with the proofs in each case; and not to discharge them from, but to charge them with, the obligations of humanity.

Other forms of charity organization are found in older types. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in the city of New York, organized in 1835 and incorporated in 1872; the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, organized in 1843 and incorporated in 1848; the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children, in New York, organized in 1798 and incorporated in 1802; the Children's Aid Society of the City of New York, organized in 1853 and incorporated in 1855, and numerous other associations in the metropolis; with the Rochester Female Charitable Society for the Relief of the Sick Poor, organized in 1822 and incorporated in 1855, now operating in eighty-four defined districts, to which are assigned about one hundred visitors under eighteen active directresses—one and all represent associations in the State of New York, which were precursors in the evolution of charity organizations, and proceeded on the underlying principles of the dispensation of moral as well as material relief and its administration by "friendly visitors."

University Settlements, now introduced in New York, Chicago, and Boston, promise to become influential centres of personal sacrifices and endeavors, for the restoration and protection of the weak, by the realization of their brotherhood with the strong. The public and private agencies of benevolence already pointed out, with their manifold instrumentalities, are characterized by the self-sacrifice as well as the severity of sympathy seeking the highest relief. Their work is in full agreement with that enforced by the public conscience, which has been informed through such investigations as those by Mr. Brace, in his inquiries respecting "The Dangerous Classes of New York," and by Mr. Riis, in his "Studies Among the Tenements of New York," showing "How the Other Half Lives." Such new activities have, in this generation, arisen at different centres in the world. The "Rational-

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ized Christianity" commended in Mr. Spencer's "Data of Ethics," as a popular equivalent for scientific altruism, does not account for the origin, however it may explain the movement, of such voluntary or spontaneous agencies. The awakening has been produced by Christianity, not in the abstract, but in the concrete working in the hearts of men. Its practical pity for unhappy or unworthy men is the evolution of Christian experience, and is justified and inspired by the Christian scriptures; and, as the writer believes, is informed by the providence and the person of Christ, who evidently works not through all who profess His name, but through those confessing or non-confessing who have been touched by His truth and Spirit.

With these general movements are others which were earlier in origin, though special, and on church and denominational lines. The various boards of home missions are doing much for the salvation of secular society. The City Mission and Tract Society and the City Mission Society (P. E.) of New York, with their evangelistic labors, are working also on the same plane as Mr. Brace and Mr. Riis, and in similar lines — saving from pauperism as well as from other forms of vice and disease. May all churches, whose sincere members have the means in their own private resources, ultimately and speedily become convinced that it is their duty to call assistant ministers and consecrated laymen wholly set apart, to "go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind," and to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Philanthropists who are enlightened on these subjects appreciate the administration of the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church in their ministries to the socially and spiritually destitute and dependent classes.

The Jewish congregations in the United States are in some respects examples to distinctively Christian societies. Their ministers are frequently students of social science. The precepts which they put into practice have also their religious as well as their scientific credentials and authority. For they read the moral law of love as it is written, not only on the human heart, where it is so often illegible, or in pagan philosophy and literature, or in the writings of the Christian covenant and dispensation, but also clearly and fully in their own sacred scriptures, whose formula, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is in these very terms adopted by Christ. The practice of these precepts by this ancient people respecting their poor, is unprecedented and unparalleled in its honor to the written word. If there are Jews in the poor-houses and alms-houses of the counties and cities of the State, they are exceptions proving the rule.

In the United Jewish Charities organized by the principal Jewish congregation, under their minister, Rev. Max Landsberg, Ph.D., in Rochester, N. Y., 106 new "cases," or families, of 262 persons, were received as Jewish immigrants from Russia, from October 1, 1891, to March 1, 1892. Nearly all of these cases came in a destitute and dependent condition, and thirty were men who had left their wives and children in Russia. One of these cases is given as a fair representation of them all, viz., a family of ten persons assisted as follows: October, $77.04; November, $17.75; December, $10; January, $12; February, $8; March, $5; besides three and one-half tons of coal, and aid in finding and doing work, with friendly counsel. This family is now self-supporting, though its head had been a fish-packer in Russia and was obliged to learn a new trade here. Of the 106 cases, 19 were refused and 85 were assisted, of whom all are now earning their own maintenance without assistance except friendly advice.

Dr. Landsberg asserts that a large expense at first, in proper cases, may be true economy of means to the end of self-maintenance. Many other persons, who deal with destitute classes gravitating toward dependence, have arrived at this conclusion. The danger of out-relief, in such cases, arises, as we have seen, from the political nature of its public dispensation, but disappears on its private and organized administration by means of friendly visitors.

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The correction or prevention of pauperism is intimately related to the curative and humane treatment and care of the insane poor, for the reason that, while like many other classes of poor persons they with their families may become dependent or demoralized through either neglect or unwise interference, they are neither necessarily nor presumptively paupers. The fact may be better stated by saying positively, that an extremely small proportion of the indigent insane come from the classes tainted with pauperism. This conclusion, though contrary to popular apprehension, is sustained by the opinions of alienists and specialists. Insanity when neglected is the cause of pauperism, but pauperism is seldom the source of insanity. The workers in the poor-houses have been confined almost exclusively to the lunatics. The legislation in the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, for exclusive State care is absolutely justified on the ground of humanity, but may also be defended on the ground of economy. Opponents objected that the better care of the State would attract patients who, under the county system, would remain in their families. If the prediction shall be fulfilled, the results will not be deplored in the interest of society. The father or mother or bread-winner of a family, when stricken with insanity, ceases to become a producer, and at the same time becomes an incumbrance upon not only the accumulations or earnings, but also the time, energy, and producing capacity of the other members of the family, thereby directly impoverishing the community, and perhaps further prejudicing it by the ultimate pauperization of the family. Here, as everywhere, the welfare of the State is consistent with humanity toward its citizens, and justice to its taxpayers is in harmony with mercy to its wards.

The *transference of children* from the demoralizing influences of poor-houses *to asylums* was effected by law, recommended by the State Board of Charities, and enacted in the year 1875. Prior to this legislation, its subjects, many of whom on the death of their parents came from homes of relative industry and purity, and most of whom were presumptively innocent of the virus of pauperism though susceptible and in highly receptive states, were one and all detained in intimate association with the chronic cases of the disease, in the common wards of the county houses, until they could be placed by the county superintendents of the poor in private families. While the net results of the law have been good, the statistics gathered and compiled by the State Board of Charities show that its operation has been attended with incidental evils. *The indications from these statistics are that some asylums are taking on the character of permanent homes at public expense*, though they should be regarded as domiciliary for only transitional and provisional purposes, until their beneficiaries can be placed in good families. One evil is that while the institutions are thus enlarged and extended, they impose burdens on the taxpayers for maintenance of their wards, without commensurate benefits, but in many cases with positive injury. Children who are detained too long in asylums tend to become institutionized, and unfitted to correspond with a free environment on their final discharge. The close corporations of private managers of these semi-public institutions sometimes lose their sense of responsibility to the people. Relief would be found in remedial legislation, providing among other things for county or city agents, or another paid secretary of the State Board, whose duty it should be to see that the asylums exercise due diligence in placing their wards, under proper conditions, in private families of good character and circumstances, in visiting them statedly, and in securing legal commitments to the institutions and proper indentures from them, thus protecting foster parents as well as their adopted children.

There is now devolved by law upon the State Board of Charities of New York, the function of determining and certifying whether applications for the incorporation of institutions and societies having the care of children, shall be granted. This power is carefully ex-

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ercised, and decisions are made under it only after full investigation.

Notwithstanding the safeguards and precautions vouchsafed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York and other cities, which are assumed to be all that are possible under existing laws, there is reason to believe that children are not infrequently committed to juvenile reformatories, including the House of Refuge on Randall's Island and the State Industrial School at Rochester, N. Y., on frivolous or false complaints of parents, in order to shift the burden of maintenance and education to the State, county, or city. The remedy should be found in new legislation, requiring corroboratory proofs on all complaints by parents or guardians or relations, and assessing upon the persons responsible for the support of the children in the home, part of the cost of their maintenance in the institution.

The progress which has been made in some of these reformatories, during the last decade, furnishes great temptation for unwise if not fraudulent commitments to them. In the matter of technologic instruction alone, the State Industrial School of New York offers great inducements; as among the semi-public institutions of this sort in the same State the Catholic Protectory has, for the last decade, been in advance in the teaching of trades. That these juvenile institutions and the reformatories for adults do accomplish reformations in vastly greater proportions than could be effected in the same classes by the old time confinement and discipline in State prisons, county and city penitentiaries, and jails, is a conclusion of fact from experience in the State of New York (whatever it may be in Massachusetts or elsewhere), respecting which there is no reasonable doubt among persons acquainted with the subject.

The work of reformatories must be inadequate, unless the preventive work of such associations as the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and the restorative work of the Prison Association of New York, shall sustain and supplement it.

The preventive measures respecting prisoners have an intimate relation with those regarding paupers. Any decrease in the number of recidivous criminals or misdemeanants diminishes the number of paupers manifoldly; for habitual offenders, in their intervals between prison terms, beget and educate races of variously demoralized and pauperized types of human beings; and criminals and paupers succeed each other, as has been familiarly illustrated in the annals of "The Jukes" in the State of New York, and in the more recent history of the "Tribe of Ishmael," by Rev. Oscar McCulloch, the late President of the State Board of Charities to Indiana. The present practice under the laws is to sentence disturbers of the peace, on conviction of public drunkenness, debauchery, or disorder, to imprisonment for a term of ten days or upward, just sufficient to permit, not reformation of moral character, but recuperation of vitality and accumulation of physical energy for renewed dissipation and disturbance, with repetitions of transgression and punishment indefinitely continued, perhaps scores of times in one life.

Civil intervention, to be beneficent to such transgressors, or to society whose laws they violate, should be prolonged and uninterrupted, until there is reasonable evidence of reformation.

This conclusion in favor of indeterminate sentences without maximum limits, applies to delinquent or depraved paupers, who now come and go to and from the public houses of counties and cities, with the primary effect of prolonging their own evil courses, and with the secondary consequence of continuing their kind by generation or succession. For, waiving the philosophical explanation of social environment on the one hand, and the theory of natural inheritance on the other, we know as matters of fact that often, in almost unbroken and indefinite lines, criminals and paupers succeed each other, under the intermittent treatment of civil governments, where, if either removed from society or left to nature, they would soon become extinct.

The *question of heredity* (though eliminated from the problem of the

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treatment of adult individuals belonging to the delinquent and dependent classes, the solution of which is on any hypothesis in their detention from their kind) is not so easily disposed of when we come to their offspring, to detain whom indefinitely in either prisons or asylums would be inhuman and unjust. The great work done by the Children's Aid Society of New York, in placing their wards in good homes in Western States, represents on a grand scale of conception and execution the proper treatment which is at once popular and philosophic. But the question has often returned to thoughtful minds, What has become of the taint or tendency in the blood of these children to evil, if any, when mixed in the veins of descendants in the Western States, where they have been adopted into pure families and developed under a pure atmosphere, and finally have intermarried with other stocks?

In a recent letter, Mr. C. Loring Brace, Secretary of the Society, says in substance that of the 84,000 children which this agency has placed in homes, not more than two per cent. have turned out badly; and that the failures were among the older children, and were due to evil associations long continued rather than to inheritance.

Happily there is no real contention, at the present time, between science and the experience gained by philanthropists. The last word of scientists is in accordance with the words of these practical specialists. The theory of heredity now held by Wallace, who shares with Darwin the credit of the hypothesis of natural selection, and by Weismann and the most eminent authorities, is that acquired characteristics of the parent do not pass to the child by inheritance. The truth stated would seem to admit a tendency of all traits of progenitors to pass, which in the case of qualities that are the results of protracted accumulations of experience, continued in long lines of successive generations, will be transmitted, unless overcome by environment; but which in the case of qualities that were acquired by the immediate ancestors, will not be propagated with any effectual or appreciable force if opposed by outside influences. Hence a foster parent would assume less risk of blood in succoring the offspring of delinquent, diseased, or dependent parents whose remote lineage is good, than in adopting the children whose father and mother are both worthy in their own personal character, but one if not both of whom come of general stock which was bad. These conclusions make the matter so mixed as to remove it from practical consideration.

In this light we can appreciate the work done by the Children's Aid Society of New York, not only in the magnitude of its proportions, but in the far-reaching effects of its beneficence. This society, during the fiscal year 1891–92, had charge of 36,363 children, of whom it taught and partly clothed and fed 10,464 in its twenty-two industrial schools and nine night schools, and sent 2,851 to homes, mainly in the West. It is an approved agency for bringing to bear the influences of environment and education upon character and destiny at formative periods of growth.

No presentation of the subject of liquor saloons is needed. The moral and religious people of the State know perfectly well that these saloons are the centres where political corruption finds its points of application, and whence flow unceasing currents creating most of the pauperism and public vice which infest the body politic. And the same respectable and dominant classes know as well that, without imposing prohibitory laws upon unwilling minorities, or unduly interfering with personal liberty, it is in their power to abate these public nuisances. A mighty crusade in this direction might be led by some agency such as the Church Temperance Society.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that whatever protects the poor from pauperism, also protects the producer from poverty, and vice versa. Therefore the State, if justified in interfering for the good of any one of these three classes, may justly intervene at either end of the series.

The Factory law, regulating the sanitary and moral conditions of labor,

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of adult as well as juvenile operatives congregated in masses, where the units have no separate control, and the principle of certain proposed legislation correcting the evils of what is known as the "sweating system," come within the legitimate scope of governmental authority. In the same sphere are many of the remedies proposed by reforms for improving the tenements of the working-classes in large cities, and for promoting the public health. To the objection that such civil laws interfere with the natural laws of trade, the answer is that, not only in society, but in all departments of nature, higher forces constantly intervene to regulate the action of lower forces, and so interfere, not in violation, but in pursuance, of the laws of the mental and the physical worlds. The advocates of extreme individualism, excluding the intervention of the State in matters of trade or industry, as also in matters of relief or charity, are inconsistent when they belong, as most of them do, to the class of thinkers who hold to the theory of society, not as an aggregation of individuals, but as an organism. The reasonable reconciliation of opposing theories seems to be that paternalism in the State shall govern, wherever the individual cannot properly control the conditions for his own protection, as in factory laws and charity laws; but that in all other respects individualism should reign, leaving each person to work out his own salvation in the struggle for existence, as essential discipline for his own well-being, as well as for the general welfare of society.

One objection, which is more specific and specious, opposes all interference by society in public relief or private charity, for the reason that the delinquent and dependent classes should as individuals be left to suffer, in order that the beneficent processes of nature, providing for the death and disappearance of their species, may not be defeated or delayed. This position is abhorrent to moral sentiment. It is also unsound in its philosophy, seeming to ignore that Mr. Darwin's law of "natural selection," as well as Mr. Spencer's law of "the survival of the fittest," which it cites, do in their full scope include society as symbolized under the figures of "the social organism" and "the body politic," in which is resident a moral force in correspondence with the environment of moral law. Humanity is superior to political economy or biology, and must leave the community which denies it to moral disintegration and dissolution, until, by reverse processes of selection, which sometimes occur in both the higher and the lower forms of life, it shall become unfit to survive.

The policy which has obtained of dispensing public charities as well as civil penalties so as to injure rather than benefit their objects and society, is an excuse though not a justification for such opposition to humanity.

The simple truth, as we have seen, is that the habitual and hardened pauper, as well as the congenital or confirmed criminal, should be restrained in his tendency to evil, and to the extent of his ability constrained to labor for the support of himself and his family, if any, dependent on him; and indefinitely continued in such discipline, with all needful instruction, recreation, and influence to recovery, under indeterminate sentence of confinement; and thus sequestered from society until he reforms or dies. This is the law for remedial, not retributive, and preventive, not punitive, relief; and is thus the law of kindness to the criminous or unworthy delinquents or dependents, and of safety to the virtuous workers and the honest poor, and therefore of justice. Such equity, rather than mere mercy, is the best expression of charity in public relations, and the true reconciliation of the scientific as well as the economical objections to the intervention of the State for the sake of humanity. Such relief would be within the practical reach, as well as the political right, of the State to-day, were the public conscience properly informed of the facts relating to the prevention of pauperism.

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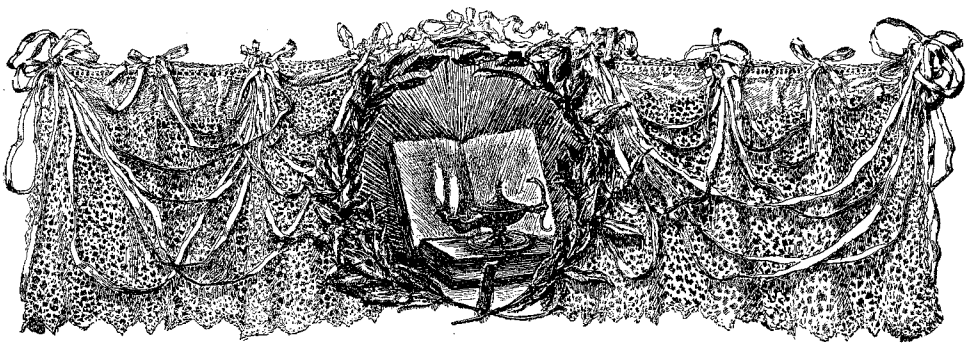

THE POINT OF VIEW

It is rumored that ammonia has been trained to haul street-cars, and promises to prove strong, docile, and cheap, not afraid of the cars, and able to run up hill without getting out of breath. Even in a decade so prolific of tractorian movements as the present one, this is a development that is not to be sneezed at. I suppose it is another bit of Yankee enterprise.

The Yankee's antipathy to work has never yet been adequately appreciated. He is in a state of perpetual insurrection against the primal curse. He feels that he was born to sit on the fence and whittle in the sunshine, and he is against every apparent necessity that would compel him to forego the serene pleasures of a purely contemplative existence. He recognizes, to be sure, that work has got to be done. No-one has a more vivid realization of that. But the consciousness of the need of getting things done does not impel him to take his coat off and do them, so much as to contrive some way of accomplishing ends without working. The crudest, simplest way of doing that is to get rich enough to hire labor. Accordingly the Yankee does try to get rich, and does not try in vain. It is not that he loves money so much, and desires to possess it, as that he loves labor so little.

But to get rich is only an indirect way of beating the tyrant. The Yankee would rather abolish work than elude it. If he can get it done without human intervention at all, he likes that best; and if he cannot wholly eliminate human intervention, he wants to reduce it to its lowest possible limit. When he gets matters fixed so that the work is done with very little intermeddling, he is willing to sit by and supervise the process. He will pull a lever and turn a cock now and then without much complaint, if so be that he can ruminate and whittle between times. It is not that he is lazy. His name is a synonyme for energy and perseverance. But to make things work together for the automatic accomplishment of labor, and to sit by and see that they work right—that is the Yankee idea of the mission of man.

It is the right idea; perhaps even the highest idea that there is on the subject. Omnipotence, according to the reverent conception of some of the wisest philosophers, is not so much the ability to do all things, as to compel a spontaneous performance of allotted duties by all creation. So it may fairly be argued that it is not the Yankee's perversity but the divine spark in him that is at the bottom of his desire to make nature toil while he looks on. Of the propensity toward contemplation he has no monopoly. The seers of all times have shared that. It has peopled monasteries and convents, and enthusiastic Buddhists have been used these many centuries to give up all their time to it. But it is the distinction of the Yankee, admirably illustrated in the case of Lincoln, to combine the contemplative disposition with an acute sense of responsibility for the proper conduct of affairs. He insists upon having time to think, but he also insists

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that the work shall go on while he is thinking. It would not suit him merely to sit under a bo-tree and concentrate his mind on his own corporeal centre, nor yet to vegetate in a monastery. That would seem to him an evasion of responsibility. What he does do is to build a machine that will do his work while he sits by and watches it.

A VERY remarkable exhibition was that lately held in a Boston studio, the result of Dr. Sargent's labors in measuring the bodies of over two thousand Harvard students. It consisted, besides his measurement-charts, of two nude clay figures; the one representing the average or "composite" of more than five thousand Harvard men at the age of twenty-one; the other the corresponding composite of the same number of girl students of divers colleges, measured at the same age. Here, indeed, in this show year, we have the fine flower of our three hundred years experiment at life in the Western Hemisphere reduced to a picture that he who runs may read.

But he will not run. Rather will he or she linger to examine if not admire. Still more she; for reluctant gallantry gives place to veracity, and one admits that the young man is the finer figure of the two. Standing squarely, clean-limbed, strong-necked, he looks rather like a runner than a rower; but there is nothing sordid, nothing warped, nothing to indicate the deterioration of a civilization of too many *wheels*, the stunting, or the abnormal one-sided development, of the factory or of city life. The pose, of course, must be the sculptor's, but the measures show: height, five feet eight; weight, one hundred and thirty-eight (the equivalent of one hundred and forty-nine, as we clothe ourselves); chest, thirty-four, to thirty-seven inflated. Lung power is there and heart; strength enough to hold his own in life, and withal a certain refinement, a curious grace of mould, which our fathers would have called aristocratic and we would term, as even our age may permit us, finely bred. This one might look for in the type of student of our better colleges; but it is reassuring, where we need more assurance, to find that both in height and weight and strength as well, this statue far exceeds the average of any other nation, even England.

When we come to the woman, we must—*glissons un peu*. A prominent artist looked her over from a professional point of view and refused to accept the statue as the ultimate model. Of course, said her creator; for that you would in fairness select a figure on the eighty or ninety per cent. line, not this, which meets exactly fifty per cent. of them all, and is half way from the best to the worst; or, to put it more precisely, is only *the greatest good of the greatest number*. He then naïvely explained her inferiority to the boy on a ground one hardly dare whisper—namely, that women students in colleges came from a class not equal, socially or intellectually, to that which universally sends its boys. Brutally to set forth the facts, the figure has more fragility without a corresponding gain in grace; the lower half is better than the upper; it is not that tight lacing has left evident traces (the waist is over twenty-four) but the inward curve of the back, the thinness of the body, lack strength and erectness of pose. At this point one hurriedly resorts to figures: the height is five feet three, the weight one hundred and fourteen, the chest measurement but thirty, and the feet (the figure will be seen at Chicago) ten inches long.

Nevertheless, if the figures are not ideals, neither are they so realistic as to be repulsive. And here we again discover this truth: there is a certain ideality in the average. Take an average vast enough, broad enough to comprehend Nature, and you already approach an ideal. Left to herself, she works, strongly and steadily, for life; for all that is normal, sane, good; good in the true, not monkish way. And if these figures have not the last touch of perfection, beauty—which Goethe tells us only covered all creation on the first created day—if not Hebes nor Hermes, neither would they suit as studies for the modernest of immodest realism, or the working-models of Zola's "*L'Œuvre*." Even *à la fin des fins de siècle*, this hope we gather from these plastic projections of our new world life; Nature still is weaving well the garment we see her by, and we are learning in this new land to follow her teaching more each day.

WHAT a strange and subtle charm we all find in the favorite books of our favorite

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authors! There is Chapman's "Homer," for instance—one of the few translations which have the value of original work—made dearer to us and to those who come after us forever by a word of Keats. And John Florio's "Montaigne"—of all translations in the world, except the English Bible, perhaps, the greatest—immortal, if for no other reason than that it belonged to Shakespeare. I like to take that book down in the dead of night, when the turmoil of the day is done, and the noisy street is so still that a solitary footfall resounds in it; and I never turn the familiar pages of my late reprint without a feeling of peculiar reverence, as if Shakespeare's own copy, strayed or stolen from the British Museum, had fallen by some happy chance into my hands. These were the very words he read and pondered over in a quiet hour like this. Into what glorious English the wise thoughts of the French scholar and gentleman were turned for Shakespeare's reading! Here, surely, he caught a suggestion; there another. That line is like him—yet how unlike! To look up the scene of which it reminds us is only to marvel again at the originality of the master, who incorporated nothing, copied nothing. This book was no more to him than a source of inspiration.

But that it was, unquestionably. I have lingered long, to-night, over the two chapters on Life and Death, merely because of a conviction, growing at last into a certainty, that Shakespeare has been before me here on every page. This is prose, not verse; but its effect upon the mind is like that upon the ear of a distant echo in which we may distinguish the sound, though not the words. For example:

"Our religion hath had no surer humane foundation than the contempt of life. Discourse of reason doth not only call and summon us unto it. For why should we feare to lose a thing, which being lost, cannot be moaned? but also since we are threatened by so many kinds of death, there is no more inconvenience to feare them all, than to endure one: . . . Long life or short life is made all one by death. For long or short is not in things that are no more."

So speaks the essayist through the mouth of his translator. And in "Measure for Measure," when the *Duke* discourses to *Claudio* upon the same theme, he says:

> "Reason thus with life:—
> If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
> (Servile to all the skyey influences,)
> That dost this habitation, where thou keepst,
> Hourly afflict: . . . What's yet in this,
> That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
> Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
> That makes these odds all even."

This is, perhaps, the most striking instance, but it is only one of many. The whole nineteenth chapter of the Florio is shot through and through with such suggestive sentences. And a little farther on in it occurs what seems to be the germ of that passage in "As You Like It" which every schoolboy knows by heart:

"And if the worst happen, the distribution and varietie of all the acts of my comedie is performed in one yeare. If you have observed the course of my four seasons; they containe the infancie, the youth, the viriltie and the old age of the world. He hath plaied his part."

It is as if the melancholy Jaques himself were speaking!

A high Shakespearean authority, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, *à propos* of a single word in North's "Plutarch," once called attention to the curious way in which facts of critical importance may lie unnoticed for centuries in well-known books which are easily accessible. The fact of Shakespeare's fondness for Montaigne is old as the ages, and this same parallel of mine may have been drawn many times already, for aught I know. But it does not follow that we have observed the full extent of his debt to the pedant and schoolmaster, John Florio, whom it pleased him to impale as *Holofernes* in "Love's Labor's Lost," years before the translation of Montaigne was published. Every man for himself in this world, so far as study goes; and, for the student, what new delights, what joys of discovery, may still lurk, undreamed of, in the book that once was Shakespeare's!

A CONTRIBUTOR to a contemporary magazine has been complaining that "society has put maternity out of fashion," but "considering the average society woman" she is not sorry, for she thinks no children

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are more to be pitied than those who have the fortune to have "average society women" for their mothers. She goes on to demonstrate that "society women" turn the care of their young children over to nurses, at sixteen dollars a month, and that all nurses are cruel and neglectful of their duties.

It is not true that "society" has put maternity out of fashion, though it may be admitted that social activity is not conducive to the rearing of very large families. People who marry and have no children are unlucky, and usually so regard themselves, whether they are "society people" or not. It commonly happens, however, that if such people are poor their childlessness is assumed to be their misfortune, and if they are well-to-do and socially active it is imputed to them as a crime. As a matter of fact almost all women who are wives wish to be mothers also, though it is true that if they like to go about and associate more or less frivolously with their fellow-creatures, they are very liable to believe that the possession of three or four children makes them just as happy as if they had a dozen.

That the average "society" woman neglects her babies and lets them suffer for lack of maternal care, is something which Mrs. Barr may believe, but which does not tally with the experience of most observers. There are mothers and mothers. Some of them know something and some know less. Some are fribbles and some are shrews. Some live in the slums and get tipsy on stale beer and set the baby on the stove, or tie it in bed and leave it. Some live in luxury and spend their time flirting with other women's husbands, while their children fall to the care of nurses for better or worse. But bad women of that sort are not very common. The average American mother, in society or out, is a good mother. Often she lacks knowledge, but she seldom lacks zeal. She is not apt to get tipsy and set the baby on the stove; nor yet to neglect it, as Mrs. Barr suggests, for the sake of "gyrating in a ball-room, or posing at the opera and having a perfectly lovely time." Small children are in bed and asleep when balls and operas are doing.

There are sixteen available hours every day in which by good management a competent woman, who can command competent service, can do several things and make thorough jobs of them all. A "society woman" may spend eight hours daily in intimate association with her children, and still have eight hours in which to "gyrate and pose," to dine and to pay visits, and even at a pinch to take a hand in more than one good work. If the American mother has a fault it is that she obliterates herself for her children. If she does not rub herself entirely out of polite existence for her children's sake, it is so much the better for her and for them too. The woman who brings children into the world and doesn't manage to stay in it herself, only half does her duty. If she has health and knowledge and money enough she can do it all.

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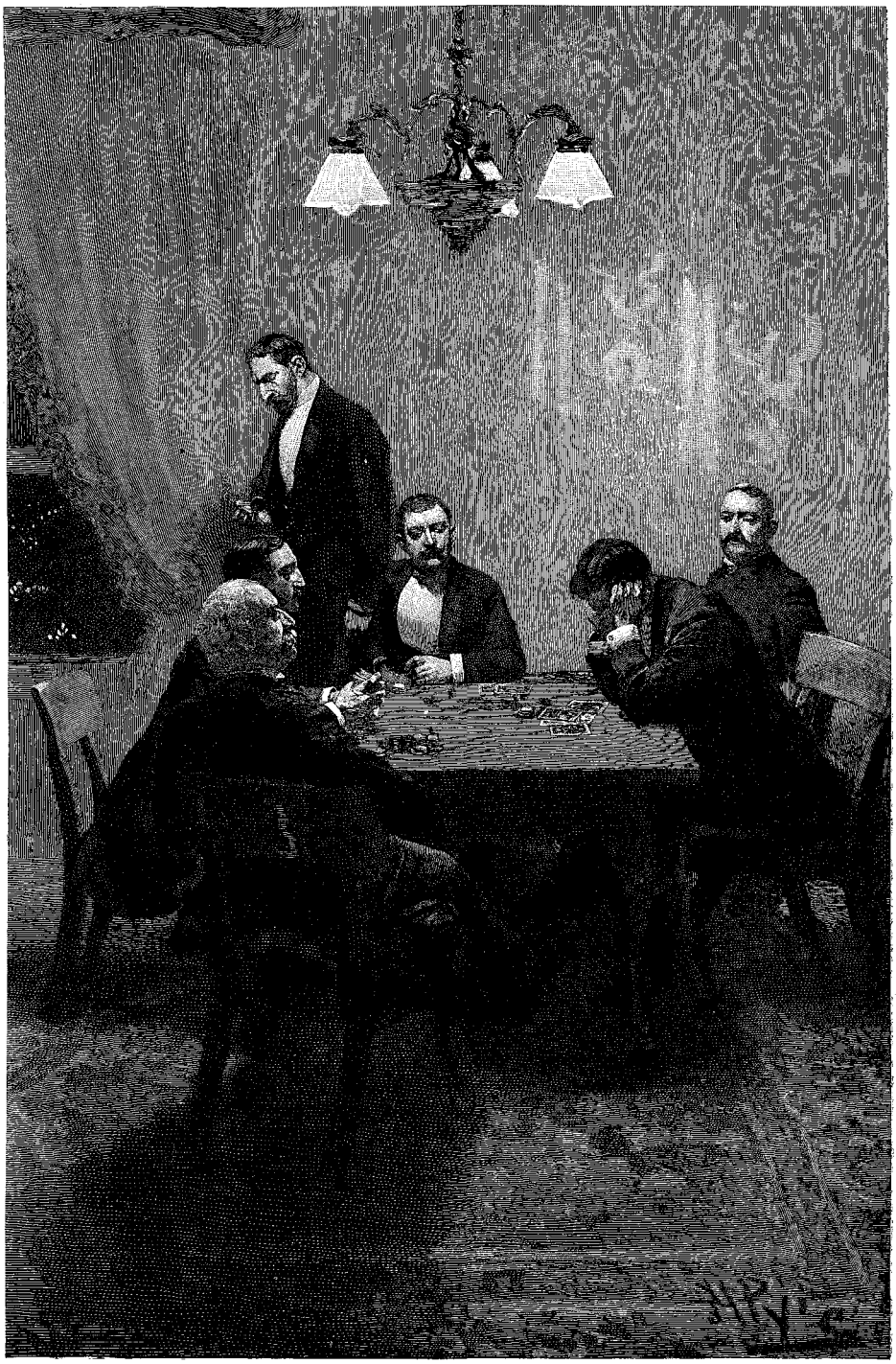

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"FOR AWHILE NO ONE SAID A WORD."

—See *Beneath the Mask*, page 168.

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